

Between Two Continents

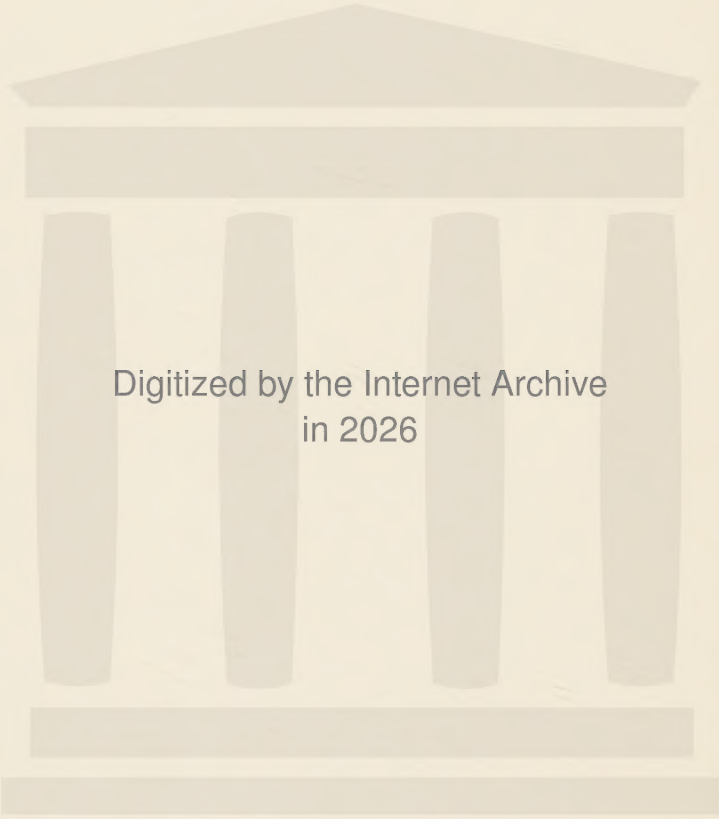
An Historical Autobiography

by

Andrea U. Baum

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BETWEEN TWO CONTINENTS

The Memoires of an
Austro-American Woman

by

ANDREA U. BAUM

Born Huber

To

THE ST. PETERSBURG WOMEN'S CLUB,
FLORIDA WOMEN'S CLUBS AND WOMEN'S
CLUBS OF AMERICA

My gratitude for the inspiration provided and in appreciation of their patriotic and humanitarian purpose.

To all the Ladies and Gentlemen who assisted me so graciously in the final readying of my manuscript I want to express my most sincere thanks for their generous help.

The Author

Mrs. Andrea U. Baum

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Preface

As the writer of this story—it is more or less a life story—but with a strong and dramatic historical background, I feel it is my first duty to acquaint my reader with the country where I was born. My homeland was the old Austrian-Hungarian Empire, at the time of my birth the most important Monarchy in Central Europe. It consisted of the Empire of Austria and the Kingdom of Hungary and each of them had numerous crownlands.

After the First World War and the following Treaty of Versailles (1919) the Double Monarchy was dismembered and split up. Only a small rump state remained as the present State of Austria, consisting of eight provinces which had now to carry on the historical tradition of old Austria-Hungary. Among these eight provinces the most southern one is Kaernten or Carinthia, my home province.

It is dominated like all Austria by the gigantic masses and mountain ranges of the Eastern Alps. Two mountain chains, divided by the River Drau, follow the West-East direction. The northern range, called the "High Tauern," consisting of granular igneous rock formations like Granite, Hornblende and Feldspar, rise to the highest elevation with the "Grossglockner" (12,000 ft.). The Southern chains are of Lime Stone and build the border walls toward Italy and Yugoslavia.

The Western link—the "Karnish Alps"—stretches eastward to Villach, forming the border towards Italy; the eastern link, the "Karawanken," forms the wall towards Yugoslavia. Between the two chains, south of Villach and Tarvis, rise the stupendous pillars and spires of the "Julian Alps," forming two valley-like hollows: the "Raibl" and "Kanal Tal" (Channel Valley). Italy and Yugoslavia meet here now on the old Austrian ground, heavily fortified against each other.

Here in this corner of the former, now part of the lost province of Carinthia lived through centuries a German population in close contact with two other nationalities, the Italians often called Friauli, and the Slaves, called Slovenes or Wenden. Even in peaceful times it kept the

inhabitants in exciting vibrations. The strange forms of foreign life found its way into the hearts of people. Isolated by nature, they opened their minds to the new sounds and contracting elements, which transformed their character to the intrinsic complexes Carinthians show.

When in 1919 the final demarcation lines were drawn in Versailles, they didn't follow the famous "Fourteen Points" of President Wilson. The border line should have primarily followed the watershed between the Adriatic and Black Sea and the people of this section should have remained Austrians, but Italy wanted to have her spoil. "Tarvis," the important traffic center and "Raibl's" rich ore mines fell to Italy. Despairing residents of Tarvis sent a delegation to Paris to intervene. But President Wilson had withdrawn from the Peace Conference and Italy's demand was honored. Some small parts of Carinthia fell directly to Yugoslavia, larger parts were given the privilege of a plebiscite. This part voted in 1920 predominately for Carinthia and Austria.

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My Early Childhood

HERE IN TARVIS I was born in 1884 as the youngest of six children. My parents Andreas Huber and Elizabeth Huber had bought in 1873 the Tappeiner Tannery and Leathergoods business. My father as the youngest of a very large family had learned his business at his homestead in Mauthen, a lively town at the foothills of the Karnish Alps, but the home business had, according to an old European custom, gone to his oldest brother. He had to establish his own enterprise. The old "Huber" homestead in Mauthen is still existing and flourishing.

Many scenes of my early childhood live still vividly in my memory. Until I was six I had a nursemaid and her name was Fanny. Over fifty, fat and round like a ball, she took me and my little white lamb often for walks along the Bartolo River on which bank our house was located. Not far from the home was a public bath. Fanny often stopped there for a chat with the caretaker. On sunny days she made me lie down under a huge maple tree. Then she spread her wide apron onto the grass and I and my lamb took a welcome nap in the deep shadow.

One day my mother was combing my long blonde and curly hair and she said to Fanny:

"Look, Andrea is losing all her hair on the back of her head. What is happening?" "I really don't know," Fanny replied.

Soon afterwards, my lamb became listless, wouldn't eat and didn't jump. While I was sleeping, father told mother:

"This lamb seems to be ailing. We rather kill it." "Andrea will be heartbroken," mother warned. When they opened the stomach out came a big ball of hair. Mother tried to solace me. "When you slept with the lamb, why did you let him lick the salty perspiration from your neck. It had to die from it."

My young mind became aware that our own doings can cause harm and sorrow. I loved to go to school. Our school house was located in Upper Tarvis and we had to walk three-fourths of a mile to reach it. Anna, who was two years older, and I walked ahead of our next older sister Louise, who followed with her friends, commanding us often harshly. We loved our brother Hermann, then in boarding school, and

jolly Mitzi. The oldest sister Lisi, was mother's right hand.

We were a happy family. Under my merry father's guidance and mother's strict leadership, I grew up to be a serious girl who carried in her soul the sparks of an undreamed driving power to forge ahead into the realm of an eventful and often stormy life.

One episode had a deciding effect upon the course of my future. Sometimes, when I was school free, my father took me along on small business trips into the nearby Gail Valley. He visited regularly the bigger farmers who had once a year the full supply of shoes made by a hired wandering shoemaker. All shoes were then done for old and young, family and farm workers during a four to six week long period of time. My father took then the orders for sole leather and tanned calf and deer hides.

Sometimes we stopped at an inn for lunch. Once we met in one of these places Gustav Prosch, one of the teachers of my older sisters. He knew me through them. He took me on his knees and asked jokingly:

"Now, young lady, what would you like to be when you are once grown up?"

Impulsively and without hesitation, probably driven by an inward calling or a prompting of nature, I blurted:

"I wanted to be a doctor or at least a teacher."

"You a doctor or teacher? What in the world struck your head?" My father shouted in surprise and irritation. He told mother about the incident. She looked reprovingly at me and said:

"You better forget this nonsense." But I did not forget.

I went through the public school of our town, each year at the top of the class. Several times in the course of these years I heard my two older sisters urge my mother:

"You should let Andrea study to become a teacher." Mother didn't like such talk and answered grudgingly:

"Who will pay to have her sent to school for many years? Are you forgetting what bad times we have?" However such remarks like that caused me anguish and grief, I did not cease to nurse my secret hopes.

How I Became A Teacher

ONE DAY—it happened before the last school year started—I took heart and visited the Mayor of our city. Nobody knew of my secret mission. Mr. Dreyhorst was a retired captain of the Austrian Army and owned the largest general store in town.

“My Dreyhorst,” I stammered, “I want to study to become a teacher. I want it with all my heart. But mother says it costs too much. Business is at present very poor; she would not be able to meet the high expenses for schooling and boarding in the capital city. I am so worried. Can you help me?”

He listened and smiled and said: “My dear child, I will tell you something. One of these days, I will come to your parents and have a long talk with them. Don’t give up hope.”

I left his office and felt like dancing on clouds. However, mother resented Mr. Dreyhorst’s interference and his offer of a loan. She declared angrily: “I would rather starve than go to him for money.” I sat hopelessly in a corner and cried. To bolster my sunken spirits, I repeated frantically to myself: “Don’t give up hope.”

After several months of careful calculations I had a new idea. If I could confide my troubles to the school principal, I decided, I would learn what to do. He had been my class teacher for three years and I had a great deal of confidence in him. So one day after school I went up to his desk to tell my little story.

“What shall I do?” I pleaded. “Shall I write my parents a letter and hand it to them with the first quarterly report we soon will receive?”

“Do it,” he encouraged me. By myself, I thought I would have a better chance to succeed if I would add to card and letter a little surprise. I had still a few week’s time to January 15. I had more than a dollar in my savings box. For that amount I bought wool yarn, linen and silk thread. Then I knitted a shawl for father and embroidered a scarf for mother. I started immediately. When I was done, I folded the gifts neatly in two boxes and after the letter was written, tied them carefully together.

I could hardly wait for the fifteenth. The report cards were handed

out. Mine had all A's, fourteen of them. I didn't walk home—I ran, and found both parents in the office.

"Wouldn't you come upstairs with me?" I approached them sheepishly. "I have a tiny surprise for you."

They followed me silently, and when they were seated in the parlor I handed them the precious package with the envelope and retired to the darkest corner. Only the sound of the crackling papers stirred the stillness. Quietly my parents looked at them, read them and stared at each other. I saw tears in father's and mother's eyes and felt a big lump in my throat.

Then father called: "You pledged a whole life of gratitude and work for our permission. You shall have it."

Suddenly tears were streaming down my face. I kissed and hugged my parents and soon was sitting on my father's lap as I had done as a baby. Never in my short life had I felt so exuberantly happy.

But dark days loomed ahead.

Two weeks later—it was on Candlemas day, a holiday in our country—my father played a curling game with friends. He fell on the ice and right on his stomach. He came home, violently sick.

"Call our two neighbors," he groaned, "I will prepare my last will. I feel I shall die."

He was put to bed and the men arrived. We five girls grouped frightened around the bed. In his pain, father grasped mother's hand: "Promise me, Mother, here on my deathbed, that you will make it possible for Andrea to study. It will be hard for you, but promise," and his voice faltered to a whisper. The doctor came and the priest. Yet there wasn't any help any more. He died and I felt all my hopes dying in me too.

The promise was to mother a sacred oath. In spite of the serious problems and troubles that confronted her during the following months—to run the tannery without the strong hand of father, to handle the numerous workers, to comply with the strict trade laws of the state, to master the outside business—she arranged with the help of our principal for my admission to Preparatory School. He assisted her faithfully in the manifold tasks. He found a trustworthy married teacher in Klagenfurt, our capital city, with whom I could board during the six or seven years of learning. He helped to prepare me for the entry examination. He went with me to school opening.

Nevertheless, the second summer vacation at home was trying and alarming. The costs for board and school fees were high, extremely high. Mother's wailing and lamenting made me so desperate that I almost considered giving up. Yet I had to think of the alternatives which I had to expect without the advantages of a degree. My future

jobs could only be as a store clerk or as a minor telephone or office girl. No other opportunities were available then for women besides marrying. And what chances did I have there without a sufficient dowry? Our caste ridden society wouldn't let me climb one step higher.

I looked into mother's ledgers. I saw it. The big expenses for my schooling caused a heavy drain on mother's finances. Business was so much worse than the preceding year. She could hardly avoid a dangerous indebtedness.

But unexpected relief was near.

The Ursuline Sisters in Klagenfurt had started that same year a private Teacher's College, already fully accredited by the State Board of Education, and conducted as a boarding school. Mother and I hurried to Klagenfurt for a conference with the new director. Nothing stood in the way of my admittance, and I was accepted. The expenses were thereby reduced by forty percent. I was jubilant and believed nothing could interfere any more with the fulfillment of my happy dreams.

At the college the strenuous study plan afforded us intense and hard work. There were no departmental divisions of study groups. Each student had to carry the full line of subjects, including needle-craft, religion, drawing and gymnastics. I still held to the old habit of winning the highest class honors, but soon I became aware that there were other fields of endeavor in which I could not compete with the other student girls. One girl, for instance, coming from Paris, had the most gorgeous clothes and outfits; the Colonel's daughter had the handsomest young lieutenants calling for her during visiting hours; the manufacturer's daughter had more weekly to spend than my monthly boarding bill amounted to. They outdistanced me far in social grace, financial independence, glamorous followers, prominence.

Slowly I was caught in the harassing net of an inferiority complex with all its bitterness and delusions. Only with the kind and understanding help of my piano teacher, Sister Cecilia, did I learn to gain control over myself, and also learn to judge appearances and conditions at their true value. So I checked a dangerous personality trait in its very beginning.

The last summer vacation came and only one school year separated us from the final examinations. I enjoyed these two months of relaxation and freedom from the usual severe mental exertions. They were caused by rigorously enforced study schedules, even more severe than those we had experienced through all the years. Now I thought only of mountain climbing, scouting tours and visits with relatives. I also helped my sister Louise, the third one in line, to finish her trousseau. She planned to have her wedding around the middle of September, just before my return to school.

The month of September brought heavy showers, and daily the rain poured continuously from the skies like the waters from the giant water wheel behind our tannery. Like the turbine, it received its propelling power from the river on the banks of which the far stretched tannery houses were built. We noticed with increasing concern the steady rising of the water level.

On September 13—the horror of this day will never leave my memory—a cloudburst followed which lasted more than four hours. The river rose rapidly. The yellow rapids thundered over the dam with ferocious force. Soon the gushing and hissing waters inundated the courtyards that separated the three sections of the establishment. They tore deep holes into the earth; they splashed furiously and with brutal violence against the massive oak boards of the high embankment walls. Behind them the channel sluices, the water wheel, the turbine pit and the towering stone walls of the buildings trembled in fright.

To watch the flood from a safe outpost, I ran up to the second floor of one of the rear houses. What I saw terrified me to numbness. The gentle streamlet had changed into a gigantic torrent, surging through the valley, obstreperous and berserk. Suddenly hundreds and more hundreds of tree trunks, loosened from some trunk yards in the higher mountain regions and carried down by numerous tributary rivulets, came rolling, catapulting, dancing on the crest of the turbulent waves, jumping over each other, pounding and hammering against the embankment walls, beating, blasting the ramparts in undiminished fury. Under the savage attack some boards of the huge wall broke loose, and new trunks bored into the breaks, splitting them wide open, until the whole colossal barrier crashed in agitated convulsions into the howling inferno.

With renewed fierceness the trunks and raging waters now smashed against the bare stone walls of the buildings. They could crumble and crash any moment and be swallowed by the gigantic holocaust. Every minute of this merciless onslaught could bring complete ruin and desolation. The sirens howled through the streets and I fled from my lookout to our less exposed dwelling. A company of soldiers was detached to hang whole trees with all their branches on massive chains onto the endangered walls to stem the savage force of the rioting current.

But slowly during the night the furious assault abated, the thundering turmoil turned into a subdued roar. When the morning arrived a glaring blaze of sunshine broke through the clouds. In brilliancy and splendor the sun smiled over a picture of utter destruction. We all stood on the roof of a shed to look at the ghastly scene.

Our houses had miraculously and admirably withstood the

unshackled elements. But the damage was extensive, the repairs threatened to wipe out the results of years of labor and sacrifice. We gazed into the still wildly churning waters. The whole surface glimmered and glittered in myriads of sparkles. I took mother's hand and prayed: "Don't despair, Mother! From somewhere help will come if we only keep our hope and courage."

As soon as railroad traffic was restored, I hurried to Klagenfurt to see Mother Superior. I described our predicament and the critical conditions of mother's finances.

"Can you help me?" I pleaded. "Will you let me finish my last year of study without pay? I could repay my debts as teacher of your school. Are you willing to trust me?"

She smiled reassuringly and said: "Come, and everything will be all right."

My heart leaped with joy. The next train brought me home to the wedding. When the school opened again, I bustled with vigorous ardor and with new passionate and earnest ambition as never before. With anxiety and in great excitement I awaited with the other students the big day of our oral examinations, when we had to prove in verbal battles the value of our knowledge and the extent of our wisdom. But when the deciding hour came, I was confident and calm. I succeeded again in receiving top honors. Showered with hearty congratulations and praise, I could hardly wait for the end. Then I dashed out of the room, beaming with glory and happiness, gliding down the hall in enthralled enthusiasm, dancing and whirling into a new life of rapture and ecstasy. Now—I was a teacher.

My First Romance

I HAD DANCED through the wide corridor down to the rectangular bend, where the music rooms were. One was the room of my piano teacher, Sister Cecilia. She stood before the door and catching me with outstretched arms, she embraced and kissed me.

"Oh, Andre-ina,"—she beamed all over her round and lovely face—"Congratulations, darling! I am so happy for you, dear child," she exulted.

To whom could I have poured out all my joy and excitement more unrestrainedly than to Sister Cecilia? She was my faithful and compassionate friend and confidant. She had guided me through five years of difficult study and tempting times, but also through enlightening revelations. By her modest, unpretending actions she had taught me perseverance and firmness and had untiringly unveiled the secret of well-balanced affections, all with the object of benefiting the development of my character.

She drew me into her room and made me sit down on the piano bench where we so often had sat in the intimacy of conversation or the fascination of playing.

"What will you do now, Andre-ina?" She asked in her endearing voice with the heavy Italian accent. "As long as you are not going home today, I would like to play four-handed piano with you this afternoon. The music store has sent me a new volume of opera overtures. I have several hours at your disposal."

"I thank you warmly for your kind offer, dear Sister Cecilia," I replied quickly. "But forgive me if I don't accept. I will see Walter at two this afternoon. See this card I received from him this morning. He is through with University and will receive his diploma of an engineer this fall. Yesterday he arrived from Vienna. I will meet him at his parents' house. He will have much interesting news for me. Right now, I intend to pack what I need for my vacation in Tarvis and straighten my locker space. In September I shall start my new job here. Mother Superior decided to give me the Third Grade Class."

"All right, darling, then I will leave you now," the tiny nun returned

in a resigned voice. "But tomorrow, before you leave, wait for me at eight. I have to say good-bye to you."

I kissed her and starting for the locker room glanced through the window at the huge clock on the church tower. It said ten o'clock.

I still have two hours before dinner, I figured. My thoughts were steadily with Walter, whom I hadn't seen since Easter, when we had met for only a few minutes between trains. Then we could exchange only a few words at the depot. But now, a feverish anxiety took hold of me.

My thoughts were wandering eagerly back to the day when I had first met him. Then I had lived with Teacher Jakob Lederer and his family, with whom I had stayed during my first year in Preparatory School. Teacher Lederer owned a flat on Field Street and with his wife and three daughters occupied the upper premises. On the lower floor of the stately and massive stone building lived Professor Braumueller, then President of the State Teacher's College, Walter's father. The house was located near the outskirts of the city of Klagenfurt. At the rear, to the West, lay a lovely garden with many fruit trees.

This garden was Mr. Lederer's delight. Early in the morning, he pruned and sprayed the trees, cut the sprouts, weeded the flower and vegetable beds. I often joined him in his work. Sometimes he praised his friend, my former principal, Mr. Truntschnigg of Tarvis, who had inspired me to love garden work. Mr. Truntschnigg taught the three highest grades of our public school.

A very unusual subject was on the curriculum for the girls of the eighth grade: "Garden Culture". We girls had to dig and weed, to plant and inoculate, reset trees and bushes. I told Mr. Lederer how our principal had developed in the mountainous city of Tarvis—nearly 2,500 feet above sea level—a prosperous asparagus culture. During spring he sent out groups of four or five girls to start new asparagus beds in the gardens of prominent and interested town's people.

When I helped Mr. Lederer, he rewarded me often with kind words; otherwise he was stern and taciturn. I guess he loved his garden more than his wife. When he was affable to me, I was much less aware of his ruddy, freckled and ugly face and his bristly red hair and beard. I was afraid not of him but his wife, Agatha, and his second daughter Johanna. Mrs. Lederer, small and dainty, was more talkative. Her brown hair was always done up in tight curls, but her pale face still showed the remains of formerly lovely lines. In spite of her suppleness and delicate femininity I could shudder when her shrill voice called me:

"Andrea, are you in the garden again? Why don't you study now rather than sit up late, burning light unnecessarily?" Her nose seemed then more piqued than ever.

Johanna acted like a princess, but looked like her sister Rosa as her father did. Both had long, flaming red hair, which they wore in heavy braids over their broad, ugly, freckled faces. Johanna was a junior, but Rosa a senior of the State Teacher's College. Rosa was epileptic, but more kind.

The youngest one, Emma, was the perfect replica of her mother, whose avowed pet she was. One year younger than I, she had often caused me bitter trouble. Malicious and meddle-some, always arguing, she accused me of deeds she had done herself, to avoid punishment by her strict father. She always found her mother's support and forced me to angry word battles, which never ended to my advantage. How the memory of her again started my blood to boil. My thoughts automatically followed those unwholesome lines. I remembered the overly large bedroom where we four girls slept, the weird night scenes when Rosa had her cramp-like attacks. When she started to moan and wheeze, I awakened and became frightened. Her parents then came running to our room to help her. At first I didn't know what ailed her. Soon I became wise, and I dreaded those terrible nights.

So lively were my recollections that I pictured myself sneaking down the back stairway of the Lederer house when conditions upstairs had become unbearable. I always found a willing listener in Mrs. Braumueller. She was Professor Braumueller's second wife and I loved her three little boys. I often played with them. Mr. Braumueller had five children by his first wife, but only the three younger ones, Walter, Hermann, and Berta, lived with the family. Soon after my arrival at Lederer's I became acquainted with them. The three treated me like a friend. Walter, especially, who was only a half year older than I, grew very fond of me.

My mind bored persistently into the past. I had stopped packing and sat down to follow my thoughts in peace. I felt tired and sleepy after so many nights through which we had studied without any sleep. I decided to run down to our dormitory. It looked deserted. Probably it would be a good idea to try to lie down and to catch a little nap. I still had a whole hour's time before the dinner bell would ring.

But the image of Walter became vividly real. To think of him and the past six years agitated me with such a force that I found it impossible to fall asleep. The thoughts merged with the silent hope that he would declare himself this afternoon. My heart began to tremble. Why hadn't we become closer to each other through all these years? I forged through the past. I could see the sparkle in Walter's big brown eyes, somewhat protruding as a result of a slight Basedow affliction he had inherited from his father. I could see him sitting on the piano bench, hear him play his beloved Beethoven and Mozart sonatas or parts of

Wagner operas, myself crowding close to him to listen intently to the strange and intricate music. Never before had I heard such sweet, entrancing cadences. I absorbed hungrily the swinging melodies and harmonies and begged for more and more. Walter seemed so happy then and eager to explain the compositions. His parents had taken me several times to concerts and operas. I had heard "The Four Seasons" by Haydn, Handel's "Messias", Wagner's "Lohengrin" and the "Flying Dutchman." Afterwards, at home, Walter played the passages over and over again until the beautiful rhythms and harmonies made my soul sing and ring like a harp.

I saw myself walking every morning with Walter and Hermann, only one year younger than we two, a distance of one and a half miles. I went to Preparatory School, a part of State Teacher's College, the boys to their high schools. The schools lay only three blocks apart. We took short cuts through the fields and vacant lots. I always strolled between the two, carrying a heavy pack of books in my arms or on a leather strap. Often when the load was too burdensome, Walter would help me carry it. We joked and laughed and exchanged impressions and observations, made plans for the evening or week-ends. When the weather permitted we played hide and seek in the garden. Berta, Walter's lovely and jolly sister, who still went to public school, joined us and the three little boys too. But we usually refused to play with Emma who often started a quarrel, after which she ran crying to her mother. When I then went upstairs, Mrs. Lederer scolded me and made me stay in the next day. Such scenes aroused my anger and made me tremble in suppressed fury. I couldn't write about the difficulties to my mother either, for she would not have listened to me, but rather would have accused me of being the cause of the turmoil. But at Braumueller's, I found comfort and understanding. They knew Emma as I did.

In winter time I enjoyed immensely the opportunity to skate. A three mile channel, connecting Klagenfurt with the Woerther Lake, started only four blocks from our house. Walter had loaned me a pair of skates and taught me the sport with great patience. When I was so far advanced that I could swing in big half circles over the ice, he would pat me on the shoulders and say: "You are a good girl." But this was as far as he would go with a praise, though his whole face would beam like a lighted Christmas candle.

In the middle of July vacation started, and mother came down to Klagenfurt to call for me. I introduced her to Mr. Braumueller and his family and she invited them for a visit to Tarvis.

They came. Mrs. Braumueller didn't come along, she had to take care of her three little sons. But Mr. Braumueller, Walter, Hermann and

Berta accepted the invitation. While we four young people went for a thrilling hike through the Schlitz Canyon, Mr. Braumueller had a serious conference with my mother.

As soon as the visitors had left, she gave an account of their talk.

Mr. Braumueller had said: "I like to have my children enjoy the company of your daughter Andrea. Walter is very fond of her, I noticed. But I would strictly forbid them to meet each other if any romance developed. Walter could not then see Andrea any more and I wish you would impress my attitude on your daughter's mind also. Any serious attachment would hamper their study efforts and my warning is founded on the well-known proverb: 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'"

My mother added in her hard and stoic way: "You had better listen and obey. You would immediately lose your right to study."

I obeyed her. I knew she would never compromise, yet I couldn't bury my infatuation either. It had by this time grown to a still but lasting fire.

When I returned to Klagenfurt, Mother, forced by financial distress, had secured my entry into the private Teacher's College of the Ursuline Sisters. We were allowed but one visit a month with friends. Every fourth Sunday of each month I wandered to Braumueller's. Walter was still eager to please me, but I was afraid to respond, even slightly, to an emotional approach. Though I seemed frozen and still, my love burned more and more intensely. One year later, Walter went to Vienna to study at the University, there to become an automotive engineer. We saw each other only two or three times during each following year. But we wrote each other often and in my correspondence I used all precautions not to reveal any sentiments. Our letters were read by the dean. She would have notified my mother immediately if she had noticed any amorous passages.

During the fourth summer vacation Walter had sent a note saying that he would come with his brother and sister, and each would bring a friend along, and asking whether I would like to climb the Wishberg with them. With its 8800 foot height, it is one of the foremost peaks of the Julian Alps. Mother gave the desired permission. I was flustered and excited. But what should I wear? I had not any equipment for such a strenuous mountain trip nor could I ask mother to have made for me a pair of Goiserer shoes, as the heavy soled and spiked cow-leather boots were called, and which were used by the tourists that came to our town to climb the mountains. She would have withdrawn her permission. What could I do? I chose my most comfortable walking shoes, but had no woolen socks to soften the steps and make the shoes fit better. My Sunday shoes I doubtlessly would have ruined and besides, they were

too tight. I had no trousers or slacks either. So I selected my shortest skirt and my brother's knap-sack, which had stiff leather straps that pressed cruelly on my shoulders. I had no other choice. When the five friends came, I looked enviously at their gear and sighed. Why wasn't mother a little more generous and why had I to be so much afraid to beg her for something? Often did I feel the pangs of bitter resentment against her spartan ways.

We left around noon and marched six miles to the mining town of Raibl. From there we had to walk six more miles to reach the Nevea Pass where the ascent began. A small path led over stony ridges and edged rocks, marked by red spots on high boulders, over sloping shoulders or through small hollows. Soon the rise became more pronounced, the steps more steep and difficult. When we paused for a short rest, we saw a magnificent panorama unfolded before our eyes. Hundreds of giant peaks raised their craggy, seamed heads to imposing heights—the Rombon, Confin Point, Monte Canin, Bella Petsch, Werschitz, and farther to the east, the monstrous massif of the Mangart with its multitude of prongs and spikes, pointed like God's fingers into the hazy sky. In the foreground, the bulky dimensions of the Seekopf (Lake Head) dominated the scene. To the north towered the Gams Mother, to the north-west the Montasch or Bramkofel with its summit of 9400 feet, like a colossus closing the view as with huge shutters.

Through the clear air we could already distinguish the outlines of the Findinig House, a little mountain cabin, built by the Alpine Society for the use of tourists and alpinists. The up-grade grew remarkably sharp and bold. While for my escort climbing had the semblance of an easy frolicsome walk on an ascending street, for me and my aching feet it was an awful scramble and struggle. The hard leather straps of my knapsack, filled with provisions, pressed deep into the flesh. My toes and heels burned like fire. While my companions joked, sang and jumped, I grew more mute and silent.

"What ails you?" Walter called from above me. I had fallen back a hundred feet. "Is something wrong with you?" he asked again. Had I only told Walter of my crucifying pains, he would have sympathized with me. But I was too proud and stubborn to admit that my equipment was rotten and not fit for such an arduous tour and that I lacked adequate strength and endurance to stand such exertion. Walter became silent too.

Finally we reached the cottage. The sun had set in a fiery glow a half hour before and dusk fell like a dark veil over the nearby boulders and rocks. The distance melted into a foggy mist and the giant peaks faded away like indistinct ghosts. Only the sky kept a translucent light until deep shadows hovered near and far. Slowly and timidly, some lonesome

stars started to twinkle and glitter and soon the universal endlessness of the cupola above us scintillated in myriads of sparkles.

While my friends were enjoying a well-deserved meal, I had disappeared with a large pan filled with hot water, to soak my poor feet. Each toe and heel was covered with big blisters and the first relief made me almost cry. Carefully I bandaged the victims of my folly and arrived refreshed at the dinner table. After the meal we sat for a long time outside the shelter on a bench. Softly we sang and gazed into the hushed remoteness and immense and frigid farness of space.

At four o'clock next morning we set out to climb the 1800 feet to the summit. The meandering path circled vertical stone walls or rose straight up over sharp edges and ridges. Where the steps were too dangerous and steep, my companions pulled me up. Wires, stretched between iron stakes and fastened in the rocks, eased the climb. After two hours we reached the wooden triangle that marked the peak. The sun rose in all its glory over the needle-shaped contours of the Mangart and the grandiose amphitheater of pinnacles, crests, caps, crowns and crags shimmered in radiance and splendor.

We crouched and hovered on the rocks, hardly able to find seats for all of us. Soon an obvious order was established. We girls sat down on flat stones, dangling our legs downward and each boy sat next to his girl, burying his head in her lap. I felt uneasy. This was embarrassing intimacy to me, such as I had never experienced before.

"If mother should see me in such a position, she would be terribly shocked and angry," I mumbled to myself. I blushed and became confused. Berta and Irma kissed their boys and rumped up their hair, but I couldn't do it. The memory of the promise I had given to mother four years ago chilled my senses. I made Walter sit up. He was visibly hurt, then looked angrily at me. But wasn't I also offended by such behavior? This open display of affection was despicable and repulsive to me, an expression of moral laxity.

Soon we started the descent, which was much more difficult than the climb. My feet pained ferociously. I could hardly endure any longer the smarting, pinching, biting of the many sores. I summoned all my courage and self-abnegation to continue. Finally we reached the valley and the road to Raibl. My married sister Louise lived there. Under the pretense that I had to visit her I bade good-bye to Walter and the others. I couldn't have endured to walk a step further and never could have made the six miles to Tarvis. When my friends arrived there, they stopped at my mother's house. She invited them to stay for supper. When they had washed up, Walter took my sister Lisi aside and said:

"Tell Andrea, it wasn't at all nice of her to stay in Raibl and not come home with us. I really feel insulted by her attitude and behavior."

But my sister Louise helped me take off my boots and seeing blood drip to the floor, she was amazed at the dreadful sight. Immediately she called the doctor who disinfected and bandaged the multiple open flesh wounds. It took a whole week before I was able to return home.

My dreams stopped suddenly. "Bang, bang!" rang the dinner bell through the halls. I jumped up, dressed quickly, and hurried down the corridor and stairway to the dining hall. I felt dizzy and in no mood to eat. The recollections had been too thwarting and saddening. Yet the thought of seeing Walter again enlivened my spirit.

Walter was hearty, jolly and full of humor as always, only a shade louder, more commanding and distant. We played the piano four-handed again, symphonies that softened our hearts. We looked at books and maintained a conversation on the high pitch of young intellectuals. At seven I had to be at the convent again. So I bade farewell and Walter offered to walk home with me. I felt ecstatically happy. We followed again the path through the fields, spoke of the days when we had gone together to school with no thoughts of the future. Suddenly Walter took me in his arms and kissed me long and passionately. His first kiss! It seemed heaven came down to me. I trembled with elation.

Then he spoke, first rapidly, then slowing to a soft pace as if trying to convince me:

"I have never kissed you before, Andrea. Now I feel I have to seal with a kiss an old, dear and hearty friendship. At times before I have thought you could love me as I loved you. But you were always so distant and strangely correct, like thin, untouchable, unfeeling air, although your understanding was so warm and true. I had hoped that as the years passed you would awaken, learn to love me and show me at least a little passion. Remember the day on the Wishberg, when you wouldn't caress me as the other girls did their boys? Besides you stayed in Raibl and didn't care to make the rest of the trip with us. You hurt me deeply then and I knew all hopes were lost. But I will be your friend as long as I live. I have to give you some news also. I have a sweet girl in Vienna. We are already engaged. As soon as I get my diploma and a good position, I will marry Elsie. Next summer I will bring her to Carinthia and you shall meet her. You will like her and I am sure you two will be friends."

"Friends, yes," I gasped and pleadingly searched the far distance for a ray of light or soothing hope to kill the terrifying upsurge in my heart. A young love had died with the dusky gloom of day.

I Learned To Forget

"YOU LOOK pale and tired," said Sister Cecilia the next morning as I bade her farewell. "Tell me, girl, is there anything wrong?"

"There is," I nodded, and told briefly the sad story. "I feel that nothing else is left for me but tears. But I will find myself again. I still have my youth and my health. That is more than many own. Don't worry, Sister Cecilia. There are many years ahead of me."

"God bless you for your spirit," said Sister Cecilia with a suppressed sob.

I hurried to the train.

I stared through the open windows at the magnificent scenery unfolding before my eyes. It was almost too much glaring beauty for my distressed mind, and I repeated to myself: "You have to forget. You have to bury these dreadful memories."

The train raced along beside the Woerther Lake. In the far distance loomed the jagged, imposing heights of the Petzen, Koschuta and Hochstuhl, the foremost tops of the Karawanken chain. At the stations of the fashionable lake resorts of Krumpendorf, Poertschach, and Velden swarmed a big crowd of summer guests, and across the shimmering, rippling waves rose the steeple of the tiny church of Maria Woerth, built on a small peninsula on the same spot where two thousand years before once stood a temple of the heathen Celts. The shore line weaved back and forth. As we approached the western end of the lake near Velden, the Mittagskofel with its square summit mounted into the horizon. In the foreground—a little later—I could clearly distinguish the ruins of the age-worn castle of Landskron and the valley of the River Drau opened to a wide field. Spread like the wide folds of the beautiful dress of a rich lady lay the houses and towers of the City of Villach. To the west rose the Dobratsch, called the "Villacher Alpe," the "Rigi" of Carinthia.

As we passed the city, wooded slopes and ridges moved closer to the Gail, a powerful tributary of the Drau. Its bed was a wide, desolate plain, strewn with broken-up stones and boulders which ravaging floods had carried down from the mountainsides. Along the wide channel

willows grew profusely, but they would be torn again from their footholds at the next devastating deluge. Near Arnoldstein, where from a lofty elevation the last remnants of an ancient convent gazed upon scenes of recent floods, the southern spur of the Dobratsch commanded the panorama, lifting its almost vertical flanks to the amazing altitude of 7000 feet. The ruins of the convent could tell the horrible story of how in the year of 1348 the south-western rib of the huge mount loosened itself from its body, thundering and tumbling into the abyss. The stone masses buried hundreds of farms and houses, dozens of villages with all their inhabitants. It caused a violent earthquake, laying waste another multitude of hamlets and destroying the City of Villach. The blocked river formed an immense lake, submerging in its whirling torrents forests and farmlands.

Near Arnoldstein the long valley of the Gail opens to the west and for a great distance the view is free. Soon we passed Thoerl and the two mile long tunnel which cuts through the mountain range shortly before one reaches Tarvis. But I hadn't previously missed catching a glimpse of the Luschari Peak, a famous place of pilgrimage. The steeple of its lofty church pierces like a needle into the sky.

The deep darkness which had enveloped me in the tunnel soon melted away into glaring light. A glorious picture, a panorama of exalted beauty, unrolled before my eyes. Here the titanic monster, the Mangart, raises its majestic body. It outlines the horizon with sometimes sharp, sometimes softly rounded scallops as of a huge stony royal robe. The Ponza, Breitkofel and Bucher Point, with their furrows and grooves form the rising steps to its throne. Farther to the west, the formidable heights and heads of Giant Corpse, the Seekopf, Werschetz, Koenigsberg and many others dip into the distance until they reach the chiseled peaks of the Wishberg and disappear in the far west.

I could see across the valley of the Schlitz a little hamlets crawling up the green slopes: Greuth, Greenwald, Nesselal and at the foot of the valley, Unterwinkel. From there the road leads to Lower Tarvis while the higher part of the city, Upper Tarvis, is hidden from sight. The large plateau of the Briesnik hovers like a curious fat bear over the bed of the Bartolo rivulet that flows near Unterwinkel into the Schlitz.

Now I was home again and the luring heights seemed to greet me and invite me for an early climb. I drank the lustrous sublimity with the thirsty eyes of a mountain girl exiled to the city. All the grief and anguish of the preceding day had faded away. Mother, sisters, servants, workers welcomed me with joy and heartfelt congratulations. No tasks were waiting for me, only the carefree ease of a worry-less life. Soon I would make plans with my friends for extensive tours, outings, visits. In the afternoon I went to Upper Tarvis to visit Poldi and Frida Hosch.

Poldi had recently married an army officer, but the reflection of my own sad experience with Walter didn't make me envy her.

On my way home I crossed the city square, surrounded by many stately buildings. I led my way to the cemetery the church yards—which was enclosed by a high stone wall with turrets and bulges. It reminded me of the time when the wall was the only protection for the towns people in periods of war and strife.

I stopped at my father's grave, for I realized how much I had to thank him for. It lay near the front gate and was surrounded by a wrought iron fence. It had a high marble grave stone with a huge cross on top and rose bushes rising on its sides. The church towered before me. Over the Gothic portal one could notice the old frescos and inscriptions, showing the age of the church as more than 400 years. The gold cock on the spire extending over the ball-like cupola squeaked and groaned in the stir of a light breeze.

I stepped into the church. Here I had prayed with the devoutness of a child, had so proudly sung my solo parts with the choir. The echo of my steps reverberated, the golden figures on the baroque altars glittered through the darkness. I walked around the church to a little chapel, where the bones and the skeletons of the dead with piled high. The small cemetery allowed room only for a limited number of graves. The lots were sold for a term of ten, twenty-five or fifty years and then resold. A meandering pathway led, after passing a small gate, to the main highway. One landed directly in a little park in which center stood a monument, showing the bronze head of Kajetan Schnablegger, a former mayor of Tarvis and the owner of the Franklinit mines in Raibl. On a steep slope right across the road stood the school house. The garden beneath still showed the rich foliage of the many fruit trees we had planted and inoculated. The pleasantness of the scenery captivated my imagination and reluctantly I continued my walk towards Lower Tarvis.

Where the road from Raibl led over the Bartolo bridge to the main street, I noticed a carriage turning towards my road way. A young lady waved at me with an umbrella and I heard her call:

"Uhu, Andrea, wait!"

"Oh, Anny," I cried and ran towards her. "What a happy coincidence."

Anny jumped from her seat, kissed me and introduced me to her friend and her brother Rudy, who held the reins. They had just come from Raibl. The horse neighed and whipped its tail.

"You better run along," Anny shouted to her brother. "Call for me in a half an hour at Andrea's house."

Arm in arm we walked slowly the long block to my home. Anny was the daughter of Mr. Becker, the director of the Donnersmarks Mines,

which had been bought by Count Donnersmark from the widow of Kajetan Schnablegger. My sister Louise's husband was employed at the mines as building superintendent and Anny and I had become close friends during a short stay in Raibl.

"When will you come and visit me?" Anny asked eagerly. "Hurry!" she urged, "Come while Rudy is still at home. Soon he will return to the academy."

We entered our home. Mother liked Anny and greeted her heartily. We all loved Anny, she was such a charming young woman.

Anny approached my mother pleadingly.

"How about letting Andrea come to Raibl for a week or longer? I am starved for a friend, Andrea has now plenty of time."

She kissed mother on both cheeks and mother consented easily. Anny had a certain way with her. When I was with mother, my own easiness was smothered by fear.

Berta

BERTA WAS another dear and intimate friend. Every summer for six or eight weeks her mother came with her to Tarvis from Prague, the present capital of Czechoslovakia, then of the Kingdom of Bohemia, part of Austria. Her father was Czechic and a railroad official. They stayed with their wealthy aunt, Mrs. Morocutti, who lived only two houses to the east from us. Berta's father and brother Rudolf came only for a short period to Tarvis.

I was closely attached to Berta. Our mutual predilection for music and hiking tours seemed a lasting tie for our friendship. Berta was a pretty girl, taller than I, with blue eyes and long golden hair and built like her stately mother. While I went to Teacher's College, she started to study music at the conservatory for music in Prague and she intended to become a teacher of music.

She mastered the piano excellently and we usually played every forenoon duet for one or two hours or she accompanied me when I sang. I had a rich and heavy alto voice and often took the solo part in the church choir or at little concerts; but in the afternoon we liked to take extensive hikes to the many beautiful excursion spots for which the wild, romantic surroundings of Tarvis were famous. Sometimes we strolled along the Bartolo River on the road which led through a forest straight up to the Briesnik Plateau. Here a deep ravine cut into the gravel foundation of the plain. Each flood bit deeper into the hollow, and laborious wattles had to be built into the washout. The path girdled the ravine, and after a walk of a thousand feet over the plain we reached a small hostelry nestling idyllically in an apple tree orchard. From there one could continue on a winding trail and in about four hours climb to the Mount of Luschari. One could also proceed on a level route along the slope to Upper Tarvis. We often had chosen the latter tour, especially when our time was limited.

Our most favored goal was the Canyon of the Schlitz. It offered the most exciting scenery and depending upon how deep into the gorge we went, the trip could be made in three to four hours.

The Schlitz River had gnawed with ferocious force for uncounted

thousands of years a channel through the calcareous rock. The limestone of the Julian Alps, like that of the Dolomites in Tirol, is of a sort that offers much less resistance to the eroding and disintegrating power of running water than does of calcareous spar. For this reason the contours of these mountain chains are rugged, cleft, craggy and seamed and their peaks jagged like teeth, needles or spikes. Only with deep apprehension, with amazement and awe, could one approach this wonder of nature.

Before the opening of the gorge, the Veil-Fall plunges into the depth below, atomizing the drops into myriads of misty particles. The sunrays pick them up, tinting them with iridescent rainbow colors, weaving a mystic curtain before the entry into the inferno. Behind this curtain the sun could hide, not being able itself to penetrate the dark shadows of the chasm.

The near vertical bluffs soar to giddy heights. From the railroad bridge that crosses the canyon, the precipice falls 180 feet straight down to the howling river at the bottom of the gorge. The cliffs narrow at several spots to a gap of twenty feet. A small footpath is hewn into the stones and where the rocks bulge to an overlapping hump, small wooden, bridge-like galleries with a sturdy railing follow the curving walls. Wherever they could take a foot-hold, tiny fir and pine trees grew on protruding stone noses, stretching themselves to catch a glimmer of light. Moss, fern, rhododendron covered the naked stone.

Down in the river-bed roared and howled the blue-green waters. They cascaded over the big boulders which filled the gorge like play-balls of angry gods, surging in wild splashes, throwing silvery foam heads into the air. They drowned their own rapids in billowing whirlpools. Up they came and down again into the next hole in a furious deluge, boiling, crying in uproarious madness, intoxicatedly racing and swooping on a rioting rampage into the diabolic abyss. On and on they crashed and burst in a ferocious tempo.

There we stood, deafened and stunned, numbed by the vehemence of the thundering masses. One couldn't speak, could only stare in awe at this titanic performance.

Proceeding for another thousand feet we saw the defile broadening slowly, the vertical stone walls seeming to lean backwards to give room for more pines and firs to creep into the scene. We felt the softness of the pine needle carpet under our feet and the air was charged with the sweet and piquant fragrance of aromatic pitch.

On another bend of the Schlitzza, which had now lost a great amount of its force in this hellish action, we found the track on which we could reach, near Greenwald, the road to town.

Raibl And The Predil

I HAD OTHER vacation experiences, some friendly and exciting, but one so horrid that the thought of it still exasperates me. Since Anny Becker's invitation to visit her, I awaited anxiously a letter from my sister Louise to come to Raibl. When her card came, I was ready. I didn't need the stage coach to take me there. As I was accustomed to extensive hiking, the walk of six miles offered much interesting and spectacular scenery.

I started out on the road above the Bartolo Rivulet, just across from my home. It followed the spur of the Briesnik Plateau, which sloped slowly down to the valley of the Schlitzza towards the south. The river itself was concealed, it was buried in a deep ravine and forests rose on the steep incline. After I had passed the first hamlet, Flitschl, the river flowed at some places on a level with the road. Presenting proof of recent floods, the riverbed was filled with tree trunks, chafed smooth by stones and waves. Great accumulations of gravel and small and large boulders demonstrated the destructive force of the waters. Near Kaltwasser, a tiny settlement, a dam slackened the turbulent stream, and the street crossed by a bridge to the other bank of the river, where it could find more protection in the dense forest from the ravaging effects of floods.

The valley, now called the Gries, soon widened, but presented a picture of utter desolation and devastation. In the winter, it was feared by everyone for its icy drafts; in the rainy season, for the peril of the torrents that raged then like wild beasts in the wide expanse. The forms of the mountains became more distinguishable. To the west rose the craggy summits of the Stone Hunter, to the south the bulky massif of the Koenigsberg or King Mount, whose interior conceals vast veins of lead, cadmium, and francinite ore. It blocked the stone-filled plain like a huge barricade and left to the stream only a small channel, over which to the east in majestic sublimity towered the jagged prongs of the Five Point and Lahn Point.

Soon I entered the mining town of Raibl. One could not help but be unutterably depressed by the sight. I had the nightmarish feeling that

the precipitous mountain walls would fall any moment upon me and crush me. The King Mount dominated the whole scene. Houses clung close to its foot and crawled up its flanks. Iron galleries and girders crusted its grayish-yellow ribs, spanning them almost to the top of the colossus. At the ends of these galleries, holes were visible, in which one could see people or little wagons—called dogs—enter and disappear. The whole mountainside swarmed with little figures. Power lines stretched all over. Iron carts hung on wires in the air or rolled from hole to hole, downward and upward. The site looked like a magnified mechanized ant-hill. Occasionally I noticed immense dust bursts always followed by a terrific thunder. That happened when they dynamited new tunnels and adits. At those times a miner would run from house to house, shouting into a megaphone: “It will thunder!” and after the explosion: “It burns.” And all the village people and workers would hurry into their homes or shelters.

The house my sister lived in was built into the rocks. From its second story I could step immediately onto the sidewalk and from there to a path hewn into the stone, and then crawl up the slope. By a fortunate coincidence, Louise had a visitor, Karl, her husband’s brother. He was General Secretary of the mining company and had come from the main office in Prevali to inspect the mines. Karl was jolly and humorous and I enjoyed the endless flow of his jokes.

“Would you like to visit the mines with me tomorrow morning, Andrea?” he asked with a big winning smile. “I could easily arrange it for you. You may use my reserve trousers, my cap and leather apron.”

“Oh! You are a darling,” I said, laughing with joy. “I will be ready.”

It was one of the merriest and most hilarious experiences I ever encountered. For the first time in my life I was attired in a man’s outfit. The trousers were twice my size and I was in fear something very embarrassing and disgraceful might happen to me. I giggled in perplexity and all the men commenced to laugh. The extraordinary occurrence had brought on my silly behavior.

We were seated in a basket-like receptacle, called a miner’s truck, which ran in a horizontal direction on iron ropes over a combination of pulleys. When we came to the vertical shaft, a man turned a switch and down we went into the blackness. The lights on our caps flickered timidly and threw a wavering glossiness onto the obscurity. When we reached the deepest pit, we stepped from the miner’s truck into a well-lighted gallery. The construction of new adits and tunnels was going on in full force. Mud-covered pitmen worked with picks and axes. They drove heavy timbers under the dripping, over-hanging rock shoulders, slamming them side by side. These massive props were essential to prevent the cracking of the stone-layers above and to reduce

the pressure of the weighty body of the mountain mass overhead. Water emerged from the seams and clefts, trickling down to the bottom, giving a glossy shine to the rock walls. At the bottom it mixed with the yellowish dirt to form a slimy mire which soon gummed our shoes with a sticky paste. Walking became very difficult.

In another hole miners prepared charges for the dynamiting of new ore veins. In others pitmen and cutters filled the mine-trucks with ore and rolled them on rails to special elevators. We heard from afar the dull and muffled rumble of explosions. I had often to wait for Karl who had to inspect the condition of the trucks and the greater portion of the tracks, to give adequate orders. In these intervals I glanced at the extensive excavations that had cut up the whole inside of the section into caves, hollows and channels. I wondered with a dull feeling of premonition: "What will happen when they rob the mines to such a dreadful extent?"

Five years later a group of galleries collapsed. The area of the cave-in lay just below the mine hospital. With a terrible crash and split-second abruptness the hospital and the residence of the company doctor sank into the depths as if a trap had opened to swallow everything. All the patients of the hospital and the doctor with his wife and children perished. Only a fourteen year-old boy, who had the presence of mind to jump out of a window when he felt the house shake as though in an earthquake, escaped. But the disaster, publicized throughout the whole of Europe, caused the dismissal of Anny's father and several other officers of the company after a long court trial. Karl, too, was forced into retirement.

When we were in the pit, the future was closed before our minds and the present still full of pleasure. We returned to the surface with grimy faces, and dirty clothes, and shoes covered with sludge. We examined each other and burst into peals of laughter. If mother had seen me in this attire and condition, she undoubtedly would have fainted.

I dreaded the location of my sister's cottage. The unceasing noise, the muck lying all over, the stones uninterruptedly rolling down from the heights above us, the many explosions, the clamor of the shouting blasting experts, the depressing haughtiness of the steep stone walls towering to the west and south, made me frequently fearful and nervous. For many hours of the day the sunlight was shut out. But my brother-in-law had to live near the numerous buildings he supervised. There were the big machine houses, the power station, miners' quarters, office, and hospital buildings. They all were strewn around the mountain base and often needed his immediate attention. He would have without doubt preferred an apartment in the huge administration building where the great majority of the officers lived and which was

located amid a lovely natural park halfway between the town and Raibl Lake, a distance of almost two miles. Anny's father lived there too.

Whenever the depressing sights became too distressing I arranged to see Anny. In the afternoon she often assisted her father in the office. Besides she had a boy friend, so her time was much taken up. Naturally I grabbed eagerly every chance to meet her. She liked to tease me about her brother Rudy, although he was one year younger than I. He seemed affable, was well dressed, and didn't show any boastful arrogance that so many young gentlemen of Europe prided themselves on. He had the kind, smiling disposition of his sister rather than that of his father. One day we agreed on an excursion to the Predil Pass. We wanted to start out early the next afternoon. Anny was occupied and I knew my sister would not mind. We decided to walk up to the defile on the lower winter road and return on the higher summer road, which was the state highway. I pointed out to Rudy that the glorious historical events which had taken place here would be of great interest to him.

"History always ties us to the home spot just as traditions do," I remarked and Rudy nodded understandingly.

It was a bright, sunny day, a rarity in this worst-weather corner of Europe. With the exception of the coast of Dalmatia on the Adriatic Sea, the region of Predil Pass and Raibl has the highest precipitation of all Europe and the greatest number of downpours and cloudbursts.

We left at noon, because the strenuous tour takes at least two hours one way. After leaving the town we walked first through a dense forest which filled the narrow valley from one side to the other. It gave only limited elbow room to the small but determined-acting Schlitza Rivulet, which gurgled, swirled and splashed proudly along its run. It seemingly tried to impress upon us its young importance as an independent after its outflow from Raibl Lake. It had crossed a field lying on the southern boundary of the woods, which dropped slowly to the lake shore. This meadow had taken on a gaudy adornment of fancy golden butter cups, sky-blue forget-me-nots, and late white daffodils and oracle blossoms. In his delight Rudy picked some for me. Before us stretched the jade-green sheet of the lake. To have a better and broader view of its surroundings and a more complete impression of the scenery, we had to survey it from the highest point of the Predil Pass.

We crossed the bridge over the wildly bullying outlet, but instead of following the path to the lake cabin and the small boat landing, we turned left to the steep rise, on which we could reach the winter-road that ran on a level a hundred and more feet lower than the summer-road. The winter-road was generally frequented in the winter time, especially when the wind came from the south. After crossing the mountain heights, the air masses of the south wind condense in the

downflow to the valley, thereby warming up and causing a rapid rise in temperature. Its warmth brings the enormous layers of snow and ice to a swift melting. A tiny disturbance may cause them to skid precipitately downward. All over in the Alps, the mountaineers fear this warm south wind, called Foehn or Jauk, for the terror-bringing avalanches follow its tail.

They distinguish two major sorts of snow slides: The snow avalanches and the stone or ground avalanches. They don't fear the former kind so much, because they can fairly well predict ahead of time where and when they will slip down, since even a shot or loud noise can impel them to tumble. But the stone avalanches are unpredictable. They tear the ground from the rock and everything above it, Earth, stones, snow, ice, and trees have to race down with them into the abyss or valley below, entombing homes, hamlets, towns, forests in a gigantic sepulchre.

Huge roofs, made of strong timber, covered the most dangerous parts of the winter-road. Under their protection people from the Istrian side of the pass could cross over into Carinthia during the most severe winters and any snow slide would pass over their heads down into the lake.

After we had gone three miles, the winter-road turned into the summer-road and we reached, a short distance below the street, a demarcation pillar. It marked the point of separation between the Earldom of Goerz (Gorizia), a part of Istria, and the Duchy of Carinthia, but after the First World War, when Tarvis and Raibl had been ceded to Italy, between that country and Yugoslavia.

We were able to see only a few huts. The remoteness of the region, the inclement storms of the severe winters, the meager, stony soil impeded any chance to raise enough food for even a scanty living.

"Here it is, our sacred historical spot," I remarked to Rudy, "but let us first rest a little and look at this magnificent sight."

We turned and seated ourselves on the iron railing placed between the guard stones on the outer border of the roadway.

"Oh! Look! Did you ever see such grandeur and exalted boundlessness?" I exclaimed.

We gazed into the gigantic expanse, amazed, dazed and excited by its brilliancy and splendor, carried away by its nobility and dignity. To the south towered the monstrous Mangart, sending from the Lahn Point a densely wooded spur, the Zotkopf, right to our feet. The barren, grayish-pink ribs, the crests and ridges with their prongs and naked shoulders, the deep crags of the colossus seemed to open its innermost heart before us. Near the peak, the seams were filled with ice and snow. Further down the shingly declivity, their beds were full of rubble and

boulders and isolated patches of vegetation. To the right, the Bretter Chain continued the lofty design, sending its rillelets down to the young Isonzo, the divide between the Adriatic and Black Sea. From the Zotkopf and the base of the defile rose the prodigious bulk of the Seekopf with its broad shoulders and green mantle of forests, posted like a guard of the lake and the Seebach Valley. Following it was the Schichtel, overtowered by the Confin Point, and beyond the Seebach the looming giants of the Montasch and Wischberg. They resembled in their titanic eminence petrified gods, monarchs in a divine kingdom. At the soaring heights, where no vegetation existed and all life had died away, the ice fields glittered in the sun like the fantastic mirage of a far-distant palace of glass. They too were sentinels of the exquisite, precious jewel at the bottom of the lustrous bowl. Like a fabulous emerald with dancing hues of jade and blue lay Raibl Lake at the depth of the arena.

The great expanse seemed much more extensive yet more palpable and at hand, than from the slopes below the Wischberg, more sweeping, more radiant and superb. To the north, the King Mount with its riches of ore, looked almost subordinate, a modest satellite, although its bulk strangled and barricaded the view in this direction. For a long time we stared into the far-flung, unfathomable spaciousness, and reluctantly we turned back to the road.

I called Rudy's attention to a white point above the street, resembling very nearly the ruins of a castle.

"Here stood in 1809 the blockhouse from which Captain Herrmann with his soldiers fought to a heroic death for the defense of his homeland against the invading French," I explained. "And there in different layers of the nearly vertical stone walls are casemates of the new fort. Do you recognize the false windows with their loopholes from which they could shoot at a storming enemy? But Captain Herrmann was not so fortunate as to have the protection of a fort. When he received the commission to defend the log rampart, he bade farewell to his friends in Tarvis, and the moment was deeply touching when he said to them:

'I am instructed to guard the fortress to the last extreme. I don't fear death and I shall fall on the field of honor. Remember me in your prayers,' he added in anticipation of his near death. 'I have built my grave here. We will never see each other again.'"

Rudy was visibly moved by the story and I continued: "As soon as he had secured his combatants, a company of 222 men, joined by a troop of the same regiment under the command of Captain Jankovich, his ten cannons with their gunners, the provisions, and the medical supplies—he stored the latter in the safety of the blockhouse—a detachment of the Austrian rear guard, which had been withdrawn from the

enemy near Gorizzia, passed by. They had come over the Predil Pass on their way to the interior of Austria. In this ominous situation nothing was more important than the delay of the hostile force in its swift pursuit of this force. Every Austrian's mind was uneasily and distressingly fixed upon the Predil Pass, where the outcome of a great but uneven struggle for this precious piece of native country and the whole fatherland was at stake.

"Victory, or more probably, complete destruction—whatever their fate might be—the decision of the brave men was unchangeable. Their lives were dedicated to their country and the foe could only penetrate into the heart of Austria over their dead bodies.

"The advance guard of a hostile division had already passed Overbrett, beyond the pass, and attempted to hastily cast up some trenches. But they were detected and a furious cannonade forced their retreat. But during the night they completed the bulwark, and the next morning they started an intense artillery fire against the blockhouse, but without result. Each attempt to come closer to the rampart failed and caused heavy losses in human lives. After many fierce attacks they tried to negotiate, but their aims were frustrated by the unflinching faithfulness and determination of Captain Herrmann. 'No submission, no surrender' was his unchangeable answer.

"Hundreds of the Frenchmen had fallen. They never had expected to find such stubborn resistance from a small garrison. Their provisions had run low, and requisitions were fruitless in such a sparsely inhabited countryside. But a particular shift in tactics caused a sudden change of the situation. The enemy, well versed in all tricks of Machiavellian strategy, played their last cards.

"The fortress of Malborgeth, also called Talavai, and defended by Captain Hensel, had fallen after a most obstinate fight and the heroic death of its commander. The rest of the garrison was taken prisoner. With the intent to dishearten and discourage Captain Herrmann and his crew, the enemy sent some of the prisoners to him. They hoped that the horrible tale of the bloody fight and the dreadful fate they were to suffer would weaken the spirit of the defenders and that their own dexterous and crafty trick would not fail. Captain Herrmann fully understood the enormity of his responsibility and the severe consequences of his decision, but his answer to the officer with the flag of truce was: 'We will fight to the bitter end.'

"The words of the young hero did not fail to influence his comrades. With raised hands they took an oath to stay valiantly together and to die rather than surrender.

"When this last tactic failed, the enemy put forth everything in his power to storm the rampart. What disgrace it would be for their 6,000

men to retreat before the few hundreds of the defenders and a wooden fort! Wildly screaming and under the beat of their drums they surged towards the breastwork to force it and to seize the big guns, but the fire of the cannons and musketry mowed the attackers down in rows. The corpses of the dead soldiers lay piled up high, yet new arrays stormed over the bodies. The French commander despaired of the possibility to take the bastille by storm.

"But four companies of the French, hidden in their trenches and protected from the fire of the artillery, had outflanked the fort, appeared suddenly on the high ground above it, and tossed burning pitch rings into the blockhouse to set afire. They were successful. Soon flames leaped from roofs and the stockade. They spread rapidly, bit ferociously into the woodwork. Dense smoke and smother soon bulged from all the openings in the bulwark.

"In order to hinder the defenders from any attempt to extinguish the flames, the angry foe raced with renewed violence against the ramparts and its redoubts, to capture the batteries.

"Captain Herrmann saw the fire already licking at the outer walls of the powder chamber, threatening to blow up the fort with its guards. In utter desperation he cried: 'Comrades, we will break out. They shall not take us alive.' They threw themselves upon the charging enemy. For only a short hour they fought. Herrmann and his heroic men had sunk down bleeding from countless wounds, and when the battle was over, only a few were left to be rescued and to give an account of the horrible fate of their brothers-in-arms.

"Now the Predil block was opened, the hostile force advanced to Tarvis and from there with great rapidity towards the Danube. The brave men had made the supreme sacrifice for their country, but the memory of their heroic feat did not vanish without a trace. Napoleon won the battle of Wagram. However, four years later General Hill, in a glorious fight, threw the enemy down from these same heights and freed the country again.

"To immortalize the heroic deed of Herrmann and his comrades, the Austrian Government set up a beautiful monument on the memorable spot. See the huge triangular marble plate with the dying lion in bronze below. Almost one hundred years have passed since the death of Captain Herrmann and time flows on and on."

In devout reverence we bowed our heads. At that moment, in the ensuing silence, I felt that the spirits of the dead were walking the earth.

Silently we commenced our homeward journey. But our taciturnity was of short duration. The everchanging features within the immense expanse and the loveliness of the contrasts were too exciting for silence.

The extensive walk had not tired us either. The giddy heights, tearing the horizon into grotesque fringes, the dazzling depth below us with the lake shrank to the image of a fairy's mirror at its bottom, the dancing colors turning from glittering white to sapphire blue and into darkest green kept us in continuous fluctuation of spirits.

A Treacherous Lake

FROM TIME TO TIME we both stopped simultaneously as if by a mutual impulse. The scenes created in us an unquenchable desire to behold more and more of their luster and splendor.

"The lake almost bewitches me," I whispered as I stared. "I feel as if an invisible ghost would draw me with magic arms to its bosom. To be in a boat out there in the very center of this huge bowl where the water is saturated with blue and where the depths may reach many hundred feet—there to dream to the end of my days and be nearest to God's heart—that must be a holy hour in itself."

"This sounds a bit too exalted to me," Rudy said.

"Indeed, it is difficult to find the way back into reality when nature itself seems exalted," I admitted, trying to efface the bad impression my ecstasy had left on Rudy's mind. I added in a more prosaic manner: "The shallows, though, near the shore, where the white spots and long light-green stretches are showing, are more treacherous."

"Still you want to row a boat over them?" Rudy questioned.

"The danger is probably not as great as people around here make believe," I said. "Since the government forbade fishing in the lake, they hardly come to it any more, not even for pleasure. The majority of the people are workers, who toil awfully hard, and they have little appreciation of the beauty of their valley. They make even the tourists scared by telling them those underwater mounts are slippery and sliding. So you can understand why they keep only one boat at the pier."

"Also a boat ride could be dangerous," Rudy insisted.

"I never heard of any accident of that sort," I replied. "To calm your mind I will tell you that I see no chance of having such an outing during my vacation."

Rudy seemed satisfied, but I found myself, inimical to all common sense, in an inner feud and paradoxical spirit of contradiction. During a split second I had decided to row out into the lake, perhaps to cross it. Yet I was wise enough not to divulge this plan to Rudy. He is timid, I thought. But I never wanted to give in to fear. Had I known that the next day would bring the most appalling experience of my life, I would

have been less foolhardy.

Trying to sound nonchalant, I continued:

"Look up! Right where we are standing, the protruding ribs of the Lahn Point above us come closest to the road. The deeply cut seams and crevasses reach up over a thousand feet. They are barren of trees or any signs of vegetation. Through this channel many snow slides dash into the grim and forbidding depths. During the thawing season or after a heavy snow fall, everybody here is in fear of slides. An illuminating story, that of Peter Post, comes to my mind when I speak of avalanches. Our old neighbor in Tarvis told it repeatedly. Mrs. Swoboda was her name. She lived right next door to us. She was born and raised in Raibl. As a child she had witnessed the invasion of the ransacking French troops that were to join Napoleon's army at the Danube. When the message of their approach was heralded through the village, all fires on the open hearths of the kitchens were quickly extinguished. The smoke would have revealed where food was being prepared, and the soldiers would have taken it. Mrs. Swoboda's mother had just cooked a meager meal of corn meal mash when several soldiers stepped into the house. The frightened children flocked around their mother. But with swift decision she grasped the pot of mash, placed it on a bench near the hearth and with the same speed sat herself onto it, painstakingly spreading the coarse folds of her woolen skirt over the entire bench. Soon the marauding soldiers entered the kitchen, but the good lady sat quietly on the kettle, only gesturing at the empty dishes on the table."

"The mash must have been hot," Rudy laughed out loud. "But the woman was smart. She outwitted the men marvelously. Now what about Peter?"

"The story of him is sad, although just as fascinating," I said, relinquishing his curiosity.

"He had driven the state coaches for a quarter of a century. The mail coaches made the daily tour from Tarvis over Raibl and the Predil Pass to Flitsch in the Coast Province. Another coachman had to wait daily with an additional pair of horses at the Scheidenberger's Postal Inn to help pull the usually heavily loaded wagon up the steep six-mile road to the height of the pass. When the coachman used the winter road, a toll had to be paid to the keeper of the pass inn, who was in charge of the covered street. But Peter usually spent the toll money for a few glasses of gin. The liquor warmed him up and when the icy wind blew, he didn't feel the freezing chill in his bones so much. Rather, he could snoodle comfortably on his seat.

"One year—it was after Christmas—the Foehn had again blown down from the mountain heights. Peter was homeward bound. After he had discharged his mail, he had bought a few drinks. The innkeeper said

warningly: 'Now you have used up your toll money. But an avalanche is hanging half way down the ravine above the road. You cannot use the summer road. The rangers plan to shoot it down tomorrow, if the Jauk doesn't move it during the night.'

"To hell with Foehn and slides!' Peter grumbled into his beard. 'I will take the summer road.'

"Then the avalanche will catch you,' the innkeeper warned again, following him outdoors. But Peter had already started the eagerly neighing horses and only the jingling of their harnesses rang lustily through the winter night. Next morning, the news ran through all the small towns and villages: 'Peter is buried with coach and horses under a huge mass of ice and snow on top of the frozen lake.'"

"Such tales make me shudder," Rudy muttered. "Sometimes this region depresses me more than it elates me. Yet you seem entirely different. The wilder nature or the bolder the elements, the better you seem to enjoy them."

"Indeed," I confessed, "I am seldom afraid of anything; in fact, I feel freest when the contrasts are greatest. But I am not sure it is wise to be so intrepid. Now and again I wish I knew what fear is like."

Lightheartedly we marched on. Soon we arrived in the town and Rudy said happily: "Tomorrow evening a concert will be given at the hotel. Will you join me? May I call for you?"

And gaily I returned: "I will be delighted to be with you. But don't call for me. I never can tell ahead of time what my sister has in store for me. I will be at the hotel between eight and nine."

Run Aground

DURING A GREAT part of the next day my sister Louise and I busied ourselves with sewing and embroidering, but my thoughts returned constantly and stubbornly to the lake and my eccentric plan of the preceding day. It was making me uneasy and restless not to be able to find a reasonable excuse to leave home when Louise unexpectedly said while peering into my face: "You seem downhearted, Andrea. Is this God-forsaken mining town holding your spirits so low that you feel buried alive? Or what is it?"

"This town can make anybody miserable," I agreed. "Nothing but rocks, mountain walls, rubble, stones, mountains of dead ore, smoke and dirt. It's early August and the sun already setting at five."

We both stepped to the open window. The setting sun steeped the huge bare yellow range of the King Mount in a shimmery veil of light, while vast shadows crept rapidly up the incline, increasing the impression of cheerless desolation.

"Go to the lake," Louise suggested with a warm smile. "There you may still catch the sun. If you hurry, you can be back for supper."

"A perfect idea," I said with joy. Now I can be on my own, I thought to myself. Louise called after me:

"Take the path through the woods and not the highway. When you pass the administration building give my greetings to Anny."

"I will. But don't wait for me. I probably will stay with Anny. I have the key to the back door," I shouted back.

I ran more than I walked. Up I went, along the path, up the little hill which marked the direction. I had to hustle if I still wanted to row the boat. It took almost an hour's walk to reach the lake. The sparsely wooded forest of pine and lark trees enveloped me with the sweet fragrance of pitch and resin. A chorus of mountain finches and wild canaries chanting their evening melodies, gave me a charming reception. I was amid a natural park, and through a clearing loomed the contours of a tall building with turrets and gables and green shutters which contrasted vividly with the red brick shingles of its roof. This was the administration building. But I didn't stop.

On the way home I will do my mission, I thought aloud. Soon I had left the woods behind me. The dale widened to a plain, whose flowery carpet we had admired so intensely the previous day. The view opened freely. I caressed with my eyes the romantic scenery, the dozens of giant mountains we had marveled at. I could easily distinguish in the not too great distance the two roads leading up to the pass. I jumped more than I walked. As I crossed the bridge over the outlet of the lake, the wildly pushing waters gurgled and foamed and sent an icy spray of mist up to me. Shadows were already crawling up the western slopes, but the meadow, the slopes, the lake, and the heights were still sparkling and gleaming in sunlight. I could hear from afar the subdued roar of stone slides thundering through the ravines and chasms.

O joy! I could clearly see the cabin with the shooting stand and nearby pier, and there it was, the boat. Over roots and stones, over holes and bumps, I leaped until, breathless from the run, I had reached the goal. Quickly I pulled the anchor stone up and threw it into the boat. I grasped the two oars resting on their oarlocks.

In my excitement I didn't notice thick bulks of puffy clouds hovering in the south. They should have warned me, but I was too eager to tackle a craft again and only wondered whether I could still handle it as skillfully as Walter had taught me. The oars dived deep into the dark waters and the clumsy boat glided safely west toward the center. I could see the eastern shore, though the sun had set already with a scintillating blast of yellow glare. Another warning signal went unheeded. In this region, such dazzling yellow sunsets always mean certain heavy downpours after a short interval. But the picturesque unfolding of the massiveness of the Mangart pyramids and their numberless companions, the clocklike splashing of the oars, the rippling and surging of the waves held me completely spell-bound. The evening twilight set softly in and slowly the moon rose over the boulders and heights bathing them in a pale silvery shine. A strange aura of fancy seemed to drift over the waters.

My heart thrilled in a keen, fantastic joy. I imagined I heard in the silence of my solitude faint whispers from the mountain tops, as though the monarchs and the gentle moonbeams were exchanging sweet secrets with each other.

Suddenly I struck a shallow stone bank with my oars. I looked over the edge of my boat. There it shimmered white and ghostly through the water. Then I gazed into the increasing darkness.

"Farther over there," I sighed with relief, "the lake seems deep again." I tried to row, but the boat stuck tight. I pressed the ends of my oars against the stones, but still the boat held.

"Will you let loose!" I shouted and again pressed the ends of my oars against the stones. I pushed again and again, throwing the whole weight

of my body against the oars. At last another push—and the boat was free. I turned northward, hoping to avoid new banks, but with a grim jerk I slid again onto stones. I was almost thrown from my seat. The dim moonlight reflected in phantomlike shades the mass of white spots among the darker places that promised a clear passage. I jumped up to search for a way out of this hellish labyrinth. This part of the lake seemed bestrewn with light spots and as I pried farther into the distance, the wider they grew, the more continuously they stretched from one to the other. I pushed harder and more fiercely, but in vain.

“Why was I so foolhardy?” I scoffed at myself. “Now I will be late coming home and everybody will be angry at me. I had better use both arms.”

With renewed energy and vigor I pressed against the stones, without result. I sat down and rested for a moment. But I couldn’t rest. A gripping fear spurred me to new attempts. I pressed the oar handles with my chest until I screamed with pain. The boat wouldn’t budge. I could hardly hold the oars any longer, because the palms of my hands had started to burn intensely. I looked at them. They were blistered and torn. Blood trickled from them onto my arms. Distress and anguish made me cry out loud: “What shall I do? What shall I do?”

It sounded like the howl of a lonesome wounded animal on a lone and dreadful plain. The sheer endless wideness swallowed the sound and from the far distance it echoed mockingly: “DO—DO.”

In my helpless endeavor to concentrate my mind I thought that my loud cries could surely be heard by some one on the road. My fierce shrieks carried over the water to the wild cliffs and chasms, to the distant woods: “Help! Help!”

The sounds reverberated back from the cracks and edges, the precipices and bluffs: “H—lp! H—lp!” and died away in a dreadful sigh. I shouted again and again until my voice broke to a hoarse screech. A thousandfold and from every corner the distorted sounds mocked me, in short yelps, in long-stretched screams, in bellows and barks, in sobs and dying gasps.

“They must have heard me if anybody was there to hear me,” I concluded. Other doubts tormented me. “How can they find me when they can’t see me? Will I have to stay the whole night here? Will the terror not paralyze me?”

I groaned in desperation and sat with my head between my hands. Slowly I felt more quiet and I rebuked myself: “How shameful to loose one’s nerves so thoroughly!” In the dimming light I cast a look upon the eastern shore over which almost vertical bluffs towered. I undertook to judge the distance between me and them. Fifteen hundred feet, two thousand feet? It was important in my struggle to know how far I had to row.

With an upsurge of new courage I resolved to step onto the rock bank and push the boat from the stones. I had decided before that the job of pushing myself off from the stones was too hard on account of my own weight. When I started to untie my shoes I stopped with an abrupt jerk. Like a flash the realization dawned upon me of what indescribable horror was waiting for me. The thought of it made me shriek with a penetrating cry that howled back through the limitless wildness with a merciless echo: "The banks will slide and suck me down into the abyss."

I felt numbed to torpidity. Another thought, alike deadening and terrifying, followed: "How can they bring help to me out here while I am using the only boat? Will my sister be aware of my lateness and be alarmed enough to send somebody to my rescue? Didn't I tell her I would stay with Anny?" The last spark of hope faded away.

The dim haze of the last faint moonbeams made me notice how the water had become agitated and the soft ripples had turned into waves. In my excitement I had not become aware that heavy rows of wallowing clouds almost instantly had spread over the sky. The breeze from the south grew stronger and steadier and soon turned into a wailing storm. Its gale-like force made breathing difficult. I had to gasp for air. The tempest growled like a wild beast. The first drops of rain rapped on the boat and beat my face as if they wanted to punish me.

"This is the end," I shivered in despair. "Soon it will pour in streams and the turbulent waves will upset my boat and bury me for ever. Still so young and I have to die."

Complete obscurity enveloped me. It became too dark to see my hands before my eyes. The deep waters gurgled and boiled in hectic uproar. The first lightning flashed as if it wanted to show me my early grave. Here I had to wait for my certain death, had to succumb to utter loneliness and wretchedness.

"God, help me," I prayed. "I am in Your hands. If You don't show me the way out, I am lost forever."

I didn't need a shrewd mind to perceive that any one of the truculent furies could cause my doom, the sliding banks, the waves, the lightning. The few minutes of reasoning had apparently charged my brain with a new power to examine my situation. Action after action followed in frantic haste. I fumbled to search for my handkerchief in my skirt pocket and tied it around my hands after I had torn it into two halves, to mitigate the smarting pain from the deep lacerations. My shoes were soaked by the rainwater accumulated in the boat. I kept them on. The air was bursting with rapid flashes of lightning. That helped me to distinguish the rocks. In desperation I stepped overboard, carefully testing the ground. The mound held—it didn't slip. I pushed the boat ahead of me. Another flash, another step. The boat slid over the bank

like a sled over ice. But with the next step the water reached far above my knees. The bank descended. I jumped into the boat, almost falling in, groping for the oars while I sat down.

I rowed with short, gentle strokes not to slide too hard onto the next bank. I was stuck again, and crawled out of the craft. Only two steps were necessary, then I felt deeper ground. Out of the boat and in, out of the boat and in followed in wild succession until my oars did not touch any more stones.

With every lightning flash now ferocious thunder crashed. Vicious sounds roared and clashed, the echo howled and wailed. It poured in streams. My jaws quivered and I shook from the icy chill. My craft danced like a nutshell on the furious billows, seesawing, pitching and tossing. The next lightning showed the rising shore still a few hundred feet away. My strength left me rapidly. I didn't seem able to move my arms any more. Some twinkling sparks of light appeared near the declivity. Maybe lanterns, torches?

"They are searching for me," I thought aloud. "Help! Help!" I screamed through the furious night and the roar of the thunder. As if the few glimpses of rays, scintillating through the trees, had injected new life into my veins, I pulled the last strokes against the onrushing waves. Only a few yards more, a streak of lightning told me. I dipped desperately with the oars into the water and slid onto the shore.

"Here! Here!" I yelled. I tried to stand up and leave the boat, but fell head first back into it. I must have fainted. When I awoke, the lake was still and calm. It had stopped raining. The moon had broken through the clouds. Nobody had come to rescue me. The light had probably come from a lantern somebody had used to walk up the winter-road.

Louise hadn't sent anybody to look for me. She must have thought me with Anny in the officers' building. So much better for me. I had the key to the house and could slip in quietly without being detected. But Rudy would wait for me in vain at the hotel.

And through the night I staggered home.

The following morning Louise noticed my bandaged hands and the wet clothes hanging on the door hook. I had to tell her about my horrid experience, although I wisely omitted the most dreadful parts of my first and only lonely boat ride on Lake Raibl. It had another saddening consequence. I never met Rudy again. My boisterous attempt to establish a glamorous self-assertion had not only brought me close to disaster, it had also destroyed a new fine friendship. For, hadn't I shown open contempt for Rudy's timely warning against the dangers of the treacherous lake? But I didn't care. He had revealed himself too timid for my liking. Timidity and cowardice were too closely related to each other, in my opinion. Sooner or later I would have despised a fainthearted man. But Louise didn't talk to me either. She was angry at me.

A Young Teacher

TWO DAYS LATER I walked again along the lonely road towards Tarvis. I hadn't told mother or anybody else what had happened. I wanted rather to wait until my sister would break the news a few weeks later when she would come for a visit. Although the early part of my vacation was totally marred by the memory of those shocking hours, a month later I had learned to forget the frightful episode.

To my great dismay, my friend Berta Sobotka became engaged to a distant cousin. The young lovers didn't need my companionship and tact forbade me to intrude. The glamorous spots I had visited with her so often had lost their exciting appeal, and sooner than I had intended I left for Klagenfurt to prepare for my new job as teacher at the private elementary school of the Ursuline Sisters.

The new task required my full concentration and energy and painstaking attention. I was informed that once every week the seniors of the Teacher's College would visit my class to fulfill a requirement of their practice teaching. This was meant as an honor to me, but it made intensive preparation much more compulsive. Students usually think little of the difficulties that confront an inexperienced teacher, but the fact is that a misplaced question or an unexpected answer of a pupil can throw the most carefully prepared study plan into confusion. The probability of having my students witness a possible failure on my part made me fear disgrace or an end to an eagerly sought reputation as a competent instructor. The lesson plans for several weeks were ready, but the longer I worked, the more dazed and stupid I grew.

Whenever I became dull from these strenuous efforts, I found reviviscence in Sister Cecilia's room. She often played four-handed piano with me. As if the spark of her unusual genius had a magical power over me. I felt immediately the radiance of her influence and the rekindling glow of her spirit. She invigorated me, gave me self-assurance, made me eager to fight adversities.

Through later years I often wished that a true friend like Mother Cecilia (after ten years as Sister the nuns are called Mother) were standing at my side to guide me through entanglements and perplexing

situations. I often visited her, returning to Klagenfurt, while stationed in different cities.

After I had left for America, letters flew back and forth, but after the start of the Second World War, all communications were interrupted. When I returned to Europe after an absence of almost thirty years, my first visit during my short stay in Klagenfurt was devoted to the old Ursuline Convent on Holy Ghost Square. There I found only Mother Filomena. She had been teaching with me on the elementary school before she took the veil. From her I heard the sad story of my friend.

When Hitler took possession of Austria in 1938 one of his first acts was the closing of all Catholic schools. Later on, the nuns were ordered out of the country. They fled to Italy and settled in Gorizia, which had become an Italian province after the First World War. There, Mother Cecilia, broken in health and spirit, had died as Mother Rosa, the Dean of our Teacher's College.

Difficult Problems

DURING MY FIRST YEAR of teaching I attained a better self-control in handling perplexing questioning. I also soon learned to master more speedily the application of different pedagogic methods. It was probably this gift for easy adjustment and the versatility of my interests that induced my superior at the convent to appoint me for the following year as teacher of the eighth grade class. This assignment demanded considerable skill, but I was not afraid to tackle the thorny job.

The Carinthian school laws provided the adaption of the departmental system for the three upper grades of public schools in larger towns and cities, meaning that subjects were grouped into three divisions: the humanistic, scientific and realistic. Each group or department had to be taught by teachers trained specifically in those subjects. Private schools could follow their own regulations, though the extent of knowledge offered had to be substantially the same as in public schools. In larger cities these three, later four, upper grades were usually housed in separate buildings and called Citizen School or "Buergerschule." They correspond almost perfectly to the American Junior High Schools.

To become a teacher in a Citizen School with lifelong tenure, the aspirant had to pursue difficult and specialized studies and finally to submit to a formidable examination. The humanistic department consisted of language and literature, geography and history; the scientific of mathematics, physics with chemistry, and natural sciences with its divisions of biology, somatology, and the like. The realistic group included mathematics, geometry, drawing (art), and penmanship. I should mention that to each Citizen School a controlled number of departmental positions were apportioned, depending upon the number of classrooms and pupils. A teacher could only acquire tenure when a position in her own department was available; otherwise, the applicant had to function as a substitute or provisional teacher who could be transferred to another school or even to another city. Any teacher bent upon progress and wishing to receive a higher salary was anxious to qualify for a diploma as a teacher in the Citizen schools. They differed

from their American counterparts in regard to the ruling that each student had to take *every* subject offered, including religion, singing, gym, and handicraft—needlecraft for girls, shopcraft for boys. No co-education was permitted. The State Board of Education adhered to the idea that the intrinsic peculiarity of girlhood and boyhood could only be preserved by the separation of sexes and by giving them instructors of the same sex whenever possible.

In later years the school regime admitted girls to the secondary schools for boys. These secondary schools were the Gymnasiums or humanistic schools, organized on an eight-year plan and emphasizing the study of Latin and Greek, and the Real Schools, with a seven-year plan, which provided the preparatory education for Technical High Schools, the name given to those Universities which trained diploma engineers, chemists, architects, bridge builders, etc. A combination of the two types of secondary schools was named Real-Gymnasium.

The graduates of Citizen Schools could not enter Universities. Pupils wishing to continue their education, could enroll in Business Schools, Trade, Industrial, Technical, or Craft Schools. Some of those had gained nation-wide distinction, such as the Vienna Craft School, after which the American Vocational Schools were organized. The great importance of those schools is expressively illustrated by the perfection for which Austrian mechanics and skilled trade specialists are known.

I was enormously surprised and delighted by the fanatical attachment my pupils demonstrated towards me. Their eyes were fastened upon me with intense fervor, they crowded around me whenever I walked along the hallways, they listened to my lectures and followed my instructions with such absorption and enthusiasm that I became aware of a strange power that emanated from my passionate love for the girls and held them spellbound. When we parted at the close of the school term, there were many tears and I wasn't ashamed of my own either.

But a frightening element, new and exasperating, threatened my mind. In later years it became a disquieting factor of my inner life and proved to be the source of many painful and troublesome decisions. It all came from an innocent desire to acquaint myself with unusual problems, especially in the realm of philosophy. Once I wanted to hear a lecture on theosophy, then newly publicized in school centers. It happened that, as I walked along one hallway of our school building, I met Monsignor Podgorc who had been our professor of religion in Teacher's College. He stopped me and asked: "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

I answered in haste: "I am already late for a lecture in theosophy, given at the Sandwirt Hotel."

"A lecture in theosophy?" Monsignor Podgorc mumbled, rubbing his chin persistently. "Do you know that you are not allowed to hear this lecture?"

"Who should forbid me to attend it?" I asked briskly. One could easily imagine how provoked I felt.

But Msgr. Podgorc answered sternly: "If you were Doctor Andrea Huber, you probably could obtain permission from our bishop to go to the meeting. But you are not Dr. Huber. If you go there you commit a severe sin and you would, continuing such activities, become automatically excommunicated."

"Excommunicated?" I gasped. "How can I ever find the truth if I am not permitted to search for it? I will go and nobody can hold me back," I snapped and hastily I turned around and stormed towards the stairway.

"Andrea, Andrea, wait!" I heard Msgr. Podgorc calling after me, but I was already on my way downstairs.

Before I retired that night, I entered the little chapel at the end of the hallway leading to the dormitory. From the front window where I knelt, I looked down into the church, down at the altar, where the holy light flickered. I prayed with deep emotion: "Dear Lord, please clear my mind to see my way through this conflict, clear my intellect to find the truth, my conscience, to distinguish between right and wrong. Let me always be your faithful child and give me the strength of honest conviction."

My First Official Position

FOR MANY DAYS after my conversation with Monsignor Podgorc, I felt disturbed, harassed by doubts and remorse, but soon I had to think of other matters: how to obtain a position as a teacher in one of the citizen schools of the State. New teachers with full qualifications were in great demand for the newly created schools. Many young teachers applied who had started with the preparatory studies. I had also applied and waited anxiously for a decision of the Carinthian State Board of Education. One such school who needed a teacher was the citizen school Spittal on the Drau River. With a population of 10,000, the former citizen school for boys had been reorganized for boys and girls. The humanistic and realistic departments were partly served by male teachers, but a new position for a female teacher in the scientific group was newly established. The message that I had been chosen for the position in Spittal reached me at home. I was proud and eager to prove my honest desire to merit the high honor. At the same time I was preparing myself for the examination every young teacher had to take after twenty months of practice teaching in order to qualify for tenure. I had only three months to complete the exhaustive studies. During the month of October the examinations were held at the capital city of Klagenfurt. I received a diploma with highest honors and hurried back to Spittal.

I rented an apartment at the home of Alois and Marie Riebler. He was the city plumber and the couple was the kindest and friendliest people one ever could be acquainted with. On the second floor where I lived, was a larger apartment, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Platzer. Their daughter Brigitta became deeply attached to me and our association grew to a life-long warm friendship.

My first step into public life proved to be exciting, but soon became frightening when I encountered difficulties in contacts with my colleagues. While I gathered many interesting and valuable experiences, some events caused me deep concern, even distress and harassments. My principal was a quiet and reserved man, who always treated me with great kindness. The male teachers showed an unmistakable contempt

for their female colleague.

To the staff of teachers belonged Father Guido Masatti, who taught religion, an obligatory subject in all schools. Our pupils had to attend school mass twice a week and I had to accompany the girls to church. We assembled at school at 7 a.m. and walked in double file to the cathedral, where the mass was read. It was a distance of only five blocks. Usually I played the organ and the girls sang.

We assembled in our free periods in our staff room, but had our bi-weekly conferences in the office of our director.

Once when I was alone with Father Masatti in the staff room he asked me whether I would not like to join the society for the support of Catholic schools. I agreed without hesitation, though I had heard before of another similar society, which had a branch in town: the Society of German Schools. I did not know the difference between the two and wanted to join the other also. I liked to help wherever I could.

One morning, a few days after I had become a member of the Catholic School Society, I entered our staff room, where the majority of our staff were already present. They seemed angry and agitated and engaged in a heated argument. When I entered, they all turned immediately towards me and one of the teachers, Mr. Bayer, a tall, heavily built man with a bald head, bushy whiskers, bespectacled eyes and a thunderous voice, stepped towards me and shouted: "So you want to spy on us. You should be ashamed of yourself. We will not have anything to do with you in the future, we will not even talk to you."

I was so completely stunned by the furious outburst and so dumb-founded that in the first moments I could not find a single word of defense or the courage to ask the group what they were shouting about. Regaining my composure somewhat, although still trembling, I asked, stammering and close to tears:

"What is it, gentlemen, that makes you so angry?"

Another teacher, Mr. Hanke, more kind and composed than Mr. Bayer, spoke: "Miss Huber, did you not become a member of the Catholic School Society?"

"Yes," I answered frankly, "Father Masatti asked me to join, so I did. But I also intend to become a member of the German School Society, even if I do not know the difference between the two. If they invite me, I shall become associated with them."

I had hardly finished, when Mr. Bayer hit the table with his fist, screaming in rage: "She is a full-fledged intriguer."

Trying to make myself understood, I asked, still trembling and almost choking: "Will you tell me first what the difference between the two societies is?"

Interrupting, Mr. Bayer cried: "Now she plays the innocent and

benighted. Do not believe her."

"Nobody has told me so far what the aims of the two societies are. Why do you not give me the desired information? It is necessary for me if I am to understand what is going on here. But if it would satisfy you, I will resign from the Catholic School Society and send in the application for the other. Or what else do you want me to do?"

"How can you expect to be trusted after all this?" another teacher commented with biting scorn.

I stood helpless, probably looking like the worst sinner on earth, angry at myself because I had not investigated first before I joined. Irreparable damage had been done to my social standing, my reputation, the integrity of my character. The storm abated soon; I found out later why it had broken loose against me with such violence.

What I didn't know at the time was that the two societies represented two different political parties, the Catholic School Society the conservative, openly protecting the government and with it the hidden grasp the Vatican and clerics maintained upon the weak administration, and the German School Society the liberal party, which fought fanatically for freedom of speech, freedom of action and freedom from the economic pressures imposed upon the German speaking part of the population of Austria. A third party, the Social Democrats, resembled in their radicalism more the Communists of today. All three parties were composed of several different branches carrying different names.

I gradually learned more about politics, but found it a difficult topic to discuss with anybody in Spittal. Women had no political affiliations and the great majority were totally ignorant of politics. Men abhorred a woman with a political mind of her own. Intuitively, often more by hit-and-miss methods than by thorough study, I found my way. I had learned to open my eyes and to listen carefully to contrasting opinions and to keep silent, no matter how much the issue provoked me to an argument. It took several years before I could tell myself that I had gained a good understanding of the different party platforms.

In my bi-weekly excursions to Villach, a train ride of thirty miles, I found more relief from my frustration. My sister Mitzi was living there. Her husband, Rudolf Florian, a technical officer of the State Railway System, was a liberal full of tenacity and sarcasm. They had two children, Willy and Herta. In our talks, Rudolf and I clashed repeatedly. He criticized mercilessly my habit of over-emphasizing religious attitudes. He forced me to use more logic in my judgements and a less one-sided approach in appraising evidences of zealotry shown by our clerics. The great majority of our priests were of Slavic extraction. They carried their national fanaticism into the school system, into public life, and into religious matters. They worked feverishly to extend the

influence of their Slavic political groups. Now I came to understand why the people of German nationality in Austria were often so apathetic toward the Church, why so many turned Lutheran like Uncle Martin Florian and his whole family, why the general trend of their political strife was so bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church and its clergy. In college, we had never been allowed to read the newspapers. Any political argument was frowned upon.

"Politics spoil the character," the nuns had said. Their norms of thinking, their pattern of judgement, became a sacred axiom to us students. Two years of teaching at the Convent School had offered hardly any opportunity to change the earlier acquired assumptions.

In Spittal, however, I was continually confronted with an increasing number of perplexing problems. I was often forced to express my opinion and explain my point of view. Often I couldn't dodge the issue, but when I became reluctant in my answers and tried to excuse myself by mentioning that I didn't know enough about the matter to be free to pass judgement, I felt instinctively that they didn't like cowards who were afraid to say what they thought. I ran from one dilemma into the other.

While everyday life was pleasant, the pupils charming and intelligent, there was another social downfall caused by my complete and pathetic ignorance of the simple and plain facts of human life. It took all my energy and good will to recover from the devastating effects of a tragedy into which I plunged with an inexcusable stupidity.

A Crucial Experience

DURING THE PAST two or three decades modern conception has demanded here in America that all persons connected with educational training—parents, teachers, relatives, doctors—should participate in a unified effort to give our American youth the benefit of early sex information.

Such information was unthinkable and impossible in my country. During the entire period of my youth and education the simplest terms like child-bearing, pregnancy were seldom used. When my sister Mitzi gave birth to her children, I was still in boarding school, but all facts surrounding the births and the circumstances under which they took place, were carefully concealed from me and I never had asked for any information either, because I would not have dared to pry into such complex matters.

The nuns had too often impressed upon our minds that even to look at our own naked body was impure and evil. Any thought or talk about immoral acts constituted a severe sin and had to be confessed. "Chastity," the nuns said, "is your most sacred obligation."

At the same time, not any explanation was offered to us, which thoughts, words or deeds constituted an immoral act. Some of our guesses must have been terribly wild; yet one fact was clear to me—through heresay or every-day gossip—that the worst moral offense of a sinful girl was to have an illegitimate child. I had never spoken to anybody about such delicate subjects, but everything pertaining to life-giving was an absolute mystery to me.

How vividly lived a scene of my pre-graduation time in my memory! It was a bitter dissension between my mother and me. To do justice to mother I have to relate the whole story.

It happened that Msgr. Podgorc had invited the entire student body of our college to an excursion—with Gurk, the bishopric of Carinthia, as our goal. We went by train from Klagenfurt to St. Veit, the old capital city of Carinthia, where we boarded the narrow-gauge railway to the romantically located ancient town of Gurk, towered over by its beautiful cathedral and extensive convent buildings. I never before had seen

such elaborate architecture. We admired the consistory, a huge rotunda where the election of the bishops took place. Its dome was carried by peripheral columns, its walls were covered with rich frescoes depicting historical events.

Through the refectory with its delicate hand-carved wainscoting and furniture and its brocaded walls, we came to the crypt, the burial place of the bishops of Carinthia. The immense low-ceilinged hall showed rows of more than one hundred thick and short columns, their capitals harmoniously linked by romanesque curves.

We enjoyed the most magnificent sight inside the huge and beautiful cathedral. The greatness of its dimensions, the vast stretch of its high columns, its artistically stained windows, the heavily gilded baroque altars, aroused our wonder. Most beautiful of all was the "Pieta," an immense statue in bronze by the famous Austrian sculptor, Raphael Donner.

After we had explored the wide-spread buildings, dinner was served at the bishop's summer chateau in Zwischenwaessern (between the waters). There we were introduced by Msgr. Podgorc to another dinner guest, Dr. Kovacs, professor at the University of Vienna and a well-known engineer, writer and lecturer. Dr. Kovacs, a heavily built man nearing sixty, enjoyed the company of the jolly group of girls. I had the opportunity to engage him in an interesting conversation, and we both were so absorbed that we didn't take part in the general merrymaking. He told me that his home town was Leopoldskirchen, only fifteen miles from Tarvis. He promised to pay a short visit to me during next summer's vacation, when he would see his aged parents.

And indeed, on one day in July I saw him walking down the main street of Lower Tarvis and nearing our home. Joyfully I ran out the front door to greet him. I introduced him to mother and he asked her for permission to take me out for dinner and a little outing. Mother consented and I was quickly ready to go. We decided to have our meal at a country inn in Greenwald, then to see the canyon of the Schlitzza River, and probably walk as far as Greuth, approximately three miles from Lower Tarvis. While walking, Dr. Kovacs let me glimpse at highly intellectual subjects on which he had written articles to be published in the "*Neue Freie Presse*," the most outstanding newspaper of Austria. I was elated over his lecture and showed my intense interest by listening in rapture to his discussions.

It became late and Dr. Kovacs wanted to board the train that left the depot in Tarvis at 7 p.m. He was not familiar with the location, so I offered to show him the way, three miles from the place where we had taken dinner. In those days, no transportation facilities were available, but we mountaineers didn't mind being on foot for hours and hours.

From the depot I had still to march one and a half miles to reach home.

Mother was already waiting for me in the hallway. While I said "Hello," I stepped forward to kiss her. But her greeting was a furious smack on my face, and another and a third one followed.

"You miserable thing! You shameless girl!" she cried and continued to slap my face. "You have brought dishonor and shame upon our house. How could you dare to stay out alone with a man to such a late evening hour? Will you confess what you have done?"

"What ain I supposed to have done?" I whimpered, horrified. I ran upstairs to my room and undressed speedily. But in bed I cried heart-breakingly, probing my conscience with frightful questions.

"Why will I bring shame upon the family? It can only mean that I will have an illegitimate child. What could have brought it on?" I followed in my torturing self-analysis. "Dr. Kovacs had kissed my hand and cheek before he had boarded the train. And then he had said: 'You are a sweet girl, Andrea, I will never forget this lovely day.' What will happen to me in the near future? Will the kiss be fatal to me? Will I become pregnant?"

That horrid assumption made my heart stand still with fear. I finally, completely exhausted, fell asleep in the morning hours, but I soon awoke from a terrible dream: my mother driving me from the house in shame and despair. For weeks I lived in a dreadful suspense. Nobody of the family spoke with me. Had I already become an outcast?

Nothing happened during the following weeks and finally the whole affair seemed forgotten.

But one day in Spittal I was caught again in the prongs of the same panic and the horrors of the past experience were brought to life with a sudden flash. This fateful incident occurred at the house of Mrs. Hummer, the wife of an attorney and land commissioner. I had been invited by her to 5 o'clock tea. Several other guests were present. We were listening to a story which was common gossip in Klagenfurt, from where Mrs. Hummer had brought it. The heroine of the story was a thirty-year-old lady teacher, whose father was the chief of the Health Department of the Carinthian Government and eminent among the medical profession of the capital city. Miss Mildred was madly in love with a young teacher. When the ardent lover asked Mildred's father for the hand of his daughter, the father refused to consent for the reason that the suitor's position wasn't prominent enough and besides, his wealth wasn't sufficient to support his daughter. The young man had himself transferred to a position with the Railway System, where he had a better chance for advancement. But the father could not be persuaded to change his mind. And—Mrs. Hummer continued—the young couple decided to play a trick on the

stubborn father to force his consent.

Mildred started to look exceedingly well, grew round and heavy, but was able to explain her improved condition as the result of a successful health cure. After a number of months—it was on a Sunday morning—Mildred became very ill and was in pain for hours. The father diagnosed her sickness as typhoid fever. His medication did not reduce the increasing pains. He called for his professional friend, Dr. T., a specialist for female maladies. He was chief of staff at the State Hospital. After a short examination Professor T. told the unhappy father:

“Your daughter doesn’t have typhoid fever. In a few hours she will have a baby.”

Mildred was brought to the hospital and two weeks later the two lovers were married, though the father had to resign immediately as health commissioner.

I had grown more and more restless as the story went on, but became still more apprehensive and alarmed when the men commenced to laugh and cheer in amusement. One of the gentlemen emphasized especially how smart the young lady was to have forced the old foggy to the wall.

I arose, trembling in shock and disgust, and blurted: “Oh! How can you be so cruel and vile. Mildred is probably fully innocent.”

“Innocent?” he retorted sharply. “What do you mean by innocent?”

“Yes, innocent. She could have caught an infection, by a kiss or something,” I explained in shame and anger. Hardly able to control my tears, I stormed out of the room. I could hear the party roar with laughter.

On the next morning in school I received from the attorney’s wife a short note in which she asked me to see her at her home as soon as school was ended. When I entered her parlor, she came towards me with outstretched arms. I couldn’t look into her face, so mortified and humiliated I felt. But she made me sit down next to her on the sofa and grasped my hands.

“Andrea, what did you do yesterday? How could you ever make a joke like that? You became the laughingstock of the whole town. One gentleman mentioned that he never before had met a woman as cunning as you. What made you make such remarks?”

I gasped: “A joke, you said. What do you mean by joke? I didn’t make a joke. I meant what I said.”

Mrs. Hummer shook her head in disbelief: “You are more than twenty two years old and you should know what is going on in life.”

“What is going on in life?” I cried, still more confused and puzzled. “What should I know?”

“You mean,” Mrs. Hummer continued in increasing perplexity, “You

don't know how new life is produced? This sounds absolutely incredible. It cannot be true that a woman of your age could have been kept fully unaware of the plain facts of life. You had better come clean out with the truth."

"What facts of life are you talking about? Nobody has ever told me what these facts are. What truth should I tell you?" I stammered in heightened bewilderment.

Slowly Mrs. Hummer became convinced that my ignorance was no fake nor mockery.

"You poor girl," she murmured, and said with visible regret: "We did you a great injustice." I buried my head in her lap and sobbed bitterly. And Mrs. Hummer spoke softly into my ear, slowly revealing those unfortunate facts and divulging one secret after the other. All anguish and despair left me. Even my mother wasn't so good to me as this fine and understanding woman had been.

I didn't feel I had the right to accuse anybody of willful neglect towards me. But in the following years I thought more and more of finding an opportunity to warn the girls entrusted to me against the appalling evil consequences such dangerous ignorance of sexual matters could have upon their lives. Several years later and probably as the first teacher in my country, I succeeded in meeting this difficult and delicate problem.

Another Step Forward

DESPITE THE TWO great and insufferable troubles I had to endure during my ten month's stay in Spittal, I did not lose sight of an important matter—my own professional advancement.

Within this period I went once to Klagenfurt to visit Mother Cecilia and to gather some information at the State School Board in regard to what chances I had for the future. At Mother Cecilia's I met Adele von Barcsay. She had also studied teacher's training at the convent. Her former name was Baroness Von Staudach and she was one of the last descendants of an old aristocratic Hungarian family. She was a beautiful looking girl and had been a teacher only one year when she married one of the highest officers of the State Board of Education, Mr. Arthur von Barcsay, who also came from an aristocratic Hungarian family but was thirty five years her senior.

From Adele I heard of the Board's intention to give young, talented and promising teachers the opportunity to study with less difficulty for the rigorous examination it was necessary to pass to become a teacher of science at the citizen schools. For that purpose they planned to grant to six teachers a leave of absence with full pay for the term of a full year.

Immediately I asked for an interview with State School Superintendent Benda and Personnel Director Von Barcsay. Although application blanks had been circulated among different schools where science teachers were needed, I hoped to cut short a lot of red tape by personally establishing a contact with my highest superiors. The interviews were graciously granted and my reception so encouraging and inspiring that I returned to Spittal full of exalted hopes. At once I filled out the blanks I had brought along and handed them to my principal.

I realized it would take two or three months before I could expect an answer. Torn between hopes and doubts, I lived in a state of suspense and became so nervous and restless that I could not eat nor sleep. But when I was notified that I was one of the lucky six, I was delirious with joy. I conferred instantly with two other grantees to arrange for private courses and to engage, if possible, our examiners as instructors.

Through this system the instruction would be more valuable to us and less costly than it would be if each one of us took it alone or individually. We would thus become better acquainted with the way the examiners would form and direct their questions and better informed about the subjects they preferred.

Professor Braumueller, Walter's father, had already retired as president of the State Teacher's College, would lecture in psychology, pedagogics and teaching methods; Professor Dr. Schumacher, the present president of the College, in mathematics, physics and chemistry; Professor Rauch, who later became State Supervisor of Citizen Schools, in natural science and all connected subjects. The laboratories and cabinets of the Teacher's College would then be at our disposal and thus make our studying doubly easy.

We had calculated correctly. The three professors agreed to instruct us, and their fees were not exorbitant. Thilda Hecht was one of the three in our group. Later on she taught with me at the Citizen School for Girls in Villach. Twice weekly we met. She came by train from Villach, I boarded with a private family in Klagenfurt and later on, through the efforts of Mother Cecilia, I found lodging with the Ursulines.

There I often met Msgr. Podgorc again. Repeatedly he brought books along for me. And before my sharp eyes he could not hide his persistent intent to tie me more closely to the Church. He was well aware of my rebellious nature and called me in fun his "Doubting Thomas." He seemingly had not forgotten the scene of two years ago preceding my attendance of the lecture in theosophy. He must have felt intuitively that I was slowly slipping out of his hands and his intellectual domination. My questions often must have frightened him; they were leading straight to the heart of the issue. Pointing to all the situations in which the facts were in contrast to his teachings, I untiringly asked explanations. The discussions often lasted for hours. One of the books he had given me to study was Weizmann's *History of the Doctrine of the Evolution of Mankind*. Weizmann, a Jesuit, was the famous researcher of "Ant Life." In his History he accepted the theory of evolution and differed only in one respect from its general conception that evolution excludes creation: that human life as a special function was independently created by God. My contention was that for the above reason all functions by the church, as laid down in the dogmas, were therefore man-made and subject to scrutiny. Not that I could not believe in the dogmas, was my argument, but the fact that we were forced to believe in them under threat of expulsion from the Church and being prevented from entering heaven had aroused my doubt and ire. For me, God was the culmination of kindness and magnanimity. Such concepts as the

cruel punishments of hell could only be produced by a human mind and worldly forces, because they contradict the divine pattern.

I was quite aware of the limits of my ability to think abstractly. But, I reasoned, the vast majority of all people also have no training for metaphysical calculations. Complicated religious problems that often reach transcendental areas should be explained by the clerics in such a manner that they can be easily understood by everyone, thus preventing dangerous doubts on these critical subjects. My line of thought followed a simple direction. I, as an integral part of the creation and a devoted adherent of the God idea, should find in my conscience the ultimate power to find the truth, and my fervid desire to be a sincere Christian should not be hampered by fear or even threats.

Msgr. Podgorc was very patient with me. He brought more and more books which I was to study; he brought the complete set of an apologetic treatise—fourteen volumes of it—by an author whose name I have forgotten. It was written in a question-and-answer style, which made the discussions more easily comprehended. But the more I read, the more discouraged I became, and the more confused. I didn't find what I searched for.

A Spoiled Chance

I HAD ALWAYS wanted an opportunity to increase and widen my knowledge. As a small child I once dreamed of becoming a doctor of medicine, but mother's finances didn't reach so far as to furnish me such a costly education. I had to be satisfied with becoming a teacher. Yet the dream hadn't vanished. I spoke of it once to Msgr. Podgorc. I knew four additional years of study would be necessary to obtain a Doctor of Philosophy degree and one or four additional years for the Doctor of Medicine. Two years alone would be absorbed in mastering Latin and Greek. I had started already to take lessons in Latin and had just finished reading Caesar's *Bello Gallico*. Mother couldn't supply me with a loan for such a length of time.

One day Msgr. Podgorc told me smilingly: "Our bishop is willing to grant a scholarship for further study, if the recipient would remain a faithful Catholic."

"You mean," I asked doubtingly, "I would be eligible for such a stipend?"

"Why not? I will talk with the bishop and see what can be done for you."

I couldn't believe such luck was possible. Somewhere, I thought and feared, an obstacle must be hidden. Several days later Msgr. Podgorc sent for me; I was to see him in the reception room where he usually took his breakfast after reading mass in Holy Ghost Church. I hurried there, filled with trepidation. I calculated: "What will be my chances? Yes or no?"

The news was exciting. Msgr. Podgorc told me the bishop would grant me the scholarship and extend it to four years if the results should merit such a long period of time. No strings seemed to be attached to the promise; at least, the priest didn't mention any.

But while I was walking in the convent garden the following morning, Mother Superior came towards me. She must have come there purposely to see me. She reached for my hand.

"We are all so glad and happy," she greeted me with gentle benignity, "that you have finally decided to become a nun."

"A nun? What do you mean, Mother Superior?" I asked with obvious consternation. "I never intended to be a nun."

It dawned upon me that a concealed force was trying to undermine my future.

Mother Superior then said: "Msgr. Podgorc told us that you have consented to enter the convent after you have completed your studies."

"I never said anything like that and I never agreed to become a nun," I replied harshly.

My spirit would die if I had to live between four narrow walls. Of that I was sure. And I added to Mother Superior: "The whole world is mine and not a single cell."

I remembered the many quarrels I had witnessed among the nuns and many others Mother Cecilia had told me of, which all had proved that jealousy and caddishness often disturbed the harmony among the sisters. And how I abhorred such pettiness! I shuddered at the very thought of being forced to live for the rest of my life under such conditions.

I turned away, frustrated, angry and bitter. I boiled with indignation towards Msgr. Podgorc. With burning ire I murmured: "He tried to catch me like a bird on a lime-twig. He had calculated that my enthusiastic fervor for learning would be the tie to bind me completely to the Church."

How shameful is such an intrigue! How wicked such a falsehood! And this from a priest! But I will tell him so."

I saw Msgr. Podgorc the next morning.

"Who gave you the right to pledge my future life to the convent?" I asked with undisguised scorn.

And icily he answered: "We cannot build on a stone that can be removed."

The thought never entered my mind that I could have accepted the condition for the moment and later on, after I had my doctor's degree secured, could have refused to become a novice and a nun. But such action would have been trickery and unethical and would have been entirely alien to me. It would have been outright deceit.

Yet, Miss Petuschnigg, the other young teacher, agreed readily to the condition to become a nun, although she already had a sweetheart. She came from Slavic parents in Slovenia and had been a fanatical organizer for the Slavic underground, as Janza Kleinmayr was, who had belonged to my class. Janza had told me so herself. Miss Petuschnigg became indeed a doctor of philosophy, but never a nun. As soon as she had finished her studies, she married a Yugoslav general and worked with him for the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

Should I have also sold my soul like a Judas? Never! Never! I wanted

to be a simple teacher with a clear conscience rather than a prominent woman with deception in her heart. This experience had cured me fully. Msgr. Podgorc tried several times to invite me to teachers' meetings and to speak privately to me. He probably wanted to defend his action, yet I struck firmly to my decision to keep aloof from him.

Villach Becomes My New Home

NOW THAT I had to discard fully my high-flying ideas and had been so thoroughly put in place, I could follow with renewed vigor more realistic plans for my immediate future. First I had to know where I would go after my leave of absence was over. Villach was my desired goal. There I could stay with my married sister, Mitzi Florian, and enjoy a family environment. In my application I stated that I was willing to teach, in addition to mathematics, physics, and natural science, the humanistic subjects. This willingness assured me the position in the Citizen School in Villach. But I did not dream that I was in for another distressing experience. Had Hofrat von Barcsay told me what he had said to Thilda Hecht before she came to Villach, I would have been sufficiently prepared and warned. I wouldn't then have taken our lady-principal, Miss Marie Ferweger, too seriously. Mr. von Barcsay, advised Thilda not to be scared by Miss Ferweger's behavior.

"She is a real she-devil," he had declared. "Don't let her get the best of you." But Thilda had not mentioned anything to me, as in the beginning we were not close enough to exchange confidential information.

During my first three year's stay in Villach school hours lasted from eight A.M. to twelve noon and from one P.M. to four P.M. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons were schoolfree. This schedule was later changed. School hours lasted then from eight A.M. to one P.M. during all six days of the week. Instructions for singing, needlecraft and physical training were given during afternoon hours.

The maximum hours for each teacher in departmental subjects were set at twenty-five hours a week. The principal prepared the time table. It was placed in the staff room. It was customary to relieve teachers of languages of a heavy teaching burden on account of the many themes they had to correct. I taught three classes in language and three in mathematics but I had always to teach the maximum twenty-five hours, my colleagues often only eighteen to twenty hours. Besides, my teaching hours had one or two free periods in between. This meant lost time. Nobody could work or study in the noisy staff room. Other

teachers wanted to change hours with me to reduce my free periods, but Miss Ferweger asked me.

"Don't you like to work? You don't seem to be interested enough in your duties."

The books in which the compositions were written, had to last the whole year; each contained many pages, and as our classes were crowded and had sometimes sixty and more girls in one class room, the sixty and more books were heavy and weighed ten to fifteen pounds. They had to be carried home and back to school. Sometimes I had a triple load to carry. Our school janitor was supposed to call for the composition books when we requested his help, but he soon had found out that I wasn't the principal's pet and refused his service.

Once Miss Ferweger came to my class room when the last weekly theme's was to be returned to the pupils and criticized; but the janitor hadn't brought in the books as I had asked him to do. I had carried myself two other heavy batches I needed for the same day.

Here stood Miss Ferweger before the girls and said in biting words:

"It was your duty to have the books in."

"I had asked the janitor to bring them," I tried to explain, "I had carried two other bundles, but three were too much."

"It's your fault, not to have them ready; you neglect your work," Miss Ferweger barked.

Similar scenes were often repeated. I felt deeply offended and unhappy, because such insolent remarks insulted me. When in my desperation I mentioned, the other teachers had it much easier, she became very angry and ordered me to leave the office.

Another sad experience added to my deep grief. During Christmas vacation I went with Mitzi and her family to Tarvis to visit mother and my sisters Lisi and Anna. My brother Hermann had left in 1906 for America. He couldn't get along well with mother. He complained, mother was depriving him of the rights, he thought he was entitled to as the future owner of the business. Now, my sister Lisi had inherited these privileges. Lisi was quite efficient and took now alone care of the extensive rural business.

When we arrived in Tarvis, we were surprised to find mother much more agreeable than before. Business had improved. Never before had I found her so generous. She had always been exceedingly thrifty, often to the point of stinginess. Now she couldn't do enough for us.

On December 26th, the "Stefany Day," a legal holiday in Austria, mother arranged a sleigh ride to Raibl to visit my sister Louise and her ailing husband. Mother wanted to bring some Christmas cheer to the children. The day was extremely cold and windy. Under the hoofs of the lively horses the hard-frozen snow crunched and creaked. The bells

jingled and the steam of our breath formed fancy patterns in the air. When we passed the "Gries" by Kaltwasser, the wind blew with force and we all shivered in the blast.

On the way home, mother complained of not feeling well. After we put her to bed, she was shaken by terrible chills. The next day the doctor diagnosed pneumonia. On the fourth day she dictated her last will to two neighbors. Lisi and I were present. On the last day of the year—two hours before midnight—she passed away.

With iron will power she had saved the home and business for her children, had fought for many years for the bare existence after father's sudden death. This hardened her personality and character, but she had a heart of gold. Lisi was made the principal heir of the estate, the others got a minor percentage. I was entirely cut off, the cost of my education was my inheritance. I was perfectly contented, but the other three sisters wanted to fight the will in court. To me, money was of no concern, but the others were furious. I tried to reconcile them and to induce Lisi not to be so avaricious, rather divide more generously the many things not listed in the testament. Finally I succeeded in preventing court action, but the bitterness lingered on.

The loss of time caused by mother's death made it necessary to study through many nights. In March I appeared before the Examining Board and my heart was heavy with worry.

Luck was again with me. I felt more at ease towards my principal and not so continuously offended by her. Two months later, my brother-in-law Ernst in Raibl succumbed to his malady and Louise with her children, Andrea and Benno moved into Lisi's house. Lisi expected some assistance from her sister Louise, as long as she provided the financial support for the fatherless family. The characters of the two sisters were too different. There were always disagreements between them and also with Anna who kept house for Lisi. Anna and Louise with her children moved to Graz and in 1913 they joined our brother Hermann in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

How I Tried To Increase Professional Efficiency

IT MUST BE probably interesting to American teachers to hear and learn how we teachers in Austria—almost sixty years ago—managed, often under the most difficult conditions, to bring lasting knowledge to our pupils.

To my sorrow, I never had time or opportunity since my arrival in America to see a public school here in action, only a few glimpses I could gain. Therefore I cannot compare American teaching methods with Austrian methods. I can tell of my own experiences, my trials, all the handicaps we had to overcome to reach good results.

School buses did not exist then. The children had sometimes to walk two to three miles to school which proved a great hardship especially during our severe winters. As every class room was overcrowded, often more than sixty had to be accommodated, the wet clothes and soaked shoes made the air smelly and steamy, after the girls had tramped through masses of snow and slush.

The majority of our pupils were rather intelligent, some even superbly gifted. My heart always warmed with new fervor, when their shining eyes revealed how I had aroused their interest. Sometimes they listened spellbound. The upper grades became somewhat sophisticated in their increasing erudition and growing sense of importance, but their attachment was even more pronounced. To teach these girls was not only pleasure, it was intensified inspiration. My increasing efficiency heightened my own efforts to be tireless in my search for new methods, especially the one to associate the different subjects of the science and humanistic group into a more unified and homogenous piece of knowledge.

Besides the important associating of different groups of knowledge, I used extensively excursions as a means of collective instructions. Mathematics, history, geography, natural science, physics became well-rounded units. My language lessons made it easier for the young minds to aggregate these acquired perceptions.

When Mr. Anton Rauch, the school commissioner for citizen schools, came from the capital city of Klagenfurt, to inspect my classes, he was greatly surprised by the astonishing speed with which my girls answered.

"Give me the secret of your success," he asked smilingly.

"It's the scrupulous use of connecting links to combine unrelated subjects into a unified aggregation," I answered humbly.

Our excursions covered a wide field; we visited all the factories in and around Villach, gas and electric plants, paper mills, wood and leather industries, print and work shops. We climbed up the hillsides to the ruins of former castles and the girls wrote splendid historical themes. We studied plant and animal life, visited farms and woods. My girls could name the trees by their foliage, could differentiate the species of grain, could name the flowers in the forests, the monocious blossoms of the filbert shrubs, the feathery pink heather plant with its tiny bells, the sneezwort and so many others.

Our geographical observations along the River Drau were exhaustive for geology and economy on account of the contrast in productiveness between the northern and southern region. What we had seen and learned, was then widened and clarified in the class rooms by explanations, drawings, reasoning and finally written in special books which were used throughout the following years. They served as a summary of all our findings. Although we had textbooks for all subjects, they were not correlated. Our self-produced synopsis, drawings and notes gave a valuable foundation for yearly reviews. At the end of the fourth year my girls had a complete control over the entire field of knowledge.

"Repetition is the mother of wisdom," I emphasized at every occasion and

"Keep on asking 'Why' was another order."

To increase my own efficiency, I had to widen my own knowledge by preparing for other examinations in other fields but mostly by travels.

Transfers, Travels And Troubles

IT WAS HARD for me to leave the girls after the second year. Now that I had been successful in the examination for my citizen school diploma, I had to try to secure my tenure. Villach's quota for my science department was filled, but there was an opening on the new citizen school of Feldkirchen, only twenty miles from Villach. I was assured by the State Board of Education, I would be transferred back to Villach after I had served a one-year term in Feldkirchen, but I had to be first fully accredited. Now I didn't worry anymore about my future and made plans for a vacation trip to Italy. It was a hilarious journey to Florence, Rome, Naples and the Island of Capri. I made as many visits to museums, art galleries and famous buildings as I could cram into my travel schedule. The Vatican in Rome with its famous pictures of Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci and other Italian masters made me jubilate in ecstasy. We climbed Mount Vesuvius, studied Roman culture in Pompeii and Herculaneum. The devastating eruption of the volcano in 1906 destroyed the electric cog-wheel railway and made it necessary to crawl up the steep, ashcovered slopes on hand and foot, but it cost me severe pain. While in Spittal, I had a skating accident and my left knee had been badly injured.

On my return to Villach I made a quick decision to have the source of my knee trouble investigated. I went to Vienna to seek the help of the famous bone specialist Dr. Eiselsberg. X-rays showed an outgrowth of bone caused by a cracked-off bone splinter. I was immediately operated upon and started late in the school in Feldkirchen. Another blow was waiting for me. I had been teaching only three weeks, when I fell violently ill with appendicitis. I still had the strength to return to Villach and through a blinding snow storm I struggled to my sister's house. I had to stay in bed for four weeks until the fever had subsided. On the ninth of December I was operated on again, but danced again through the whole New Year's Night festival.

"You deserve a good sized spanking," my sister Mitzi scolded.

Feldkirchen was a dreary town of 6000 inhabitants, more an agricultural village than a city. If it wouldn't have been for my lovely

colleagues Emmy Thomas and Fanny Tichy, I would have been awfully lonesome.

The vacation of 1911 I also devoted to an extensive journey. This time I went to Germany and Holland.

My special delight in any form of artistic expression was also in the northern tour highly gratifying. To excel in the art of painting, sculpture, architecture seemed to me the supreme height of perfection and by all my pride in knowledge, I realized in deep humility how poor, how paltry and pitiable my own talents were.

"You will never excel in anything," I told myself with a big sigh.

In Germany and Holland I gathered many new impressions. I concentrated my observations on a study of the living standards of the three nations, for instance their eating habits to determine their influences on the behavior and character of the people, their politics, their economic and cultural achievements. The breakfast table gave me a splendid illustration. It was a dramatic and enlightening study.

"What did we Austrians have for breakfast—what the Germans, the Hollanders, belonging approximately to the same middle class income group," was my main question. The wide divergences made me gasp. In Austria, we had in the mornings a cup of coffee and ate a roll, or probably a bowl of corn mash, which we called "Sterz." The Germans had with the coffee, bread, butter and marmalade, even one or two eggs. The Hollanders table was loaded with all kinds of delicacies, with all sorts of sausages and cheese, bacon, pastry and fruit and all the coffee one wanted. At home every cup was measured. I had never before seen such extravagance in servings, such rich display in luscious food. Holland, especially, probably didn't realize how fortunate and well off they were.

The backwardness of our own Austrian dietary standards was caused not only by the poverty of our people (although the Austrians had it much better than the Italians), but also by the frugality of the folks. The luxury displayed by the Netherlands and the well-to-do-ness of the Germans gave me an excellent illustration, how colonies affected the wealth of a nation, their living standard, their economic and financial status. Austria had not any colonies. I almost begrudged the other countries for their full larders.

MORE TRANSFERS, TRAVELS AND TROUBLES

WHEN I WAS transferred from Feldkirchen back to Villach, Principal Marie Ferweger was still at the head of our school and for three more years I had to endure her impudence. The harassing tribulations she

caused drove me almost to despair. Yet, I preferred Villach to any other town or city. It was bubbling with liveliness, bursting with progress and social eagerness. I needed this atmosphere for my well-being.

My principal's attitude towards me became gradually so bitter, sneering and hateful that I decided to avoid any personal contact with her. I searched my mind for a reason for her abominable behavior and found a comprehensible one. Probably she had protested vigorously against my reinstatement and the school authorities had not listened to her complaint. Her rejection incensed her to a furious scorn. Now she wanted to get even with me. The situation became so intolerable that I had to think of a more realistic way to handle her.

Only two ways were open to me—to fight her with all possible means or protest to the Board of Education. Then I needed witnesses. Could I depend on my colleagues? Were our superiors playing one against the other? Could I risk the danger of being transferred to another city and then create the impression of being punished for lack of cooperation? All this I would have to expect. Certainly I would come out second best. There was only one thing left for me to do: to avoid meeting her or talking to her.

I used a simple device: when I needed supplies or had to ask her special orders or I had to give a report, I wrote her a polite note and had it delivered by the janitor, whose official title was "school servant." In the beginning, my principal did not accept the written messages. She stormed into the class room, where I was teaching.

"You have to come to my office if you want something," she shouted. I listened respectfully and continued to write notes. This made her still more angry. For any order to appear before her, I had a written excuse ready. When she came to the staff room where other teachers were present, I immediately slipped quietly out. If she caught me alone, I kept silent. After a dozen attempts to break down my passive resistance, she again found me once alone in the room. This time she remained standing in front of the door to block my escape.

"I will report you to the State School Board for insubordination," she fumed, trembling with anger. "I forbid you to send me any more notes and letters. You have to appear in my office when I call for you."

I rose quietly and answered: "I am unable to come to you on account of my health. As long as you are treating me with such malevolence, I will not give you another chance to insult me further. It will only cause a nervous breakdown for me."

"Your defiance will break you and I will see to it that it shall," she replied haughtily.

"It may or may not," I answered curtly.

I didn't know to what extremity this battle would lead, in fact, I

didn't care. Being so stubborn was entirely against my nature, for I usually liked to agree with people and yield in a sensible argument. But now I seemed to like my role as rebel and to be hard and unsubmissive. But inwardly I suffered more than I would admit. Our relation had come to the point where further compliance would have been cowardice, a sign of a yellow streak in my character. I had to be brave and see it through, although the constant turmoil brought me to the verge of despair.

With these continued altercations came still another harassing event: my final decision to leave the fold of the Catholic Church. I had accepted the faith of Old-Catholicism, which Bishop Dollinger had established in Munich in the year 1875 when the Vatican had announced the dogmas of the Infallibility of the Pope.

I had brooded about the matter for years, but I hadn't confided in anybody. I still continued to sing with the church choir and often sang solo parts at the Sunday Mass. This Sunday Mass was always an impressive ceremony. All government officials had to attend it, and, being the head of the Administrative Body of the district, Hofrat Schuster had to be there too.

After Mass he usually waited for me outside of the church and we promenaded—as all fashionable people did—up and down the city square. Everybody could see us there and my colleagues whispered that Hofrat Schuster was courting me. To be sure, I liked to be seen with him, otherwise I would have been an abnormal woman without any vanity; I also liked his company, but I was not in love with him. We never spoke a serious word which would have indicated a romantic feeling. I cared for him no more than for any other officer or male colleague. He was at least twenty five years my senior and, though a perfect gentleman, was, for my taste, too deeply wrapped in bureaucracy and one-sided devotion to his superiors and too much lacking in open support of the needs of our people.

My social standing must have increased tremendously, but the idea of it left me completely cool. I wasn't interested in social advancement of this sort, though I realized that Miss Ferweger didn't take any severe steps against me in spite of my persistent insubordination, because she feared to arouse the wrath of Hofrat Schuster. As head of the district he was also the immediate superior of all teachers. As soon as my conversion to the Old-Catholic faith had been legally certified, I felt the full force of the revulsion and aversion of the whole officialdom. My principal became more unpleasant than ever. Hofrat Schuster didn't promenade any more with me after church, although I still sang the solo parts in church. Of all my professional associates only the teachers remained friendly and more sympathetic than before.

I didn't regret my step inspite of all the disastrous consequences. I still was deeply religious as before, was praying with intense devotion, was trying to live up to the God-idea in my heart. I recalled the conversation I had with my mother on my last visit in Tarvis before she died. Unobtrusively I had asked her what she thought about the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope.

"This is humbug; nobody believes in it," but I replied: "You have to believe in this dogma or you are not a Catholic."

She laughed and said: "When will you ever learn to be more realistic and less hair splitting? Why do you bother with such unimportant questions."

I answered her with great concern: "But, mother you have to confess next time in church that you don't believe in this dogma. You will hear then what the priest will say."

"What has come over you?" mother asked disturbed.

I didn't tell her then what had bothered me. She would have disagreed with me and worried. Now I found a directive. Other people simply didn't care about clear definitions, but it stiffened my determination. I could not sail under a false flag. If I did not believe in the infallibility I had to say so regardless of its consequences. When it came to the signing of the important documents before the State School Board and the government, I was calm and collected.

As a teacher, I had to belong to a religious faith. Had I lived at this critical time in America, my renouncement wouldn't have had any after effects, but Austria and its officialdom was tightly bound to the Vatican and I had to accept the retaliations.

Shadows Of Impending Doom For Our Empire

AS A TEACHER I felt, it was my patriotic duty to be devoted to my Government and my country and instill into my pupils the love to their homeland and make my girls good patriots.

To understand the many perplexities and disastrous events which led to the First World War and brought in 1918 the Austrian-Hungarian Monarchy to a catastrophic end, one has to consider the great difficulties which confronted our Empire.

Born in Austria, aware that my highest duty belonged to my country, but gifted with open eyes to see the many shortcomings which plagued our land, I, probably, can comprehend and describe the existing conditions better than any outsider, visitor or foreign correspondent. Although we teachers had no diplomatic contacts, we lived close to the people, felt with them the unmeasurable misery they were suffering. Besides we had to depend solely on the newspapers and the reports they were allowed to publish.

As all events which cause a crisis, send their dark shadows years ahead and with the Balkan War brooding since 1911, we all became aware that the existing frictions could lead to war.

As a member of the German speaking population of Austria, I will assumably differ in some viewpoints and opinions from any of the eight or ten other nationality groups of which our Empire was composed of, some of them will judge unwholesome episodes and conditions from their side of the fence but there were facts which concerned each one of us on the same basic foundation.

We all were units in and subjects of the same fatherland, we had sworn to love and protect. We all owed the same allegiance to the country. We each had the duty to respect each other, refrain from acts of hatred, violence or treason.

I feel it necessary to dig into the past history of Austria-Hungary to prepare a clear picture and give an exploring light. A half century has since passed and Americans are at present themselves too much

involved in War to find the patience to grasp similar conditions in far-off European lands.

Through more than 600 years the Austrian Empire had proved its immense value and enormous importance as the great factor in merging Central Europe into a economic and cultural unit. It has integrated opposing forces to a prosperous coherence by consolidating contrasting agricultural and highly industrial regions into a thriving union and had at the same time diminished divergences which would have caused unceasing strife, bloodsheds and wars.

World War I and World War II would have never occurred, had not Russia, Serbia and to some extent Italy, supported by adherents of an international power politic stirred trouble among our nationalities. It's a difficult task to familiarize Americans with the delicate and complex conditions of Pre-War Austria. Our country was populated by ten nationalities. It carried in its own composition the seeds of international trouble. Our peaceful success depended on the skill of our diplomats and the wisdom of our government.

There were Germans, Slovenians, Serbians, Italians, Friulians, Rato-Ladinians, Czechs, Slovaks, Poles, Ruthenians, Macedonians in the Austrian part; Hungarians, Bulgars, Germans, Rumanians, Croatians, Serbians, and Italians in the Hungarian part of the Empire.

In 1848 Hungary gained partial independence from Austria and in 1865 both formed a Double-Monarchy or Dual-Monarchy. The people of both parts were intimately linked together by common interests, in fact, they depended on each other. Hungary's political and federal administration was completely severed from each other, yet the transportation system, custom-free traffic of goods and products as the monetary system and other functions remained on a mutual basis.

Both states had the same minority troubles but adhered to the same patriotic aim—to keep the Empire alive and the mutual relations as smooth as possible. Both found their spiritual expression in the person of the Emperor, the head of the reigning Hapsburg family. Only by staying and fighting together could the people protect themselves from utter confusion and deadly strife.

The Magyars (Hungarians) had an advantage before the Austrians, they had a solid majority. They outnumbered any single nationality group and so could gain political strength and inner solidarity.

The same couldn't be said of the dominant nationality of Austria—the Germans. Up to 1860 the Germans were in the majority. The Germans were the most socially and intellectually advanced inhabitants of Austria. By adopting—like the French—the two-children system for their families, they soon lost their numerical lead. In 1848 Prague counted 66,000 Germans and 30,000 Czechs, sixty years later the

proportion was almost reversed. Between 1908 and 1918, while I was teaching in Villach, the Germans paid 77% more than three-fourths of all the taxes, but had only one hundred representatives among the 516 members of the Reichsrat, our Parliament. The Germans wanted centralization of the government, the other nationalities strove for decentralization.

As early as 1871 the Czech elements became so emboldened that they aimed for the restoration of the old Bohemian Kingdom. The Italian Irridents, the revolutionary forces of Austrian Italians in South Tirol, Istria and Dalmatia, silently supported by Italy, were prepared for insurrection.

But our Emperor, Kaiser Franz Josef, visited Polish Galizia, Bohemia and the Italians in South Tirol, gave Galizia home rule, to the Czechs the right to Czechic courts and schools. As Prime Minister he appointed men of Polish, Slavic, Hungarian origin, never a German. National or a reactionary aristocrat like Count Taaffe formed in 1879 a cabinet of clerics, Poles, Czechs without any representation for the Germans.

There were many other factors detrimental to the development of a healthy relationship among the nationalities between government and the people. In 1855 the Emperor signed a Concordat with the Vatican, whereby Roman Catholicism was declared the State religion. The Pope was granted direct control over bishops, clergy "and the people" – instead of the authority remaining where it should act—through the Sovereignty. Public school instruction was conducted on Roman-Catholic principles and the superintendents of the schools were in the hands of the bishops.

The stranglehold of the clerics on the population was reduced in 1879 and the immense property holdings of the clerics made finally subject to taxation. The unhealthy conditions were still made more severe that the majority of the clerics—more than seventy percent—were of Slavic nationality. Not enough German boys followed the inward call to priesthood. Probably the Germans in general had a too critical mind to accept doctrines like dogmas as facts, were too analytical to replace active search for dogmatic believing. They were too rebellious to accept them as truth and to subordinate themselves to the orders of the Vatican.

Were they too insistent in their desire for intellectual freedom? Was I not myself a living sample of this unruly, ever-prying, ever-scrutinizing sort of human being, stirred by a fanatical love for independence of thought and action, by the burning desire to disclose the secrets of mankind, to fight for the highest wisdom?

Ostensibly, the Slavic people have a much less complicated mind and conscience. They found in their priests not only their spiritual, but also their political and national leaders. In fact, Slavic priests were in closest contact and spiritual union with their constituents. One could

extremely seldom find such rare relationship among the German people in Austria and their religious mentors.

Thus the Germans, through their self-concernedness, missed an important national and political leadership, while the Slavic nations of the north and south used it so tremendously successful in their "Pan Slavic" efforts to gain over-all unity.

We Germans could often not understand, how Slavic clerics could involve themselves in utterances of fanatic hatred, could participate with their co-nationals in deeds of criminal nature as burning and pillaging farms of their German neighbors in border districts, killing inhabitants. How many scenes of such nature occurred on the border between Carinthia and Carniola, only a few miles from our homes. The clerics escaped punishment by their bishops. Our people were enraged and accused the whole church.

Nothing was left to the Germans in these border districts than self-protection. Two organizations sprang up: the "Suedmark" (Southmark) and the "German School Society." I myself, became president of the young women branch of the Suedmark. Our mission was frustrated by lack of money. We couldn't and wouldn't counteract hateful deeds with hateful deeds. I personally wasn't able to hate. Often we were stirred by deep sorrow when waves of wrath overwhelmed us, like when dozens of German students were killed in Laibach by a furious Slavic mob.

So many wanted to make us believe that the evil came from the church—it wasn't so—it was the unceasing undermining of the mutual trust of our good and kind people, whether of German, Slavic or Italian origin. We had lived for centuries in peace, but the unscrupulous, fanatic and cruel underground was the real instigator. Do we not live here in America under similar conditions now plagued by an undefinable underground?

I wonder whether these events were ever reported, unbiasedly reported in American newspapers of this period. Later developments let me guess there wasn't much propaganda favorable to the Germans. Benesh, Masaryk and Serbophile historians on several universities gained the ear of the people through the leading newspapers.

There were two other antagonistic influences who were in Austria responsible for the mutual distrust, the steady increase in tension and unrest. The mediums were the aristocrats and the military.

The aristocrats enjoyed far-reaching privileges. They had a preferred right to the highest offices of the state, could grasp the choicest opportunities to increase their wealth and power, but some were extremely arrogant and provocative idlers. When the Socialists had won a greater influence upon the poorly paid workers some idlers and haughty rich people clashed with the workers and caused upheavals, much as, more

than a century before, the idling parasites of society in France had caused the French Revolution.

Many aristocrats, high princes of the church, prelates owned huge properties. They could produce with less cost, were besides more leniently treated by the tax authorities to the disadvantage of farmers and shop owners and small land holders. Where aristocrats or other magnates owned widespread hunting grounds, they often came in conflict with small owners into which fields herds of deer from the preserves were breaking. Their complaints to the governors were usually not heeded. These castes had too intimate connections with relatives and friends of the Hapsburg family.

The military had a still more pronounced adverse effect on the whole territory of Austria. The official language of the army was German. To make the soldiers acquainted with the different sections of the country and give them the opportunity to learn the use of one or more languages, Czech, Polish, Slovenic, Italian detachments were placed in German towns, while German troops were stationed in Bohemia, Istria, Galicia or other provinces.

All officers were strictly forbidden—under penalty of facing court martial—to engage in politics or join in national festivals or demonstrations. Only through such stern regulation could trouble be avoided among nationally agitated people and never were the officers permitted to participate in manifestations directed against any one nationality or the unity of the Empire.

In Villach, five different detachments were stationed: Emperor's Rangers, Hussars, Pioneers and others. After October 1912 when the Balkan War was in its height, conditions in Villach became more tense. The Slavic underground, as I have mentioned before, was already in the open, holding meetings, staging small demonstrations. But they preferred secret rallies because Villach was an entirely German city without any small minority. Klagenfurt was not as fortunate, approximately twenty percent of its population was of Slavic origin.

When Austria had annexed in 1908 Bosnia and Herzegovina, it increased with it her holding on the Balkan Peninsula. The Serbs didn't like it and embarked on a antagonistic policy against Austria. They realized that the "liberation" of the Slavic population of the Dual-Monarchy could only be achieved by fighting Austria and aligning with Russia. Since they couldn't oppose the Austrian rule openly and by force of arms, they resorted to the creation of "Secret Societies of National Defense," an active underground. It was organized 1908–1909 with the aim of keeping alive all means of Slavic sentiment in the annexed territory and over all Austria and Hungary. In May 1911 they decided for terrorism by the founding of the "Society of Union or

Death", called the "Black Hand". It became very influential in Belgrad, the capital of Serbia.

The whole world knew about the "Black Hand", but our officials, our government leaders pretended not to know anything about it. They continued to be appeasers in their imbecile efforts to stir clear of trouble.

Only with this explanation will the reader be able to understand the following chapter and to judge rightly the events which took place in the year 1913 and in which I was so dramatically and unpleasantly involved.

The Jeanne D'Arc Of Villach

I CAN ONLY HOPE for a fair judgment of the actions I had to take to prove in my insignificant way that allegiance to my country was an integral part of my character and alertness in weighing political events the most important means to achieve it.

But these actions were, to say the least, very extraordinary, if not reprehensible to some.

At the time of the Balkan War, we, in Villach, were alarmed by the fanatical response the victories of the Serbs created in some circles. When Adrianople had fallen to the Serbs, March 26, 1913, we received reports that victory rallies were held in a tavern owned by a devoted Slav in Warmbad Villach, two miles from Villach proper. At the same time a formal party for an officer of the military detachment at Villach, Captain Schivkowitz, who had been transferred to another regiment, was being given at the Park Hotel Cafe, a much frequented place for social gatherings.

On the same evening that we had heard of the victory celebration at Warmbad Inn, the party for Schivkowitz was held, and it happened that I, my sister Mitzi, her husband Rudolf, and a friend of ours, Anton Bruckner, the owner of a wood pulp factory in Villach, were sitting at a table in the Park Cafe. The huge hall with its immense columns of yellow marble, the many shiny mirrors, the luxuriously upholstered furniture, the opportunity to sit in genial mood with friends and to enjoy at the same time a glass of excellent wine or a cup of coffee, induced us to go there often. We were astonished when we found one whole corner of the hall occupied by many army officers. With them was a band of musicians, uniformed soldiers, who had formed a special Yugoslavian Tamboritzza orchestra. The officers were apparently waiting for somebody. Soon Captain Schivkowitz, whom I knew by sight, arrived. He had attended another party in the same building. When he appeared on the scene, all the officers and soldiers jumped to their feet, a thunderous cry of "Szivios"—the Slavic national baiting call, and "Nazdars"—a Czech greeting, roared like a wild flourish through the house, the Tamboritzza orchestra started to play the passionate Czech

song "Kde domov muj" with the repeated phrase 'Down with and death to our enemies' (the Germans).

We also jumped to our feet. Now we could see, subversion had developed so far that officers of our regiments, many of them born Germans, could challenge the German people in an entirely German city, could rise to an open provocation. The mayor of our city, Mr. Assman, was sitting with an army captain at the table next to ours. My brother-in-law, an alderman, stepped over to him and said: "You cannot permit a Slavic demonstration in a German city. You have to do something." Without giving an answer, he and his companion left hurriedly. "Szivios" and Nazdars" rang through the hall like the cries of soldiers storming into battle. The band played other fanatical tunes of which we knew the melodies and meaning but not the exact words. When they started again with their frantic "Nazdars", my sister Mitzi cried: "Ugh! Faugh! Shame!" I did the same and added: "Heil!" (Our German national greeting). Rudolf and Anton Bruckner whistled. Then three officers came over to our side.

They pulled their swords out of the scabbards, pounded with them on the shafts of their boots and gestured towards us, screaming: "Say 'Ugh', 'faugh', 'shame Nazdar' again! Say it again if you have the courage to do it! We will teach you a lesson!"

We left at once. We did not want something unfortunate to happen. We could not argue with men who were seemingly thirsty for our blood.

The next morning, my brother-in-law, as an official of the railway, was informed that a similar demonstration would be staged at the depot when Schivkowitz would be leaving by train at 4 p.m. All train dispatchers were notified. When the Tamboritzka band entered the building, policemen ordered them to leave.

In a few days, the general excitement subsided. But when the *Social Democratic Weekly* brought out an article saying that German national chauvinists had hindered brave soldiers from bidding farewell to their beloved captain, I knew what I had to do. Quickly I wrote an article, one copy for the *Freie Stimmen* (Free Voices), a daily appearing in Klagenfurt, the other for the semi-weekly *Villacher Zeitung* (Villach Journal), and carried them personally to the editors' offices. Both editors accepted them with pleasure and promised speedy publication. This was on Friday. The next Sunday editions brought my commentaries, the daily without a comment, the local paper, published by Josef Gitschtaler, with a long editorial note.

In my discussion I stated the facts, how the officers had acted, how they had drawn their swords and threatened us and said that their provocative behavior had shown the hateful rage of the Slavs against the

Germans. I reminded the officers that, as such, according to the military code of the army, they were strictly forbidden to participate in any nationalistic demonstration and that in the light of the events of the Balkan War and the enthusiastic response to the Serbian victories among the Slavic population of Austria and the secret rallies held in our neighborhood, I had every reason to be deeply hurt in my patriotic feeling.

"We are Austrians," I said, "and have to stay true to Austria! This is our sacred duty!" and so I ended.

It happened that on the same Sunday when the articles appeared in the two newspapers, Mitzi, Rudolf, and I went by train to Sattendorf on Lake Ossiach to visit our cousin Fritz Florian who was a railroad dispatcher there. As I followed my two companions through the cars, looking for a place to sit, I suddenly saw Editor Gitschtaler rushing towards me.

"Miss Huber, Miss Huber," he shouted, almost crying. "Three army officers were at my office one hour ago. They displayed their riding crops and threatened to give me a thorough whipping if I do not name the author of the article you have written. They said: 'We will be back on Monday at two o'clock and if you will not then disclose the author, you have to expect the worst.' You will see, they will kill me. Oh! my poor family, my poor children!"

I almost had to laugh, so despicable seemed this man to me in his unmanly fear.

"Go ahead," I told him, "give them my name. I am not afraid. Tell them I want to see them at my home at five o'clock. But don't forget to remind them that I stay with my married sister and that it is socially permissible for me to receive them. No harm should come to you. I will take care of them."

When we saw Fritz, who was a reserve officer and privileged to give satisfaction in a prospective duel, I begged him to be with me when the officers arrived, because Rudolf was never in the army and had no officer's rating. Cousin Fritz was only too glad to give me assistance in "facing the music" as he called it.

On Monday afternoon we waited in vain. At six in the evening we all went down to Gitschtaler's office to find out what had happened. Gitschtaler sat at his desk like the picture of misery.

"Why didn't the officers come to me at five?" I asked impatiently. But he told us excitedly:

"They came precisely at 2 p.m. In the same arrogant fashion as yesterday they demanded that I disclose your name. When I told them that you, Miss Huber, are a teacher at the Citizen School, they started towards me and cried: 'You are a liar, a miserable liar.' Then I gave

them your message and your address, but they fumed: 'She will not be a teacher any more. We will see to it.' "

We all, but I especially, were disappointed. I would have enjoyed the encounter immensely, would have given them a good piece of my mind. Now I knew this wasn't the end of the affair. They would come through my superiors to break me down and force me to disavow the articles. It was a prophetic reflection which materialized to the fullest extent. Although I had not any fear in my heart, no anxiety nor remorse, I felt tired and as if numbed. Of one thing I was convinced: I had to be calm, composed and brave. But was I also sure of being able to show iron determination while running the gauntlet?

Matters exploded in quick succession.

A few days after I had received the unsatisfactory answer from Gischtaler, Miss Ferweger came to my classroom.

"Hofrat Schuster wants to see you. Leave immediately. I will stay with your pupils until you return," my principal said in her haughty manner.

Aha, I thought, now the concert begins. I hurried to the office of the county governor and found him at his desk. He arose, but didn't shake hands with me as he had always done before. But, I thought, he at least got up from his chair, so he is a gentleman. He invited me to sit down and started:

"Miss Huber, I heard with great misgivings about the scene at the Park Cafe and read your comments in the papers. I have to declare that your behavior gives us serious concern. In my opinion, it is inexcusable for a lady to use such expressions as 'Ugh' and 'Faugh'. I do not know what consequences upon your future this shocking adventure of yours will have. You may lose your job, at least, you will have to expect some action by the Federal Court. How could you ever write such an incriminating article and accuse and insult openly some of our innocent, good officers?"

I listened quietly, then answered: "Herr Hofrat, you will probably not agree with what I have to say. This sad scene at the Park Cafe was not an innocent affair staged by innocent officers. Do you remember what happened in Laibach to our poor German boys while they were participating in a patriotic Austrian celebration, they were killed by an infuriated mob. Why? Why were our officers taking part in a secret celebration commemorating the Serbian victory at Adrianople? Because the drive is on to tear Austria apart and the scene at the Park Cafe fits perfectly into the scheme, into the same pattern. This happening was only the forerunner of more serious things to come. The safety and unity of our fatherland is at stake. This was an anti-patriotic demonstration, and my patriotic feelings were deeply wounded."

Hofrat Schuster jumped up, aroused in ire, raising his hands defiantly towards me. Interrupting me, he shouted sharply: "Don't say the word patriotic again. We are just as patriotic as you are. It is my duty and not yours to uphold order, and safety of our country and I am here to see that no disturbance may occur."

But I also became defiant and said: "If the same occasion should arise I will act in the same way. My fatherland is in danger," I added with all the sternness I could command.

"Let other persons take care of that," Hofrat Schuster replied curtly. "But you are in for a hard struggle and nobody will protect you."

"You will," I retorted on a sudden inspiration. The code of honor made it obligatory for every gentleman to fight for a lady who had appealed for protection. I could tie his hands.

And with my warmest smile I added: "May I as a lady beg Your Honor for aid and protection in support of my defense? Whatever may come, I can hopefully look up to you as my shield. I hope for the best. With your help it will not cost me my head."

I noticed the change of expression on the face of my superior. He seemed so perplexed that he didn't know what to do, to smile or be angry. A wry twinkle lighted his eye and with a slight bow of his head I was dismissed.

I ran down the steps of the office building and sighed in relief. "Uff!" I breathed deeply. "One stroke I have parried."

Soon after I met a personal friend of mine on the street. He was vice-mayor of our city.

"Let's have a cup of coffee at the Park Cafe," he said. "I have some news for you. I found out that a group of military men were at the State Court Building in Klagenfurt, but within half an hour they had left it again. I suspect the High Court did not accept a suit against you they would liked to have started. Prepare yourself! They will now come to you directly."

And they did. A week later, while I was dressing in the morning, I had a hunch that something would happen. I dressed in a white shantung suit that was very becoming to me and groomed myself with minute care. Looking in the mirror, I saw that I appeared crisp and attractive, full of high spirits. There was no trace of dullness any more. Then I went to school.

I was just giving physical education to one of the classes. We were in the open school yard which lay considerably below the street level. Three officers marched along the sidewalk. Their light blue uniforms with the golden epaulets shone through the bars of the iron fence, their swords rattled; their steps echoed like the clicks of a clock.

Soon the school servant came down to the yard. "You are to appear

in the office at once," he said.

"I am coming," I replied and walked slowly up to the second floor. When I entered the room, I saw the three officers standing with Miss Ferweger, my principal, at the opposite end of the office. I stepped towards them. She introduced the gentlemen. We all sat down. One of the officers, a captain, held a sheet of paper in his hand. He rose.

"Miss Huber," he said, "We have come here to have you apologize for what you have written in the two newspapers. We have prepared a statement which you have to sign and in which you express your regret for the attack this article contains."

"But gentlemen," I answered firmly, "I had given to Mr. Gitschtaler the exact hour and location when and where I would recognize your complaint. You did not come. I am sorry, I cannot speak to you now. You will have to wait until I grant you another opportunity to interview me. At this very moment I am not prepared to give you a satisfactory answer. Write to me for another conference. I will then notify you when I will receive you."

"You cannot refuse to confer with us now," they blurted.

"O, yes, I can. When I have secured my witnesses you will hear from me."

"You cannot run away now," Miss Ferweger interrupted, grabbing my left arm in a tight grip.

"Your principal is your witness. You may not insult your principal," the officers shouted in unison.

I raised my right hand in a commanding gesture towards Miss Ferweger and said: "Let go my arm immediately."

She did. Turning towards the men, I continued, still well-composed. "I myself will choose my witnesses, not you. I really do not have to stay here any longer. My girls need my attention. It was a great pleasure to have met you, gentlemen. But you will excuse me. I have to leave."

They followed me to the door, calling: "You cannot do this, Miss Huber."

"Sorry I am not able to help you," I replied and out I went, closing the door behind me. When I had reached the lower platform I held on to the railing and started to laugh, almost hysterically. The tension had been too excessive.

"Hurrah, another battle won!" I shouted. But I felt closer to crying. I had to tell myself: "There is no end in sight."

Two weeks later, Regierungsrat Rauch, my former professor, now Superintendent of all Carinthian citizen schools, came up from Klagenfurt for a routine inspection of our school. After these inspections were over, I was ordered to appear at the principal's office. There Miss Ferweger and Mr. Rauch sat at a little table near the window. I was invited

to sit down.

Mr. Rauch started: "Miss Huber, I must talk to you with my extreme apprehension about your relationship with your principal. Your conduct towards her cannot be tolerated. You have to change it if you want to stay here at this school. What drives you to be so obstinate?"

"Will Your Honor give me the permission to state my side of the story?" I asked. When he nodded, I continued:

"Miss Ferweger is persistently reprimanding, accusing, insulting me in front of my pupils, my colleagues, even the school servant. Nobody with a spark of honor in his body will stand such treatment. She deserves the scolding, not I. I had tried my very best to stay cheerful and disregard her attacks, her abrasive remarks, her continued condemnation of my most earnest efforts. She has driven me to the verge of a breakdown and to despair. To stay away from her as much as possible was my only hope of enduring these assaults."

"But Miss Ferweger is still your principal and you have to respect her authority. You have to promise me to improve your ways."

"To please you and only you, I will promise to try hard to mend my ways. I only hope that Miss Ferweger will be different too. But you can depend upon me, you will see," I answered in great earnestness.

But he continued: "There is something else about which I have to confer with you. You are involved in a vexatious incident with which none of your superiors is pleased. We do not like to find our teachers the center of state-wide agitation. The excitement it caused is not wholesome for our youth nor good for your reputation. If the Court of the Land had accepted the plea of the officers, we would have been forced to suspend you until the completion of the trial and if you had been found guilty, you could have been transferred for disciplinary reasons or even have lost your position. As a teacher you are exposed much more than an ordinary person to the eye of the public, and it is our responsibility to prevent the repetition of such affairs, detrimental to your profession. Under such circumstances your ability to teach will not be of any help to you. You should have been more mindful of such considerations instead of following blindly your impulses. What have you to say in your defense?"

Weighing carefully each word, I answered slowly: "Your Honor, I am quite aware of the seriousness of the situation. I certainly did not like to be drawn into such an awkward conflict, but sometimes, when the necessity arises, we have to do the extraordinary, we have to be bold. You will probably, like Hofrat Schuster, not recognize the extraordinary situation which was highlighted by the scenes you mentioned. But again I have to emphasize that the unwholesome events have much deeper causes than most of us realize. The sentiments these officers

expressed at the Park Cafe were treasonable. These Yugoslavic demonstrations are directed against the welfare of our country. Our fatherland will be destroyed if this goes on. It was a blow to my patriotism to witness a display of emotion that undoubtedly will end in the decay of our Monarchy."

Just as it happened when I mentioned to Hofrat Schuster how my patriotic feeling was roused by the antagonistic manifestation and he reacted with visible anger, so did Mr. Rauch rise as if stung with a needle.

"For heaven's sake," he interrupted, "Don't say that. We are as patriotic as you are."

He continued to talk and talk. And while he did so, I stared at him, at his handsome face, his curly well-groomed beard surrounding his lower jaw, his kind eyes. In a fierce conclusion not to be influenced by his words, I followed my own line of thoughts. I guess I tried to hypnotize him by thinking incessantly: "Now I will tear out this hair of your beard, now that one and that one and that one."

I didn't hear one word of what he had said and have no recollection of his lecture at all. Suddenly he stopped.

"I see you do not listen with your mind. It seems what I have to say doesn't make any impression on you. I thank you."

I arose, bowed politely, and turned towards the door.

"Wait for me outside, Miss Huber, please. I still have to inspect the laboratories of which you are custodian," he called after me.

"Yes, sir, I will wait," I replied and left.

I heard him talk with Miss Ferweger while I was walking up and down the wide hallways. Then he appeared. I stepped forward to the room which contained the apparatus for the chemical and physical experiments for which I was responsible. We entered the large room. There, in glass cabinets, stood the little machines, tubs and stands, one next to the other like soldiers ready for a parade. Mr. Rauch walked from one to the other, shaking his head. Then he said:

"Really, I have to admit I never saw such painstaking order in any other cabinet as I see here. You take wonderful care as custodian."

But Miss Ferweger interrupted immediately: "I wouldn't have it differently. There is nothing special about this."

Superintendent Rauch must not have agreed with her. He came towards me, reached for my hand, shook it, and said:

"I give you my hearty compliments on your accurateness and remarkable diligence. I am glad to tell you so."

"A thousand thanks," I stammered, flushed with gratitude.

"So, he is not angry at me at all. He is nobler than I ever could expect. He is really a darling," I spoke to myself in the excitement over

the happy ending.

The general uproar turned into a calmer, more definitely appraising phase. The outcome for the officers was not as pleasant as mine. By military order each of the army officers who had participated in the demonstration at the Park Cafe was penalized by confinement to his barracks for fully three weeks. A friend of mine whose brother-in-law was a captain told me afterwards:

"All the officers hate you! You know what they call you? The Jean D'Arc of Villach!"

So I became a celebrity! I didn't mind the new title. It gave a strange color to my life.

But during these turbulent months I hadn't lost sight of my studies and my immediate future. I had devoted the whole vacation period of 1912 to attending a preparatory course in Gabelsberg Shorthand at Professor Weizmann's School of Shorthand in Vienna. It lasted eight weeks and I stayed during this time with the cousins of my brother-in-law, Rudolf—Carla and Magda Weidlein. They owned a lovely villa and vineyard in Grinzing near Vienna.

The following May, shortly after my harassing experience with the army officers, I returned to Vienna to undergo the difficult examination to receive the diploma as a teacher of Stenography. Shorthand was taught at our citizen school and the fee for this teaching paid separately from the salary. It meant a welcome addition to my income.

At the end of the school year 1912-1913, Miss Ferweger had completed her forty years of service. Not one farewell party was given in her honor, not one teacher or pupil was present at the depot when she boarded the train to Graz. Without a ring or song she departed, without an ovation for so many years of duty. It was a merciless finale to a merciless life.

Emma Wittmann who had been my oldest colleague, became her successor. During the following six years we enjoyed a period of an exceedingly harmonious and enlightening congeniality. When she retired in 1919, she became a most cherished friend. A new chapter of my life, filled with dramatic experiences had started.

Journey To Switzerland

NEVER BEFORE had I greeted vacation time with more relief and expectation than in the summer of 1913. My explosive experience with the army officers had left me nervous and tired. Otherwise, nerves had been unknown to me because I was convinced that it was only a matter of self-control to meet irritating situations. I could not deny the fact that I was in a state of ferment and badly needed a good rest. Then I was somewhat sad too. My sisters Anna and Louise with her two children, Benno and Andrea, had departed for America. When I bade them goodbye in Graz, I had felt like going with them into a new and romantic world, not anticipating that their being in America would also have for me and my future the most audacious consequences.

This time I selected Switzerland as my goal and every minute of my spare hours was filled with extensive preparations, reading of literature about Switzerland and sewing and buying new outfits. Magda Weidlein, Rudolf's Viennese cousin, with whom I had stayed the previous summer, promised to come along.

We didn't choose the regular way by train, but rather the most difficult approach—a tour on foot over the highest mountain road of Europe—over the Stilfser Joch (Pass). In forty six huge serpentines this crossway reaches a height of 9100 feet above sea level, where the glaciers from the highest peak of former Austria, the Ortler, spill over the roadside.

We took the railroad to Bozen and Meran, the former Austrian paradise of the Alps. From there we proceeded by omnibus through the upper Etsch (or Adige) valley to Trafoi. We had to continue by foot to Santa Maria in the Muenster Valley, the first Swiss town, a strenuous twenty-four mile hike.

Waking in the morning, I looked out of our hotel room window, but I could not see anything.

"Magda, Magda, it's snowing!" I cried.

"Should we return home?" Magda asked in her disappointment over the spoiled tour.

"It will not snow forever!" I said. I didn't get so easily discouraged.

It snowed for three solid days and the whole world seemed literally buried in the endless whiteness. When it stopped we were not allowed to start out. Avalanches thundered down the steep slopes. From the balcony of the hotel we could watch the slides whiz valleyward with furious speed and see how they were enveloped in huge clouds of snow mist—a gorgeous spectacle which made me feel very small. When nature speaks with momentous force, the human mind becomes aware of the nullity of its own being.

Four days were lost, but on the seventh of August the sun shone bright and the heights glittered in myriads of sparkles. The snow plows had massed immense piles of snow and we couldn't get a glimpse of the lower curves and the deep valley. Before us loomed in indescribable magnificence and splendor the 13000 foot high colossus of the Ortler and dozens of other peaks.

Although I had greased my face with sunburn lotion, my right cheek soon got painfully sunburned, my face became a distorted mask. Feverish and frightfully uncomfortable, I could hardly open my mouth—a mockery for a woman and Magda, who must not have had such a sensitive skin, said spitefully:

“Now you cannot talk so much, you poor girl.” I wished silently a tenfold glacier burn on her.

From Santa Maria we walked over the Offen Pass, straight through the Swiss National Park. Small roe and deer came fearlessly to the road. The scenery was so over-whelming in its grandeur and vastness that I didn't notice the twenty mile walk, but Magda became footsore and used the mail coach to Zerne, from where we reached St. Moritz, the famous Swiss winter sport center. The skies became murky, it rained and rained. We tried other cities: Chur, Zuerich, Luzern and found the same disconsolate weather conditions.

Magda complained:

“We have now waited a whole week and it does not clear up. I would rather return to Vienna.”

I suggested: “Let's try to go south of the Alps and go by train to Milano in Italy.”

Magda agreed and we found golden sunshine in Milano. This superb city compensated us fully for a week of grim indecision. The sublime Gothic Cathedral amazed us, whose white Carrara marble glittered from hundreds of delicately pointed arches and turrets in the brilliant glare of the sun. We saw colossal Galleria Humberto with its exclusive stores, the unforgettable huge cemetery with its beautiful statues and monuments. We were deeply impressed by the artistic genius displayed in architecture and sculpture and paintings which could be found only in a few other centers. Here we felt the dramatic pulse of a nation, known

through-out the world for its highest achievements in every field of art. I could speak Italian, though only to a limited degree, but it helped me to come to a finer understanding of the high cultural value of the Italian Nation.

We again took the train to Luzern. While Magda passed through the famous St. Gotthard Tunnel I left the train at Airolo at the southern foot of the pass to walk over the pass road which reaches a height of 8000 feet. We agreed to meet at the depot of Goeschenen, about twenty miles away by road.

To be alone on the wide road in an exalted realm, to feel the soft breeze caressing one's cheek, to smell the ozone and feel it increase one's vigor, was in itself a delightful experience. Now I didn't have to listen to the steady complaints about the difficulties of the trip, the aches and pain it caused. I had become somewhat impatient with the lack of endurance and courage of my partner. Conscious of my own strength and vitality, I found myself aware of a hard fibre of my character for the weaknesses of others. Was it a touch of cruelty? Then I had better cut it out of my heart.

The gravel of the unpaved road started to hurt my feet, but I was so thrilled by the beauty of the dense forests that I simply forgot the nagging aching and walked with greater speed than before. I didn't mind the steep hills, the frosty air.

When I reached the height of the pass, I gazed over the vast expanse. I was amazed at the number of buildings I saw, the lakes and the tumultuous commotion prevailing there. A battalion of soldiers was carrying out maneuvers in this region, where Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, had rested with his troops on his way to Rome more than two thousand years before. Here was the famous hospice, where travelers throughout the medieval ages had found shelter and food in traversing the Alps from north to south or vice versa.

At noon, I stopped only for a half hour at the inn to rest and take a little lunch. When I came outside, it was dark in spite of the early hour and it started to snow. Big flakes flew through the stormy air. A blizzard was in the making. Sometimes I could not see further than ten feet. I was all alone within the tempest. I walked faster than before going down hill. I was very glad to have put on the heavy Goiserer shoes I had stored away in my luggage. The big nails on these mountaineer shoes prevented me from sliding in the slippery slush and mud, but the raincoat I wore over my shoulders soon became soaking wet. Not a soul did I meet, yet I was not afraid. I never knew what fear was when I was alone with the elements. As if I could understand their secret language, I felt the touch of the greatness of nature and this feeling of inner unity with her strong forces released new fountains of joy in my heart. I

jumped more than I ran and sang so loud that the echoes boomed. Snow soon changed into rain as I neared lower levels. The road led downhill next to wild mountain rivers that howled in the deep gorges and sent sprays of mist up to me and I passed over giddy and wobbly bridges while taking short cuts from the main road. When I came to Andermatt three hours later, the sky had cleared somewhat and off and on the sun broke through.

Magda was waiting at the depot in Goeschenen, worrying for fear I would get too tired to continue the trip. How soft had dwellers in big cities, like Vienna, become, to imagine I would be too weak to go on!

In Luzern we changed trains for the Swiss capital. We enjoyed the comical actions of the many bears playing within a great den that lay close to the river Aar. From these bears Bern had received its name, but to observe the quaint and picturesque fountain statuettes like the "Kindlifresser Brunnen" (child eating well) gave us still more pleasure. From Bern we went to Neuchatel, Lausanne, and the celebrated city of Geneva. Cruises on the beautiful Lake of Geneva took us to the Chateau Chillon, Montreaux and Vichy. A statue of the Austrian Empress Elizabeth in Vichy commemorated the spot where she had met a cruel death at the hands of the anarchist Lucceni.

In front of the monument I stood, sunk in my reminiscences. I was due to see more unforgettable sights: the Gorner Grat, the view from the Jungfrau, from Rigi and Pilatus. The Gorner Grat is a look-out post, 10,000 feet high. From there we could observe over forty glaciers, more than a thousand snow-capped summits: the Monte Rosa, the Lyskam, the Breithorn, the Matterhorn. I never before saw such an array of glory and splendor and grandeur, nor yet such an exalted panorama. Another exciting experience was the trip to the Lakes of Como, Lugano and Maggiore. Who could forget the boat rides to Isola Bella and Isola Madre! On Isola Bella, the chateau of the Boromeo family with its luxurious paintings, furnishings and gardens held us fascinated as did the exotic plants on Isola Madre. We found here coffee, tea and cocoa bushes, coconut and royal palms. Spice trees flourished in the mild climate and under the protection of the high northern mountain walls. When we returned to the northern part of Switzerland, to Schaffhausen, St. Gallen and the cities on the Boden Lake, to Rohrschach, Bregenz, Konstanz, Friedrichshafen, I carried, tucked away in the bottom of my heart the intense desire and longing to see this God-blessed country and its kind people again, not suspecting that in a few years I would have direct dealings with these generous people again in several important missions.

The Wander Birds

ALREADY IN 1912 we formed a new Youth Organization. The parents were pleased with it and our juveniles greeted the new idea with joy. This organization doesn't differ much from its American counterpart—the Scout groups. Both center about the idea that closer contact with nature awakens wanderlust, steels the muscles and teaches the fundamentals of comradeship and cordiality. I sponsored it at every opportunity and so did Thilda Hecht, one of my most cherished colleagues. The widow of a high school professor, Mrs. Anna Mayer was made our chairman and Hans Leitner, a public school teacher, one of our male leaders. Several private persons supported us financially. It was my first attempt to make youth welfare a matter of general interest and concern.

Our field trips lasted from one to eight days, led us to long stretched valleys, over mountain passes or to the top of peaks and summits.

Each youngster carried a knapsack on his shoulders, encircled by a rolled raincoat made of homespun loden, a coarse, waterproof woolen cloth. They wore nailed high shoes; the boys carried over their knapsacks aluminum kettles, frying pans and all necessary cooking and eating utensils. The girls carried the provisions, divided into small packages.

We marched along the highways in pairs, two leaders in front. One or two closing the line. Hans and Thilda could play the mouth organ at a lusty and gay march tempo. The youngsters picked up the tune with their clear voices. The mountainsides echoed and without difficulty we could make ten to fifteen miles a day. A mountain stream was our delight. The boys soon became masters in building stone hearths and shortly dinner bubbled in the kettles, milk rice, topped with chocolate and cinnamon, buttered noodles, or spaghetti with a lot of eggs and cheese, or a cornmeal mash, an Italian speciality, fried in butter and cheese and called Frigga. Were the meals ever delicious! We purchased eggs and butter from the mountain farmers.

Sometimes we encountered difficulties in finding night lodging. Farmers offered us hay lofts. Most of the children came from poor

parents and we hesitated to spend money for rooms in country inns. Sometimes we had to use a train to visit further off places. Sometimes we were badly soaked when we passed through the region of Europe's most extreme precipitation centers, like the Predil Pass as it happened to us on a weeklong tour over Kronau in Carneola, over the Voss Pass to Flitsch in the Coast Province. From there we marched over the Predil Pass to Lake Raibl, over the Nevea Pass to Chiusa Forte in Italy, walking along the main highway to the border towns Pontebba-Pontafel where we took the train back to Villach.

There on Lake Raibl we were caught by a downpour. We were all deadly tired when we reached the cheese plant on the height of the Nevea Pass and already on Italian Soil. How glad we were to see the long stretched buildings! They could give accommodations for two dozen tourists and we counted twenty five. From here the ascents to the famous peaks of the Julian Alps, the Bramkofel, Wischberg and others began.

The front part of the crude stone building contained a low and huge open stone hearth over which two soot-crustured kettles hung. The stone floor was partly covered with straw and around the hearth were placed little stools. There sat a half dozen grim looking bearded men. All was sunk in black darkness, except for the light emanating from the hearth. The sparks and glowing cinders from the dry wood followed the air stream into the domelike ceiling above and were effaced as if they were little souls which had suddenly died away.

Our dripping coats and wet shoes were hung on iron sticks that protruded horizontally from the wall nearest the hearth, from which welcome warmth was radiating. One man showed us two large rooms in the rear of the building with a dozen cots standing side by side. The first one we had chosen for the boys, the other for the girls. After we unloaded our knapsacks and put on dry sweaters, we hovered around the fire like the men. Light and shadows danced over our faces and the magic reflections were swallowed by the black background. One man passed around milk, another cut slices from an immense loaf of polenta (Cornmeal), threw a large chunk of butter in a huge frying pan, set on a tripod directly over the fire, added the cornmeal slices and big slices of cheese.

Soon it smelled heavenly. The plates and spoons were ready.

"I never ate anything as delicious as this," cried a girl.

"Can we have more?" hollered the boys. When we had finished, Hans Leitner got his guitar. The lights flickered, the fire crackled and over our faces leaped mysterious spectres with ghostly adornments of sparks and glints as if phantasmal spirits had come to life. Then the men sang in Italian and some had beautiful voices. Their melodies pierced

through the starless night and reached the silent monarchs high above. The mood had changed into a subdued sadness, when we sang again—from the wild rose a boy had heartlessly broken—from the mill wheel in the cool ground from where the beloved girl had disappeared. Her ring to the lover had broken in two. Now he wanted to die not to hear anymore the mill wheel turn. For a long while we stared at the fire. Then we retired.

As it proved, it was a farewell visit to a part of the country, where three years later another phase of a devastating and murderous war started, when in 1915 Italy turned its back against his former partners, Austria and Germany. In 1919 Austria lost this entire district partly to Italy, partly to Yugoslavia.

Another of these Wander Bird tours, of which we held more than twenty, bore a dramatic signal—a historic moment of most tragic consequences—the murder of the Austrian Crown Pretendant: Archduke Franz Ferdinand D'Este on June 29, 1914, at Sarajevo, the capital city of Bosnia.

Our three day tour led us along Lake Millstatt, (near Spittal a/Drau) and through the so-called "Einoede", (meaning a lonesome region), a valley running parallel to the Drau River, but bedded between bluffs and slopes. We had stopped at the small town of Affritz and had lodged at an Inn.

In the guest room a newspaper was spread over one of the tables. From the front page stared big black lines:

"Franz Ferdinand and his wife murdered at Sarajevo."

"This means war," I said to Hans Leitner and Thilda.

We were terribly shocked by this gloomy omen of an impending disaster. No laughter, no ringing songs were accompanying the march back to Villach. Everybody felt as if they had been drugged, but nobody could contemplate the horror, which was awaiting us.

Sarajevo - The End Of Old Europe

THE TRAGEDY of Sarajevo brought the end of old Europe. It was not only the immediate cause of the First World War but also the eventual cause of the Second World War and the partition of the political forces of Europe into the Democratic West and the Communistic East with the Iron Curtain the dividing line.

As this happened in 1914 in a central part of Europe, many of my American readers of today will be at a loss to familiarize themselves with these international conflicts, which brought Europe at this time to the boiling point and even induced America to enter the First World War.

I had to live through these years of struggle and misery, was personally involved in many of its phases, its horrors and privations and deeply agitated by its tragedies. Only by giving you a clear picture of the situations as they presented themselves to me, will my readers understand many of the strange scenes and changes, we had to live through and the sometimes adverse actions we had to take, before our 600 year old Empire—the Austrian-Hungarian Monarchy was completely dismembered.

Without a historical review of the prevailing political conditions among the different European Governments from 1914 on, my personal memories would lack a psychological foundation and approach. This should not be a historical study, only the illuminating of my background for my own story, a perspective explaining the complicated relationship among the “European Big Six”.

While I am giving all the moments and events which led to the war, I am following with all the occurrences and incidents, which made this four year battle one of the most cruel and bloody fights in the world history of all times. Over 10,000,000 lives were lost and Empires destroyed.

Before 1914, Europe had gone through the longest period of peace. Austria had no war since 1866, Germany since 1870, yet, peace politics ran parallel to iron preparations. Russia with her multimillion army was anxiously trying to keep the revolutionary forces within her border in

check, but was in complete sympathy with France, which could not forget the loss of Alsace Lorraine. Besides, Russia raised herself to the symbol of "Mother of all Slavs" and orthodox people living on the Balkan and in Austria. Pan Slavism was thus made the tool of Russian inspirations.

The Balkan Wars of 1912 to 1914 showed a big influence on the Austrian Slavic population. It was generally assumed that the Heir Apparent to the Austrian Throne, Archduke Franz Ferdinand D'Este, after ascending to the throne, would eliminate the difference between the Austrian Slavs, Germans and Hungarians by changing the Double Monarchy Austria-Hungaria into a Triple Monarchy, in which the Slavs would have the same rights as the other two nationality groups. With this action the new Monarch would have removed the basic grievances of the revolutionary Slavs and the Great-Serbians would not have had any opportunity to arouse their Austrian brothers to rebellion. Therefore Franz Ferdinand had to be eliminated. Franz Ferdinand was warned not to attend the Austrian military maneuvers in Sarajevo. He ignored the warning. A few hours later he miraculously escaped a bomb attempt on his life, as he and his wife rode in a parade. But fate caught up with him. Gabriel Princip a young, fanatic student and member of the "Black Hand" killed the Archduke and his wife with several well-aimed shots of his revolver. Serbia would never have dared to defy its mighty neighbor, had it not been assured of Russia's support. A well-known American columnist accused in one of its syndicated articles Russia openly as instigator of the plot to kill the Archduke (1953).

In Austria, one scene of the fateful calamity followed the other: Austria's ultimatum to Serbia to surrender the murderer, punish the accomplices, pay a heavy penalty; Serbia's refusal to comply and to admit guilt; Austria's declaration of War on Serbia on July 28th; Russia's announcement of War on Austria, July 31st.

Austria was united since 1882 with Germany and Italy in the "Dreibund"—Triple Alliance. She asked her associates for help. Italy declined, asserting that her own interests would be served best by remaining "neutral". Germany in true fidelity stepped forward. A really great statesman like Bismark, would have found another solution than war to the conflict. We had no strong-arm man in Austria or Germany and at the end of the war nobody remembered that Sarajevo had ignited the bomb.

Our Emperor Franz Josef was eighty-four years old, his advisers frozen into the monarchistic system. They didn't see the slow process of disintegration of a body that lived through centuries of a glorious past, but had a confused future. My experience with the army officers gives a vivid example of the muddled state in the opinion among the

standard bearers of our government. Meanwhile Poles and Czechs opened under Benesch a well-organized propaganda in America and from the beginning of the war America cast her sympathies against our cause: the "salvaging of the Austrian conglomeration."

Had our own newspapers given us a truer picture of the real world condition, we wouldn't have been so terribly shocked. But everybody played cat and mouse. Probably our papers were not permitted to disclose the diplomatic backstage play of the other European Governments of Russia, France, Britain and Italy. Our papers were always elusive. One had to go to Switzerland or Denmark to read more factual accounts of the general political attitudes. So many secret plans had caused the division of Europe into hostile spheres of interest. The nationalistic furies had been aroused.

In the Austrian parliament, the Germans were in the minority. Had they offered to keep the peace by negotiations, they would have lost by the antagonistic attitude of the Non-German majority. Moreover, the military and government leaders were blinded by their own power. Had they given at this critical moment a careful appraisal of the national desires of the different nationality groups, in the light of their aspirations, and agreed to the weighing of some compromises, like the granting of Home Rule and Self-rule privileges and given approval at least to some of their most forceful demands, the war could have been avoided. Yet, nothing was done.

How Did I And The People Take The War Calamity

IN THE MEMORABLE MONTH of July 1914, when the world seemed ready to be set on fire, I went for a vacation visit to my sister Lisi in Tarvis. I had planned to make a vacation trip to Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem and Egypt, had already made all the ship and hotel reservations, had only to pick up the tickets on the "Graf Wurmbrand", one of Austria's most elegant boats, scheduled to sail August 2nd from Trieste.

On July 28th—it was a rainy Sunday—my sister Lisi came home from church.

"Oh Andrea, how dreadful," she told me with trembling emotion, "if you had only witnessed the commotion in our city square! Our City Clerk, Mr. Eigner, had a drummer at his side, wildly beating his drum. He read from a long sheet of paper:

"Mobilization is proclaimed. Every man between the ages of twenty and fifty-five has to report to military quarters. Every horse and mule or carriage, truck, vehicle has to be reported to the city hall for requisition."

Lisi lamented: "I also have to bring my mare Fanny to the city hall and all my wagons. What will become of us?"

Tears streamed down her face.

"This means war, real war," I said and felt an intense pain in the pit of my stomach.

I never had seen before in Tarvis so many people on the street as in those hectic days. The men had to leave their business, their work, their families. Everybody was in a hurry; horses, wagons, carriages were driven through town. Women stood in the house entrances wiping the tears from their eyes with the ends of their aprons and saying good-byes to their beloved ones.

I soon returned to Villach to make arrangements with Dr. Pichler, the chief surgeon of the city hospital for a nursing course for us teachers. I could not make the journey through the Mediterranean. All

cruises were canceled; it would not have been fitting to journey for pleasure in such serious times.

Many of my fellow teachers followed my suggestion to receive training in first aid and enrolled in Dr. Pichler's course. Upon completing it we would become Red Cross Nurses and be ready for service when need should arise. I became Dr. Pichler's right hand. On the ninth day of our instructions I had already learned to put a plaster cast on a man's leg, to give injections, and perform other related services of a regular nurse in the hospital of the city. I had been present at operations and taken instructions in after-care of patients. We received very exhaustive training during these eight weeks we were obliged to work at the hospital.

We knew, sooner or later our schools would be turned into hospitals and that the day would arrive when we could be of service to our fatherland.

How World War I Started And How It Ended

FIGHTING HAD started on the Russian Front. With their superior forces, the Russians had broken into Galicia and, after bitterly fought battles, occupied part of it. One year before the beginning of the war, an Austrian officer and member of the military staff, Colonel Redlich, had sold the Russians the complete map and layout of the hidden bulwarks that should have protected Galicia against a Russian onslaught. Now, Galicia was helpless and the Austrian Army, although bravely fighting, lost one encounter after the other. The Germans, too, struggled desperately against the weight of the Russian troops. Soldiers told us that for every fallen Russian ten had jumped into the breach. While the German divisions—following the ingenious “Scheiffen Plan” under the competent leadership of the Generals Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff—could rout the numberless Russian brigades in the famous battles of the Masurian Lakes and Tannenberg and destroy one army after the other.

The Austrians were not so fortunate. The enemy broke even through the Carpathian mountain wall into Hungary during the bitter-cold winter of 1914-15.

On May 15, 1915, Italy, suddenly and without warning, declared war on Austria and brought death and destruction direct to our doorsteps. In our district around Tarvis, only small detachments did the fighting, but Italy occupied the coastal provinces on the Adriatic Sea. South of the Predil Pass, between Flitsch and Karfreit, raged heavy battles. The slopes of these important outposts became literally soaked with the blood of thousands of soldiers who fought heroically for every inch of ground.

At this crucial time, the Germans had finished their campaign against Russia, and the enemy had withdrawn from Hungary and Galicia to prevent encirclement. Our northern troops advanced far into Russia's Western provinces.

Now the moment was ripe to advance against our southern enemy.

The Army headquarters were transferred to Villach and the Park Hotel made the seat of the staff. Before the transfer of the headquarters small fighting was done in the Kanal Valley around the Mittagskogel, the prominent height of the valley. It changed hands several times while at the same time the battle became fierce south of the Predil.

Suddenly in September, the hospital in Tarvis was hit by heavy shell fire. It was a big surprise for all of us, but also for the army headquarters in Villach, which had not expected a direct attack on this important center of the Southern Front. It brought with it a difficult dislocation of the transportation system to convey the soldiers, wounded in the battles south of Predil Pass. They were transferred through a communication tunnel connecting Flitsch and Karfreit, south of the Pass, with the mining town Raibl. This tunnel was already in operation in peacetime and was now successfully used to deliver the wounded soldiers directly to the big hospital in Tarvis. They did not have to be hauled over the mountainous Predil Pass Road. The whole system for the inland transport of the wounded soldiers had to be changed.

As I was born in Tarvis, I was myself deeply, personally involved in these most critical and highly dramatic scenes and you will read about in following chapters how the war affected my personal life.

We found out later what enabled the Italians to make an artillery attack on Tarvis which had been called impossible by military experts. The Mittagskogel, the huge knob rising from the Kanal Valley on the Watershed line, like a look-out post, had changed hands several times and in the end became unoccupied. The Italians made the Austrians pay heavily for their carelessness.

From the South of the summit, where they couldn't be observed they built a road up the steep elevation and near the top drilled tunnels through it, wide enough to move guns on rails back and forth. Therefore our military observants could not detect the positions of the cannons. From the commanding location, 6,000 feet above sea level, they could shout ten miles further than if the cannons would have been placed at the foot of the valley. The Italians could now control the whole territory and bring death and destruction to the entire district.

In October 1915, the Austrian and German armies began a unified drive toward the Italian Garrison lines. The main attack was directed against Gorizia in the Coast Province which had been occupied by the Italian armies since the beginning of the war. With a combined pressure drive from the mountain outposts of Carinthia, Carniola and Tirol the forward move constricted the enemy lines as if by pincers. Although the Italians fought fiercely for every height, the concerted assault was so successful that the Italians had to withdraw as far south and west as

the River Po and Adige. With the forward storming troops, the headquarters and the hospitals were transferred southward.

In 1916 Emperor Franz Josef had died, disillusioned and broken hearted. Emperor Karl I followed him to the throne. Though he was fairly well-liked by the people, Empress Zita was not. Two of her brothers fought on the enemy front. Off and on, they made secret visits to her. When they arrived, the news spread like wildfire through the country, for their visits were usually accompanied by serious setbacks on the battle front. People shouted openly on the streets: "She has betrayed us again to the enemy." The fever and hate against her became general. They blamed her for all the misfortunes of our armies.

Meanwhile, the economic condition of the country and the morale of the population had reached a stage where every one was on the verge of a breakdown. We lost the battle on the Tagliamento. Returning wounded soldiers claimed that Zita, through one of her brothers, had disclosed our positions to the Italian military staff. Over 250,000 Austrian and German soldiers had been killed, wounded or captured.

There were other causes of fatal breakthroughs on our defense lines. Several times had Czechic and Serbic regiments run over to the enemy, as some divisions had done on the northern front in Galicia. A lot of subversive propaganda also circulated on the front among the war-tired troops, destroying their spirit and morale.

Our people were terribly hungry. Long rows of people waiting through the coldest nights for the opening of foodstores to get a loaf of bread that tasted like sawdust. Cotton goods had completely disappeared. In the hospitals, they had to wrap the newborn babies in newspapers. Meanwhile Empress Zita continued to receive for her war-born children, for each of them, 11,000 new diapers which could only be used once, and had then to be destroyed. This was done according to the Spanish Court Ceremonial. The Empress never participated in any welfare activity, never stepped into a poor woman's home to show her compassion. People called curses upon her, I often heard such outbursts. I didn't believe these accusations, but was powerless to stem the tide. How could the highest lady of the land fall victim to such hatred? But when I returned in 1950 from America for the first time to my home country, I met a former member of the Austrian military staff. He told me that after the disaster on the River Tagliamento, the staff contemplated bringing the Empress before the War Tribunal, holding her responsible for the defeat. Emperor Karl prevented the officers from carrying out the plan.

A review of the fate of the women of the Austrian Imperial Court reveals a catastrophic pattern:

Empress Elisabeth, wife of Emperor Franz Josef, beautiful, charm-

ing, idolized by high and low, rich and poor, driven from the arms of her husband by a domineering, heartless mother-in-law, made into a lonesome, restless wanderer, met a tragic death in Switzerland through the hand of an assassin.

Sophia von Hohenberg, wife of Archduke Franz Ferdinand and a fanatic Czech National, murdered in Sarajevo by her own co-nationals.

Zita, a French-Italian by birth, without love for the people of her adopted country and a scheming personality who never grew up to realize the sacred duties inherent to her exalted position, fled from Austria with Emperor Karl as soon as the front had collapsed.

This sealed the fate of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire and the Hapsburg Dynasty.

Our days were filled with horror and despair. They were preceded and followed by most crucial experiences after the final collapse of our Empire. The surrender of our armies on November 8, 1918, caused first an endless backstream of thousands of overloaded trucks which were followed by hundreds of trainloads of soldiers. Our railroad department which had its seat in Villach, managed with most heroic effort to keep the trains rolling and enable the soldiers to flee homeward and to escape prison. There were only two routes open through the mountains which led back to Austria, one through Carinthia over Tarvis and Villach, the other through Tirol along the Lake Garda to Bozen, leading over the Brenner Pass to Innsbruck and Munich. The roads soon were completely blocked, but the rails could be kept open to avoid the full encirclement of our armies by the allied troops.

The war was at an end on the battlefield, but not for our towns and cities. We were caught in a turmoil of grotesque dimensions. We had to live from hour to hour never knowing what the next one would bring, while the masses of soldiers streamed through our cities. My memories of the four gruesome years, but especially of the dreadful debacle of the breakdown still make my heart shake. Yet, we all had learned to be brave. We worked and planned and plugged along with iron willpower and my story will sometimes warm your heart.

My indestructible inner drive to increase my knowledge, to search for new fields, made me attempt to reach professional honors; my love for our youth brought a lucrative artistic success with my Theater Guild. Although between these years my body revolted against me as the after affect of too strenuous overwork and almost caused my total physical downfall, I thank God I recovered. My personal life was excitingly filled with scenes of utmost enravishment, ebullience, agitation, electrifying elation and inspiration, but also with deep ferment, passion, bustle and disturbance. The following chapters will tell you about these often strange, but highly dramatic experiences.

My Theater Guild

WHILE THE TURMOIL was embroiling almost all parts of our country, I had not been idle either.

Our people had felt gradually more and more the pinch of hunger. Our ocean shores were blockaded by the navy of the Entente. No boats could bring grain, meat, or other provisions into our ports. The farmers and their sons had to fight on the battlefields and only women and old men were left to till the land. All food was rationed but not enough was on the market to fill every empty stomach.

The faces of the majority of my people and pupils became pale and drawn; my children were already tired in the morning. I asked the first one, then the other:

“What did you have for breakfast, for dinner, for supper?”

The answer made me very sad. It was then that I conceived the idea of how to help them. It was an odd plan, the way I wanted to raise money to feed our children, and indeed, my effort helped to diminish the increasing misery.

After school hours I gathered the students of the city's Secondary School, the humanistic Gymnasium, with which I was in contact through Mitzi's son Willy, and the students in the highest grade of our Citizen School, like Herta, my niece. Of the six different plays I gave during the following four years with my theater ensemble—and we played only dramatized fairy stories—the first one was the most attractive one, a five-act play with the title “King Throttle Beard.” It was the story of a king's daughter whose father wanted to marry her off. But she didn't like any of the suitors who presented themselves to the court. One was too short, the other too fat, the next one too thin. One's chin was protruding—she called him “Throttle Beard.” This one was a king in his own right who loved the beautiful girl. She made fun of every one and her father became so angry that he swore to marry her to any one who would come along and ask for her hand. Some time later, Throttle Beard, disguised as a beggar, stepped before the throne to ask for the king's daughter. The irate father made good his promise and the silly girl had to follow the pauper and wander with him through

the country. Deciding that some punishment for her contrariness was needed, he resolved that during this trial he would not show any love but would be kind to her.

One day she had to sell crockery on a town square while he was gone. Unknown to her, he made a group of rogues dance over the earthenware until only broken pieces were left. She was deathly afraid that her husband would scold her and he did. She had to go from one trial to another. Each one made her more humble. One night, she had to wait alone for her husband in a dark forest. She trembled with fright, but goblins came dancing in the moonlight to help her lose her fear. Finally she conquered her snobbishness and Throttle Beard, secretly discarding his masquerade, appeared in all his kingly glory and led her to the throne.

My young actors and actresses loved the play and showed surprising skill. Their enthusiasm and devotion to the cause helped me, as well as them, to endure the endless strain of dozens of rehearsals, which lasted for three months. More than sixty boys and girls participated in the show. Four elaborate dance performances, with choreography by Professor Franke, instructor of physical education at the Gymnasium, were incorporated into the play. The final rehearsal was supervised and criticized by a professor of the same institution. The beautiful costumes I had ordered from the Workshop of Theatrical Art in Vienna which supplied the stage costumes for the Imperial Opera.

My brother-in-law, as a member of the City Council of Villach, had assured the use of the City-Theater, which was a part of the City-Hall. We repeated the performance four times and played before sold-out houses. We met with complete artistic and financial success. After the last play, parents and friends waited, with torches in their hands, in front of the theater for the actors, and we were serenaded through the city in the flickering light of the firebrands.

The net proceeds of our activity gave us enough funds to supply food, material and equipment for nine soup-kitchens which we opened in as many schools in the city. For many hundreds of children it was the only warm meal of the day they could get. The mayor of the city, Mr. Otto Stage, made available the scarce products to keep the soup-kitchens going. The principals of the schools gave all possible help and co-operation.

For four winters we continued with the plays. I always selected fairy dramas that made a great appeal to the minds of our plain people. In some of the performances we used authentic folk costumes. Some were loaned by families in whose possession they often had been for a century or more and which had been carefully stored away as heir-looms. The people liked this immensely. Through the use of such old,

cherished and precious garments, we made our people more conscious of the fine sentiment of preserving the traditional clothing style our folk groups used through the centuries.

Our Red Cross Organization asked me to repeat the preformance of "King Throttle Beard" to raise funds for their shrinking coffers. We had to give the play again five times so big was the crowd. Our actors were proud to present them with many thousands of crowns.

Vacation On The Turracher Alp

WE COULDN'T travel anymore through foreign countries as we used to do during our vacations. All borders had been closed. Even for inland trips we needed special permits, passports, identification cards. We had heard so much of the beautiful "Turracher Height" and its famous "baths".

Our school was not sufficiently heated during the winter 1914-1915. There was hardly any coal available to feed large boilers. The floors in our building were of terrazzo and made our feet feel like icicles. I started to suffer from sciatic pains which grew more severe as the winter progressed, and the constant cold dampness inside the building caused an increase in the steady discomfort that became in time unbearable.

Our school was one of the six in our city that closed at the end of May because the buildings were selected to be converted into hospitals. So, I was free to leave early on vacation.

For five summers I made advance reservations at "The Siegel's Hotel" on the Turracher Alp. On the top of the pass which cut the mountains there were three lakes, one lovelier than the other—Black Lake, Green Lake, and Blue Lake, on whose shore the hotel is located. Here we still could get our meals, and delicious ones, without any ration ticket. Butter and milk had become rare at home and had disappeared from most markets.

Only a thousand feet from the hotel was the border of Styria, our north-eastern and eastern neighbor state. Many mountain tops surrounded the pass—the "Giant Nock," the "Iron Head," and the "King's Stool" a little farther west. On the latter, an iron triangle signified that the summit was the three-corner mark between three provinces: Carinthia, Salzburg, and Styria. Most of these peaks were 7,000 or more feet high, but were easily reachable from the pass, a height of 5,500 feet. They looked magnanimously down at the tiny settlement on Blue Lake, and were fine lookout posts. Every day I planned with other guests of the hotel to climb one of these heights, but to the farther outposts, like the King's Stool, I liked to go alone. Then I usually started out at four

o'clock in the morning and returned around 7 p.m. From the peak of the King's Stool one could see in the far distance the magnificent mountain chain of the "Hohe Tauern" and hundreds of other colossi. At their feet, one could watch deer and chamois grazing in peace. The solitude of the lonely repose could fill one's heart with new wonderment and admiration.

But on one of these lonely descents I had a hair-raising experience. I encountered a wild bull, twisting and whirling his tail, probably looking for a cow companion. By good luck he didn't see me, otherwise I would have been lost. I was too familiar with mountain conditions not to know that a person wouldn't dare to come too close to these animals. There was no other way out than to return to a nearby bluff, scale it, and go in a wide circle around the dangerous spot. It was dark when I arrived at the hotel and the other guests were already worrying about me. During one of the summers I spent on the Turracher Alp, one of these unpredictable beasts harassed the Giant Nock, which was located closest to the hotel. Our guests couldn't climb the peak until the farmer of the valley who owned the bull was able to rout him. Four men were necessary to subdue him and, blindfolded with a nose-bag he was finally driven downhill.

Near Green Lake spread the pastures of a rich farmer of Reichenau, a village at the southern foot of the pass. I had once done Mr. Katcher and his only daughter Stefi a favor and so had a standing invitation to visit her in the afternoons at her alpine hut where she reigned during the summer months to take care of the many cows and do the dairying. I usually took some hotel guests along and it was only a half hour's walk to reach her. It must have been quite a comical picture to see us lie on our stomachs on the lawn in front of the hut, forming a big circle around a wide flat pan filled with sour milk and topped with a thick layer of delicious cream. Each one of us was holding in one hand a spoon to ladle the delicate milk, in the other a piece of homemade and hard ryebread spread with alp-butter and taking big bites from the bread.

Our hotel guests came mostly from Vienna or Graz or other large cities. They were professors or doctors, government employees or business people who escaped for a few weeks from the hunger-stricken cities where they couldn't buy, for any money, such delicacies as milk, butter, honey, or bacon. One lady told me that she had bartered away half of her furniture, linen, and jewelry to keep from starving; another that she lay in bed until late in the afternoon so as to feel less grimly the urge to eat. They could hardly believe there was such an El Dorado as Siegel's where one could eat to his heart's content.

By the middle of June I was on my way to the Turracher Height to

use the famous Herb-baths in the bath house that was only one and a half mile from the hotel.

It was located on the Styria side of the pass and could pride itself on having quite a history. From far away people came to take the healing baths. I hoped to be cured from my sciatica as so many had before. Hundreds had found relief from rheumatism and other diseases there. The owner told me some interesting stories of how his establishment had come to fame.

This primitive sanatorium looked from the outside badly dilapidated. I watched the woman owner prepare the baths. She told me about Turrach, the mining town at the northern foot of the pass, only four miles away. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was a booming town. The iron ore found in the mines was of high grade and the steel produced there after the now outdated charcoal method, of a rare quality. England and France bought it and manufactured from it knives and weapons of world-wide reputation.

Sadly, into this village, hidden amid forests and mountain slopes, hardly a sunbeam fell during a great part of the year. All the inhabitants suffered from rheumatism and arthritis. Yet, every week, the miners came up to the bath house for a herb-bath and a massage. Now the mines are at a farther off region with better transportation facilities. With the decline of Turrach's industry, the bath house lost its fame also, but regained new business from the many new tourists. The once fresh and gay colors of the frescoes on the front wall had bleached into a gloomy gray. A big crack ran from the top to the bottom of the wall. The building could tumble down any time into a mass of rubble. Yet, the sundial was still intact.

There was an outside stone oven, also in a state of decay, to heat the water for the baths. This stone oven enclosed a large iron kettle. It stood in the rear of the house a little way off the building. Iron pipes, fitting farther off into wooden pipes, ran from the oven into a wooden trough filled with arnica, gentian, soldanellas, valeriana celtica, dwarf rosebay and other aromatic plants and herbs which the mountain people often used for their healing value. Twigs of fir, larch and pine trees were thrown in also. When the steaming water extracted from the herbs and twigs their aromatic oil and resin, one could smell the rich fragrance pouring into the air.

Something else surprised me. The woman had thrown several big stones, each four or five inches in diameter, into the fire. These were "gray-wacke" stones. The woman said:

"They emanate radium," but it was not proven so far by science. When these stones were red-hot, the woman carried them with long tongs into the cabins and dropped them into the tubs, filled with

steaming water that ran through a gutter-like channel out of the trough, I could stand the bath only for ten minutes. Then I poured ice-cold water over my legs. The woman wrapped me afterwards in blankets and put me to bed for two hours. A hard massage followed. After I had taken sixteen baths I was completely cured. For years I didn't feel any more pains.

I needed the recovery, for right after my return to Villach, all teachers who had enrolled two years before in Dr. Pichler's nursing course were called for Red Cross duty.

I Became A Red Cross Nurse

IN CO-OPERATION with Military Headquarters, the Red Cross Administration had established an Aid and Service Station at the main railroad depot in Villach. The first-class waiting room had been converted into an office and storeroom. Miss X (I don't recall her name any more), an elderly lady and registered nurse, took charge of the station. I became her assistant, taking care of the books and inventory and all the orders that were brought in from the four front hospitals which were located in Tarvis, Kronau, Hermagor, and Oberdrauburg. In Tarvis, the two huge stone barracks, housing formerly one battalion of soldiers, had been changed during the previous year into a hospital. They stood on the so-called "Old or Roman Street" which ran above and parallel with the main highway. The hospital in Kronau, Province Carniola, twenty miles from Tarvis, was a wooden barrack. Wounded soldiers from the Flitsch area could be brought there over the Voss Pass. The hospitals in Hermagor in the upper Gail Valley and Oberdrauburg were converted school houses.

At work we had to wear white caps and uniforms that showed on the upper left sleeve a wide red stripe to indicate that we were Red Cross nurses. Some of the nurses did only train service, but I with some others worked one day at the service station; the following day we went by train to one of the four front-hospitals and rode back with the train that carried the wounded soldiers farther inland. The slightly injured men rode in coaches, but the litter cases to which we were assigned were brought in specially prepared cars that had scaffold-like frames in which the stretchers were hung.

On the following two days we repeated the work schedule; on the fifth we were duty-free. Our commander was Colonel Dr. Urbanik, a brigade physician who was stationed at the Army Headquarters at the Park Hotel.

Although the work was strenuous and exhausting, the depot service was very fascinating. My job was mainly to keep the books up to date. They had to show the material on hand, how much was delivered on a certain day, and on what items the stock was running low. We had a big

turnover daily. Our storage barracks were close by and soldiers often helped me to do the checking.

The Austrian Army Regulations allowed to each soldier only one penny's worth of medication including bandages and prostheses. This was a ridiculously low amount. For one penny one could purchase hardly more than a small piece of gauze, and one officer remarked jokingly: "In the Army, all diseases above the diaphragm are cured with aspirin, all below with castor oil, unless the patient prefers to die graciously before."

For this reason, the funds of the Red Cross were used to supply additional medication and material to the hospitals and emergency stations. It also donated some refreshments such as cookies, candies, fruit juices, and brandy, and served coffee and rolls to passing wounded soldiers. Every day, numerous officers of the front hospitals, the aid, and field dressing stations came to our office to present their orders. They usually came with the morning train, but also during the day. Sometimes we were in quite a rush to fill the diversified demands on time.

More than office work I enjoyed calling for the transport of wounded soldiers. I especially loved to go to Tarvis. We had to leave at 7:30 a.m. After my arrival, I had one hour's time to visit my sister Lisi. At 11:30 dinner was served at the hospital. I soon became very attached to one of the nurses, Sister Philo, the bride of Professor Dr. Loewenstein from the University of Prague. He had a world-wide reputation as a brain surgeon. Philo herself was a student of philosophy at the University of Vienna. She told me that Dr. Loewenstein on some days performed ten trepanations, operation on soldiers with head wounds. At every visit, she showed me his patients and I could observe the almost unbelievable progress in their recovery. To many he restored eyesight, to many the faculty of speech, or the ability to remember names and numbers again or to write, depending upon which part of the brain had been damaged. He had saved the lives of hundreds of soldiers. One disabled soldier was Philo's favored pet, a boy of nineteen, a former waiter. During a battle for the defense of Verschitza, south of the Predil Pass, a shrapnel had completely torn away one of his legs near the hip and had mangled the other so badly that it had to be amputated immediately. This little stump of a human being had miraculously endured the terrible loss of blood, but he was sometimes so weak that one could at any moment expect his death. But he was jolly and joked with the other patients as if nothing had happened. Everybody admired his courage and was cheered by his kind and joyful spirit. My trips to Tarvis had therefore always some personal interest that I missed at the other hospitals I had to serve.

The nurse rode in the car that carried the seriously wounded soldiers.

We had with us a wooden box which contained medicines, bandages, and some little refreshments. I usually sat on my box in the center of the wagon, both sliding doors open, so I could keep my eye on my patients lying on the stretchers. I often played the mouth organ or sang to them when they didn't suffer too much pain. Many soldiers told me, when I said good-bye to them that they had enjoyed these short hours more than anything else.

On September 2 it happened that my turn came again to go to Tarvis. This time Philo notified me that our protege had to be moved this very day.

"Take special care of him," she begged, "I am afraid the shaking of the train will do him harm."

And so it was. He had one fainting spell, one expulsion after the other. His body, although reduced in size and weight, was still too heavy for me to lift alone. I prayed that he would not die. I immediately reported his condition to the doctor at the depot who was in charge of the transfer of the wounded soldiers. An ambulance brought him to a hospital in Villach. How glad I was that he came with me! He would never have survived the horrors of September 3.

Tarvis And Its Hospital

Shelled By The Italians

I WAS sitting the next morning at the desk of the Red Cross Station. We had received a whole carload of new material and I was busy putting the entries into the books. My superior was at the barracks looking for a place to store the goods. With the morning train, four officers from the hospital in Tarvis had arrived, one of the doctors, the pharmacist and two others. They asked for many articles which they wanted to take along on their return on the afternoon train.

Then the telephone rang. It was Colonel Dr. Urbanek from Army Headquarters.

"Who is on the phone?" he asked.

"Sister Andrea Huber, Colonel. Can I do something for you?" I called into the phone.

"Can you give me the number of stretchers you have on hand?" he continued.

"Please only one minute. I will look it up." After a short pause I answered, "We have 140 in the storage barracks and two here. Do you want to have them shipped somewhere?"

"Yes, have them sent at once to Tarvis. The hospital there is to be evacuated," he declared.

"The hospital in Tarvis evacuated?" I repeated in great consternation. "What has happened?"

"It is under heavy fire. Hurry up! Do as I tell you!" came the short command through the receiver.

For a moment, I sat very still. My heart was pounding furiously. I could hardly think straight.

"Poor Lisi, what will become of you? What of our parents' house?" I groaned.

These were the only thoughts my mind could grasp. This must have happened within the last hour. After I had finished my order, I tried to find Miss X. Then I looked through all the rooms of the large depot building, through the restaurant, the traffic office, the waiting rooms,

to find a trace of the four men from Tarvis. How surprised or frightened they would feel when told the terrible news! They would realize in an instant what a disaster it really was. I didn't find anybody, the depot was deserted except for the train dispatcher and not even he had heard the news. I was on pins and needles. I could not leave my post, yet I had to notify my sister Mitzi. I expressed my fears to Miss X who had returned. She understood.

"You can go home at three," she said. "Soon we may expect the evacuation transport. We will need all hands available."

At two o'clock the train arrived. Many people had assembled on the perron. Finally the news had spread.

Sister Praxmarer, a doctor's widow, and Sister Rosenberg had had the transport duty. They stepped down from the train trembling and shivering so badly that we feared they would collapse. Sister Praxmarer was first able to speak while the wounded soldiers, some in awfully bad shape and moaning in pain, were laid down on stretchers or led to the waiting trucks.

"It was horrible," Sister Praxmarer stammered when the first tumult was over. "At nine-thirty, the first shell fell into the town. We had just left the train at the short-stop station right below the schoolhouse. First we didn't know where the hissing sounds came from. But one of the officers who had left the train with us had more experience. 'They are shooting at us,' he explained.

"We ran straight up the slope and climbed over the walls, first to the schoolhouse, then to the upper terrace where the hospital stands. 'Toot! Toot!' The shells exploded on nearby fields, fell into buildings, hit the hospital. The hissing of the shells, the deafening noise of the explosions, the rumbling of crashing walls, the cries of people intermixed to a vociferous uproar. The doctors continued operating while the missiles tore part of the operating room away. The halls of the hospital thudded with rushing feet. One truck, standing in the driveway and loading wounded men, was hit by shrapnel and all persons in it killed. Cripples were advised to roll down the slopes and all patients able to walk to flee farther east where they could be picked up by trucks. One man died in my arms. I didn't dare to move until an attendant tore my arms away. I never before heard so much swearing, crying, lamenting, and groaning in my life. All over was confusion, madness, and chaos.

"The train on which we had arrived pulled backward half a mile and despite the high embankment walls, we could load the majority of the disabled into the cars. Several of the severe cases had succumbed in the turmoil, and helpers, braving the danger of returning to the hospital, carried the rest of the victims on litters. But the most horrible sight was

to see the poor souls with their bandaged heads and bodies, their legs and arms in casts, crawl or roll down the declivity, crying for help, screaming in terrific pain. I never will forget this picture."

We were stunned and frightened by Sister Praxmarer's story. It was almost 3 p.m. and I could leave. The thought that my sister Lisi was in danger tortured my mind. I grabbed my coat and ran home. But Mitzi wasn't there. I hurried to the small depot ten blocks from our house, to look for my brother-in-law. He had just left, they told me. But when I stepped on to the perron a locomotive under steam was standing on the rails, ready to depart. I saw the shimmer of a white dress—a nurse stood next to the engineer. It was Sister Brigitta Brugger from our Red Cross Station.

"Where are you going?" I shouted.

"To Tarvis. We will have a night transport."

"You are alone?" I asked. "I shall come too."

"Come along and hurry!" she called resolutely.

I jumped up the high steps to the engine and showed my Red Cross badge.

"You really will need help, Sister Brugger," I said breathlessly. "It is not safe for you to be alone."

"But you will have to behave," burred the fireman into his beard. "This is no place for women-folks."

"We will be good," I promised.

It was still daylight when the engine started. When we had passed Thoerl, twilight had sunk upon the earth. We were close to the place where one could see the Lushariberg, the famous Catholic shrine way up on the mountain top. We gasped—in the far distance we saw an immense sheaf of fire pierce the sky.

"Oh! Lord!" we both cried. "The Italians have set the holy church afire. All the houses around it must be burning." Soon we reached the tunnel. Being in the open engine, we were choked by the smoke and gulped for air. We both coughed fretfully.

When, at last, we reached the main terminal of Tarvis, an officer of the military detachment greeted us and offered us something to eat. We gladly accepted. A captain introduced himself and asked us whether we cared to walk to the town, two miles away.

"The transport from Raibl is due 11 p.m." he declared. "I don't think there is any danger now of being shot at."

"I am grateful to you for this offer," I replied. "I am terribly worried about my sister. I have to find her."

He led us in a big circle over the railroad bridge that crossed the Schlitz Canyon, to avoid the less safe highway. Through Unterwinkel we came to Lower Tarvis where the house of my parents was located.

The whole town was deserted, the door to the house locked. A man who held a lantern over his head came walking down the dark street.

"Who are you?" he hollered. It was the night watchman and he recognized me at once.

"All the people have fled to Greenwald or Flitschl where no shells have fallen. They will return when the Italians stop shooting. This was a terrible day. We didn't think we would get out alive. Over three hundred shells were fired, mostly over the hospital. Big damage was done in Upper Tarvis, but in Lower Tarvis only three houses received direct hits."

"From where in all the world did the Italians shoot?" I asked, perplexed by the physical riddle.

"One can only guess, for nobody knows the hidden place," he confessed with visible chagrin.

"Can I go inside. Do you have the key?"

"Yes ma'am, you may go in. I will open the door," he said willingly and lifted a big bunch of keys to the light.

"This is the one," I pointed to the large key I had spied. The man opened the door and I stepped into the silent house. I switched the light on in the kitchen. It was still intact, the powerhouse was also in operation. The small bulb spread only a dim light over the place. I sat down on the iron plate of the hearth. Probably it was the last time I could do so. I had to say goodbye to the stone house, to the cherished place of my childhood, the spot where I was born. Emotion overwhelmed me. I sobbed in a flood of tears: "Oh! Lord! Don't let it happen."

Sister Brugger and the captain had waited outside. They must have heard my wailing, for Miss Brugger called in a soft voice: "Sister Andrea!" I collected myself, stepped out of the house, and closed the door. I felt Miss Brugger reaching for my hand, pressing it in warm compassion as silently we walked on. The night was extremely still, only the sound of our footsteps was audible. Millions of stars sparkled in the firmament and the shadows and outlines of the distant mountain ranges grew into grotesque shapes. We came near the depot and at the rear of the long-stretched building right before the entrance to the perron, a soldier stood on guard. At his feet lay a long bundle covered with a tarpaulin.

"Do you know who it is?" I asked the guard in a subdued voice.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, "one of the young volunteers from the garrison on the Luschari Berg, a student, the only son of School Principal Moser of Malestig. I was with the boys and we took the body along with the transport. His parents are notified."

"Of Malestig?" I cried and lifted the cover. It was young Karl Moser,

one of my character performers of the play "King Throttle Beard." I knew his parents and had loved the soft-spoken, talented boy. Now a cruel death had suddenly ended his career.

The transport trucks from Raibl had arrived. Several years before the war had started, the owners of the Donnersmark mine had built a tunnel from Raibl to Ober-Breth, partly to open new veins, partly to facilitate the transport of ore to the south. This tunnel had become very handy for bringing the wounded soldiers directly from the hotly fought-for heights of Flitsch to Tarvis. We had to take several hundred victims on this night train to Villach and the tracks and perron were in a tumult. A long train had been set together for the many passengers. While the soldiers were fed, workers ran back and forth to load the cars and lead the soldiers who were able to walk to the coaches. Brigitta and I were busy feeding the severely injured men and comforting them in their distress.

It was 4 a.m. when we arrived in Villach. It was drizzling and the morning was very chilly. I rushed home to catch some sleep but could not find any rest. My mind was filled with the horrifying pictures of screaming, stumbling, fleeing human beings, sliding, crawling, rolling down the hill amidst exploding shells, of the ghostly night in Tarvis, and silent corpse of a promising young man, to whom life should have given the glories of fulfillment.

Baptism By Fire

THE FOLLOWING DAY I was duty free. I walked as though in a trance. The pained faces of the sighing, moaning patients, the fiery streak of the blazing church, the hectic scenes of the night were haunting my soul. I had to go to the Red Cross Station to find out whether a change in our scheduled turns to ride to the hospitals had taken place. Here I found that I was down for the fifth of September, the next day, to call again for the transport from Tarvis. On account of the shooting, the trucks bringing the wounded soldiers from Raibl to Tarvis could travel only during the dark hours because during the day the roads were under steady shell fire. Only one train a day went to Tarvis, leaving at seven in the morning and returning at midnight.

After I finally reached Tarvis, I had ample time to visit the town and search for my sister. On this very day, the shooting ceased at 11 a.m. Only a few men and women, persons whom I knew only slightly, were lingering around the comparatively safe railroad station. Against the warning of the commander of the terminal I started for the town. Two lady employees of the telegraph office at the depot noticed me leaving the station. They asked me whether they might join me and I gladly consented. We chose the lowest road, running at the base of the valley. The winding white roads cut in four terraces—like shelves through the southern slope of the mountain range north of the Schlitz and Bartolo Rivers. Partly through dense woods, partly through patches of green, slanting meadows, the shining lime-stone highways, masterly built into the rocks and over boulders, fenced with low walls of huge stone squares, spun like ribbons through the countryside.

After passing Unterwinkel and the saw mills we entered Tarvis. The city seemed oddly hushed and tranquil; only our steps resounded from the hard surface of the street and echoed from the stone walls of the houses like dull beats of a drum. We passed the small church of Lower Tarvis; then the two girls left me and I proceeded alone towards my father's house. One house nearby had been hit and laid in ruins. It had no roof nor floors any more. I rapped at my sister's door; it was locked. The people had again fled into villages that did not lie in the firing line.

Strolling through Upper Tarvis I found it as deserted as Lower Tarvis and considerably more damaged. Dozens of places I knew so well from my childhood were utterly destroyed. A cluster of buildings around the city square and post office had escaped destruction, but houses on the highest terrace—the Old Street—which led to the hospital, were almost completely reduced to shambles. At one of these ruins I met the town barber Achatz and his wife. I had not seen them for years. His daughter was a school friend of mine. We shook hands but I could not realize this moment that two hours later I would hear him scream with pain. I continued three blocks farther toward two bungalows near the hospital. A rustic bench in front of one of the homes beckoned so invitingly to me that I couldn't resist sitting down. I needed rest; I had become tired from the long walk.

The whole valley in its wondrous and splendid grandeur lay at my feet. To the right, forests changed into sloping lawns which stretched like velvet carpets from terrace to terrace. The saturated viridity of pine trees and spruces mingled and contrasted with the yellowness of the oaks, the brown-orange of the beech-wood trees and the flaming red of the larch-firs in the higher regions. Straight ahead to the west, the evening sky turned into a crimson and orange-tinted glow where the dark pyramid of the Oisternig rose in transcendent majesty toward the heavens. The sinking sun touched the brilliant silhouette. The glories of its kingly treasure house were thrown over mountainsides and forests and over the white homes beneath my resting place. Violet, scarlet, gold and ruby shimmered in resplendent magnificence. Over the dark forests to the south, the gigantic forms of heights and ranges soared upward, and still higher the sublime peaks of the Wischberg, the Giant Corpse, and Mangart.

Suddenly all color grew dim and dark shadows followed the falling king. But shortly after, the mountains started again to glow in a warm erubescence. A miraculous radiance gleamed from the stony heights, glittered from crags and jagged edges, and then the glow melted away into a silvery twilight.

A peasant cart, drawn by two horses, rolled and rattled along the lower main highway. It had passed the schoolhouse beneath. On a wide board, laid over the open cart behind the driver's seat, sat two young lieutenants. They had noticed me sitting in my white uniform on the bench and winked merrily up to me. I flagged my handkerchief in a lusty response. But a new and strange rumbling sound like the fluttering tremor of thunder penetrated the air from the west, mixing with the shrieks of a lonesome hawk circling the near forest. When the thundering became more distinct I knew it was the sound of shooting. I drew out my watch to count the seconds between the shots and the fol-

lowing explosion, wondering whether I could not figure out the distance at which the shooting was done.

All of a sudden, a hissing noise was upon me. A shell hit the earth about eight feet away. It churned up a turbid spray of black earth and stones. I jumped up, flinging over my head in the same motion the two coats I had brought along, while the stones poured down over my head like a falling fountain. I started to run wildly down the hillside, fell into a hole torn by a previous shell, rose up, fell again at full length into another, while I heard the frantic screams of somebody who was badly hurt. Finally I reached the lower level where the two lady companions of several hours ago stood shaking in fright near the schoolhouse.

"Where are you running to?" they cried. Another shell whizzed through the air and exploded in the schoolhouse. The air pressure had thrown us to the earth.

"They mean too well," I joked. "Let's hurry down to the river and up to the Briesnick plateau."

The two lieutenants came galloping towards us.

"May we come along?" they asked, and remarked, "You seem to know the town."

"Follow me down to the river," I replied, pointing to the direction. "We will take a short cut. See this path?" I shouted and jumped more than I ran off the road through a field down a hill, while the missiles buzzed over our heads and the explosions roared. We reached the next lower level and slid in a sitting position down a steep bank to the river. We girls lifted our skirts and waded knee-deep through the water, carefully watching every step to avoid slipping off a slippery stone and falling flat into the river. After we had crossed it we searched feverishly for some paths through the thicket, because the steep slope leading to the plateau was covered by a dense forest. On the Briesnick, I thought, we would be protected from the shells. But we found some shell holes there too.

The shooting had suddenly ceased—we were safe. At first, we stood silent, breathless after our frenzied escape, but soon we broke into gay laughter as if to ridicule our needless panic. We had recovered from the terrific shock as if it had been an every-day experience. It seemed war-time had changed us into a tougher sort of people, more easy-going, more careless, less concerned about the tragic side of life. I thought immediately of stirring in the new shell holes. Probably we could find some of the fantastically formed copper parts of the shell-heads which were valued as keepsakes. I did find one, but when I touched it I screamed in pain. I had burned several of my fingers badly, so hot was the piece. Was it a punishment for the almost incomprehensible levity of my behavior? That wasn't the only absurdity that astonishes me still

today after almost forty years—the reaction to the dangers of war is a strange thing. I felt frightfully hungry and my companions too. We hurried to the depot where we could eat our supper. I had to work there too, to unpack the refreshments I needed for my patients. Although I seemed perfectly composed after all the excitement, I felt the after-effects of the shock for many days and often found myself jerking up from sleep during the following nights.

We had found out, too, what enabled the Italians to make an artillery attack on Tarvis, which had seemed impossible to military experts. I have mentioned previously how, at the beginning of the war against Italy, the “Mittags Kogel,” the huge knob rising from the Kanal Valley on the watershed line like a lookout post, had changed hands several times and in the end been left unoccupied. The Italians made the Austrians pay for their carelessness. From the south of the mountain where they could not be observed, they built a road up the steep elevation and near the top of the peak drilled a tunnel through it, wide enough to move big guns back and forth on rails. Therefore our military couldn’t detect the position of the cannons. From this commanding location, 6,000 feet above sea level, they could shoot ten miles farther than if the guns had been placed at the foot of the valley. From the height of the mountain they could control the whole territory and bring death and destruction to the entire district.

From people who came later on to the depot, I heard that Barber Achatz was seriously injured by the first shot fired in the evening. A flying stone had smashed his shoulder. It was the shot that was meant for me.

My Preparations To Create A Business School In Villach

WHILE THE FIELD of war had moved southward and Villach had lost more or less its war glamor, yet, uninterruptedly heavy transports of artillery, munitions, provisions, soldier detachments, endless lines of trucks rolled through the city.

Before the Army Headquarters switched to the south, Colonel Dr. Urbanek, the boss of our Red Cross Station, called all the Red Cross nurses to a dinner at the depot hotel. Many other high ranking officers attended the affair. Dr. Urbanek, in a ceremonial speech, praised all of us nurses for our diligence and loyalty and thanked us for our faithful services. Each one of us was presented with the Silver Medal of Honor with the War Decoration. It was a solemn celebration, marked by many speeches, and glittering uniforms, but lightened somewhat by a lot of flirting. Some of the nurses' husbands who were members of the military staff were also present.

In letters to my sisters living in America I described the eventful experiences of the past five months, especially to Anna, who showed a burning interest in all the incidents I had encountered. I painted in vivid colors the siege of Tarvis, the evacuation of the hospital, the thrilling episode of my narrow escape from death. I understood that Anna would be deeply moved when realizing the dangers surrounding us and the plight we had to endure. I had not received any answer to my last two letters and I wondered whether they ever were delivered. Rumors that America would enter the war on the side of the Entente were circulated months before President Wilson was elected. They increased even more my fear that I would never see my two sisters and my brother again.

Our schools had been restored to their regular use and before the middle of October had arrived, we were teaching again. Despite the heavy demands of my work as Red Cross nurse, I had nourished the idea of opening, in the fall, a commercial evening course and had diligently prepared myself for the new task. There was only one

business school in the whole province of Carinthia. It was located in Klagenfurt and provided two years of commercial training. It was a fully accredited institution but for many too expensive to attend. Such a school, even with reduced courses, had become almost mandatory for Villach. The rapidly growing city showed an increasing demand for office helpers, stenographers, typists, and others.

The City Council granted me permission to use one or two rooms in our school building during evening hours. In my courses I intended to teach shorthand, commercial arithmetic, letter writing and typing. (For typing I engaged another teacher.) I advertised the courses in our local newspapers and distributed handbills and posters. I was amazed at the lively response. I accepted seventy applicants, the rest I had to console with the prospect of future enrollment or be turned away. They came from nearby and farther off towns like Arnoldstein, Noetsch, and Hermagor. I set the fee reasonably low, because I was more interested in giving my pupils the opportunity of an advanced education than in making a sizable profit. Every hour that was left from teaching in the regular school I devoted to the new and time-absorbing work. The rehearsals for my theaters, skiing, and sledding were done on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. For months I didn't have a free minute to myself. At this particular time, we still had not changed to forenoon teaching, this first was accomplished the following year. As I taught my courses on four evenings of the week from seven to 9:45 p.m., I had to walk those days three times a day to and from school, a stretch more than a mile each way. Corrections and preparations added a new heavy load of obligations to my burdened life.

But all the more I enjoyed my Saturdays and Sundays. Skiing up on the Dobratsch and Goerlitzten, sledding down from the Loibl Pass seemed to produce the peak of delight. I preferred sled riding to skiing. Our sleds were built differently from those used in America. They were made higher, were one or two-seaters, manufactured of the tenacious and bendable wood of the linden tree. They were one foot high with an iron band fastened under the lower bar that extended in front in a hornlike bend as high as or higher than the upper bar. Holding on to these horns one could steer easily. We used an extra sledding outfit. On our heads we wore a woolen cap that could be drawn over the ears; a warm, wool-lined suit with pants that were tucked into puttees; spiked Goiserers; mittens or gloves whose fingers or upper part ended in iron claws.

When we went up the Loibl Pass, we had to leave home as early as 4 a.m. We had to travel forty miles by train—as far as Kirschentauer, lying at the foot of the pass. From there we ascended on a wide, twenty-mile-long road to the height of the pass, carrying our sleds over our shoulders or pulling them after us by a rope tied to our belts. We had to

overcome dozens of hairpin turns and usually made the upward hike in seven hours. After taking a light lunch at the pass inn, we stormed down on our sleds with lightning speed to the base of the valley. It took us hardly more than an hour, unless we had many falls. Whew! How the sharp wind whizzed around our cheeks, how we threw our bodies sideward, back, or forward as the numerous curves and sharp turns required, how we pressed the iron claws into the icy road to diminish the tremendous speed! It was an intoxicating, exciting experience, thrilling from beginning to end.

Teaching, however, was not very pleasant this winter. There was little coal available to heat our schools. The classrooms were cold, often having a temperature of not more than 40 degrees and we were forced to keep our coats on all day. We were shivering and blue-faced from the steady chill. It was one of the hardest winters I could remember. Sometimes it snowed for days in succession, two or three feet at once, and, as the snowploughs were always late, we had to tramp knee-deep through the mass. We had to stay in our wet clothes during the forenoon, wade home through the slush at noon, go back in the afternoon, and repeat it all over again in the evening. Then I had to talk continuously before the large classes, over-exert my voice organs and let the cold air in the rooms chill them beyond the safety mark. I caught a bad cold that developed into a nasty cough which I couldn't shake off. I coughed day and night. It deprived me of the little rest I could gather while sleeping. Rapidly I lost more and more weight, became really thin and pale and showed big blue circles around my eyes. I started to feel feverish and to perspire during the night. My sister Mitzi became alarmed and urged me to see the doctor.

"Go to Dr. Bruckmann," she goaded me. "Haven't you noticed when you glance into the mirror how sick you look? You should take better care of your health. Besides you disturb our sleep too, because we hear your steady cough and the tenants above and below you are complaining."

"But I am not ill," I answered angrily. "I will soon be over this spell. But to please you, I will see the doctor."

Dr. Bruckmann knew me well. He looked at me with a frown on his face.

"Why didn't you come sooner?" he asked with unconcealed irritation. "You waited too long to consult me."

"It's only a cough. I will soon be over it. I wouldn't have taken time to consult you, but my sister seems to be so concerned about my well-being that she pesters me day by day to see you." I retorted.

"She certainly is smarter than you are. Besides, stop making your own diagnosis," he remarked rudely. I felt annoyed by his harshness

but undressed to submit to the examination. I saw him shaking his head.

"Go home, go to bed and stay there until I give you permission to get up," he commanded.

"But, Doctor, I have to finish the courses. They will run for three more weeks. Then from the end of February on I am enrolled for a semester of chemistry at the University of Graz and at the Academy of Commerce to study mechanical and chemical technology and material knowledge. I need these courses to become a teacher for business schools. And on Sundays, I like to go skiing or sledding, which is healthy," I answered stubbornly.

"Close your courses, burn your books, throw your skis away!"

"What ails me that I should be so careful all of a sudden?" I asked more timidly.

"A bad bronchitis," he said and he turned away. I was not convinced of the seriousness of my condition. I told Mitzi what I had found out from the doctor and laughed: "I cannot understand what makes all of you so afraid of me. There is nothing wrong with me."

I went to my room, but not to bed. One day the following week, my sister interviewed Dr. Bruckmann without telling me about it. When I came home from school, she called me into the kitchen where she was preparing supper.

"Sit down," she said. "I have to talk to you, Andrea. I was at Dr. Bruckmann's this afternoon. I told him that you are still going to school instead of staying in bed. He said you are very ill. Both of your lungs are affected."

"My lungs? That can't be. It sounds too ridiculous. It would mean I have tuberculosis. You only want to scare me."

I stepped into the living room, lifted the volume "L" of the encyclopedia from the bookrack and looked for the word "Lungenspitzenkatarrh," as the early attack of tuberculosis was named. I started to read. It said: "Affection of the lungs at an early stage, caused by tubercle bacilli; incurable bringing death in three to six years." When I had finished reading I stared in stony silence through the window into the sky as if I could find there the solution for the big riddle: "Life or death." A passionate sobbing shook me. My sister watched my inner struggle. Not a word was spoken by either of us.

I got up, replaced the book, entered my room, undressed and went to bed, where I remained for eight weeks. I seemed to be in a trance, like a person walking in his sleep, so strangely numb I felt. But the paralysis of my mind was of short duration. As substitutes to complete my courses, I chose an officer of the City Bank and a teacher of the Citizen School for Boys. Of some relief to me was the message from the

University in Graz that the second semester would start after the Easter holidays. The University remained closed on account of lack of coal. At the Academy I could make arrangements with my private tutor. My doctor was a sensible man. Saying he wanted my full co-operation, he explained to me the phases of my illness, the actions of the bacilli, and how I could prevent their progress. He said: "Take your temperature, at least twice daily. It will give you an indication of any improvement. Eat heartily and the richest food you can get hold of. You have to stuff yourself with nourishment. When you gain weight you also know that we start to lick the bacilli and prevent them from spreading. Next, give your lungs a chance to heal by absolute rest periods, especially after every meal. Only then can the caverns which the bacilli formed, close again and fill in new tissue."

Now I realized how foolish and reckless I had been. In a few years I would have succumbed to the dreadful disease. But the trying time was not without its enlightening moments. My pupils heard of my troubles. Many came from rural districts, from farms, from nearby villages and towns, where almost everybody raised chickens, hogs, or even a few cattle, owned small acreages or gardenland, fields, orchards. They knew I was depending on the small food rations we were entitled to and which often could not be filled. They came forward with their own limited produce, small gifts of bacon, fresh or smoked meat, cheese, butter, milk, bread, or fruit, things that I could not buy for any money in the city. They literally saved my life.

At first Dr. Bruckmann came every other day, later on once or twice a week. He watched closely every sign of recovery. Slowly the fever subsided. Two weeks before Easter I could get up.

At this time I experienced a great and unexpected surprise. One evening, my brother-in-law, after a city council meeting, came home, opened the door of my room, and asked: "Is your name Andrea?"

I laughed: "You should know by this time. How funny to ask such a question! What is on your mind?"

He told me a very exciting story: "My colleague in the city council, Mr. Radl, who lives in Lind (a suburb of Villach), saw an American German newspaper in the Cafe Lind hanging from a paper holder on the wall. Its name is "Milwaukee Herald." In it, under several big headlines, is an article which describes the siege of Tarvis. It fills five columns and it is signed 'your sister Andrea.' That must have been the letter you wrote to Anna, because it began 'Dear Anna.' Mr. Radl thought immediately of you. He asked the proprietor of the cafe for the paper and he said you can have it if you call for it."

How happy this message made me! Now I knew Anna had received my letters and the assurance that we were well at home. It was the

last—and, as such, only an indirect—communication from her for more than two years. Two weeks later America declared war on Germany and every mail connection was made impossible. Dr. Bruckmann had tried to arrange a sojourn of three weeks in a warmer climate for me, Abbazia on the Adriatic or in Bozen or Meran. The military commander of each place rejected his applications, he could only wrangle from them a permit for a two weeks stay in Cilli, South Styria, which had a milder climate than Villach. It was not of much help to me. I found a lot of rain and low temperatures there too.

Hard Months Of Study In Graz

ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH of April I reached Graz. I registered at the University and was told that, because the semester lasted only three months—to the end of July, I had to add one and one half hours to my regular daily curriculum. I had to work every day from 12:30 to 6 p.m. at the laboratory. Then I went to the Academy of Commerce to see its president. I had received by letter permission from him to use the facilities of his college to study all samples of industrial, commercial, and farm products of different countries of the world which were shown there, all blueprints and models of modern machinery used in different manufacturing processes and the machines employed for these purposes. All this I needed for my future examination. My instructor was Professor Paenisch, who taught at the Academy. His private lessons included all subjects demanded from a teacher of the technical department of business schools, as: material knowledge, mechanical and chemical technology. Another subject, world geography of commerce, I had to study without a tutor. My lessons lasted through five days of each week from 8:00 to 10:30 a.m. The semester of chemistry was demanded for another subject: material testing. It should enable me to examine the ingredients of every article used or produced in manufacturing and trading.

I stayed with my brother-in-law Rudolf's mother, Mrs. Kaitna, in an apartment house on Kepler Street which belonged to one of Rudolf's uncles. The Academy was located on Wieland Street, not far from home, but the University lay on the opposite side of the city. As one can realize, I had to work hard during these three months. Every hour of the day was scheduled, often during late night hours I sat over my lessons. Twice daily I measured my temperature. When fever recurred, I stayed in bed Saturdays and Sundays to rest. To be sure to do everything in my power to gain complete recovery from my malady, I consulted the best-known lung specialist in the city: Professor Dr. Rheinek from the University. (I believe this was his name.) After a thorough examination he gave me the same advice as Dr. Bruckmann: a lot of food and a lot of rest. I mentioned to him that I would stay during at

least two summer months on the Turracher Alp, where there was an abundant supply of food and where I could take sun baths, because at altitudes of over 5,000 feet the ultraviolet rays could show their healing effect. He agreed but warned me not to overdo and gave me strict rules for resting hours and time devoted to slow walking. New hope filled my soul. After the vacation I was to see Dr. Mueller in Villach, who was in charge of sending patients to the Tuberculosis Sanatorium of Gastein, Salzburg. I told him that I had already applied for admission, but was notified I had to wait at least one year.

One important item still had to be taken care of. I had to see personally in Vienna the Minister of Education for the Austrian government. A new business school, such as I wanted to start, could only be founded with the consent of the Austrian Government and such a grant had also to go through all the red tape that usually accompanies all governmental functions. My problem was not only difficult, it was very complicated. Affidavits had to be produced to show the professional eligibility of the persons engaged as teachers at the school, the necessity for its creation, its financial status, the classrooms used and so forth. I had them ready before I left Villach: the agreement with the bank officer—the same who had substituted for me during my illness and who was accredited to teach bookkeeping and accounting; my own qualifications for which I was studying; a standing permit from the City Council of Villach, to use one or two class rooms of our citizen school during free hours of the day; a statement showing an estimate of expected income and expenses; and a letter of introduction from the president of the Academy of Commerce in Graz who had graciously arranged the interview. On a certain day in the latter part of June I had to appear before the Minister of Education. As I tried to avoid losing more than one day of the important instructions, I intended to take the night train to Vienna, stay there for one day, and return on the next night train to Graz. But an unfortunate incident almost spoiled the whole carefully arranged plan and could have brought unmeasurable misery to two other people.

One day before my departure I went to the bank to withdraw four hundred crowns from my deposit which I needed for the journey, and to the military commander of Graz to apply for a travel permit. I had planned to drive the following day direct from the University to the depot to board the train to Vienna.

With my books under my arm and great anxiety in my heart as to what the day in Vienna would bring to me, especially whether I could persuade the Minister of Education to grant me the license for a new school, I boarded the streetcar in front of my house, transferred on Lend Place to take the car which passed Wieland Street where the

College was located. While riding I always made use of every minute to rehearse the chapters I had studied the night before. I had my handbag hanging from my arm, some books lay on my lap, one I held in my hand. I suddenly felt a book commence to slide from my lap to the floor. I could not catch it. With the left arm on which my handbag hung, I reached to the floor. But my handbag interfered with picking up my book. I placed it on the bench next to me and reached for the book. At the same moment my stop was called. I grabbed the books but not the handbag and hurried to the exit. When I arrived at the College, two blocks away, I missed my bag.

"Good heavens!" I screamed. "I left it lying on the bench-with my travel permit, my money, my letter of introduction, my keys!"

If lightning had struck me, I couldn't have been more horrified. What should I do? I had not even a coin to use the telephone to report the loss to the streetcar company. I ran to the corner where I had left the tramway. Some letter carriers stood there with bundles of mail in their arms. I explained to them what had happened and asked them for advice. One of them called my attention to the fact that the cars on this particular line ran only as far as Jakomini Square, where they turned and ran back to Maria Trost, from where they started.

He asked: "How long ago was it that you got off the car? Could you recognize the conductor or motorman?"

"Yes, I could. It was a lady-conductor and it happened only ten minutes ago."

"Watch the cars coming from Jakomini Square and look for the conductor," he suggested. "If you called the company, you would not get the bag back today any more. The conductors report found articles the first thing in the evening when they leave service."

"But I need the bag today. Tomorrow morning I have to be in Vienna. So much depends upon my being there. To get it back tomorrow wouldn't do me any good."

A car came from the direction of the square. It had a male conductor. After five minutes another car rolled by. Again the conductor was a man. Another ten minutes passed. It seemed like an eternity. I walked nervously up and down until a third car came rattling along, the braked wheels squealing and screeching to a stop. I hurried to the rear exit where the conductors usually stood. There through the window I spied the round and smiling face of my lady-conductor.

"Lady, lady," I cried. "Did you find a black handbag lying on this side of the bench on the way to Jakomini Square?"

The woman stepped down from the car to the street.

"What did it contain?" she asked.

"Then you found it!" I exclaimed. "Oh! You are an angel. This is

what was in the handbag: A travel permit with my name, Andrea Huber, on it, an identification booklet, a billfold of green Morocco leather with four hundred crowns of paper money in it, one large, two small keys, some change."

She must have been convinced that it was my bag, because she replied: "I have it in the front of the wagon."

From a high compartment above the motorman's seat she pulled out my handbag and reached it to me, commanding me to open it. I removed one piece after the other, as I had named them to her.

"Can I keep it?" I asked. When she nodded her head, I cried with joy: "Oh! You are just wonderful! A thousand thanks for your kindness."

I drew out a twenty-crown note and handed it to her: "You don't know how much trouble you saved me and I cannot describe how happy you have made me."

Many people had assembled around us and they applauded by clapping their hands. Gratefully I nodded good-bye to the kind and good-hearted woman and hastened to the College. Mr. Paenish was already waiting for me. When he heard the extraordinary story, he laughed: "You are a lucky bird!"

My mission in Vienna was very successful. The Minister, a handsome man in the early fifties, seemed exceedingly well groomed and had the jolly, affectionate personality Viennese gentlemen were known for. He radiated confidence and charm immediately. How different he was from so many office holders who wanted to impress their importance upon one by being snobbishly inaccessible. My report was exact and to the point, clipped of all inessentials. He listened with interest and assured me that as soon as I procured my diploma, my license would be forthcoming. I felt overwhelmed by so much luck.

It took me a long time to find my way through the huge city. With new hope and satisfaction, and a new spirit of endurance, I returned to Graz.

Two weeks later, I was riding home from the University and the streetcar was overcrowded. Thus having only standing room I had to take hold of one of the leather loops hanging from the top. Peeping through the rows of swinging people, I noticed a well-known face, that of my lady-conductor. She had spied me at the same moment. How strangely she acted! Elbowing her way and excitedly gesticulating, she squeezed herself through the crowd towards me. I nodded to her to make her understand with signs that I wanted to leave the car at the next stop. She followed me hastily outside. When we stood on the sidewalk, she threw her arms around my neck to embrace me. Tears were running down her face and she stammered through sobs: "I found

you! I found you!"

I wondered why I was so emotionally greeted. "What is it that makes you so excited?" I asked, alarmed and confused.

"Now we are saved," she whimpered, and wiping her eyes, she told me a dramatic story.

"As soon as you left the car at Wieland Street on that memorable day, I noticed your handbag lying on the bench. You remember, there were only a few passengers besides you in the car. Next to you sat a veteran soldier. Many of these convalescent soldiers have free passes. This one saw me picking up your handbag and hiding it in the little storage space in front. My husband was the motorman. When suddenly you reappeared at the Wieland Street stop and I handed you your handbag, the soldier assumed that we both belong to a gang who make a business of reselling found or stolen articles. According to my instructions I was supposed to deposit your handbag at the office where all found articles are kept until their owners claim them.

"He reported what he had seen to my bosses. I and my husband were called to the office. When I explained how you had pleaded for the return of the bag and that I didn't have the heart to refuse it, we both were suspended from service and given two weeks time to find you. Today is the last day. Had I not found you, we both would have lost our jobs and we have a big family to support. Every day during the last two weeks, from the early morning car to the last one at night, I rode all the cars in the city from one end to the other to find you. But how could I single you out in a city of 250,000 inhabitants? It seemed a hopeless undertaking. My husband couldn't help me. He hadn't seen enough of you to be able to recognize you, but I remembered your face clearly. Wasn't I lucky to find you?"

"What shall I do now? Go with you to your office? Or shall I write a letter to the company stating the facts?"

"Whatever you like," she said with a beaming face.

"Then come up to my apartment. I will immediately prepare a statement. Should it not be sufficient, call on me again. I will then go with you."

It must have been sufficient. I never saw the woman again.

On The Road To Full Recovery

HOW GLAD I was when July 25th arrived! Tired from the intense strain of studying under such irksome circumstances as I had to endure in Graz, feeling the effect of reduced rations on my physical condition, sickened at heart by the bad turn the war had taken for the Central Powers, I said good-bye to my relatives in Graz, who had been so patient and understanding with me, and to Professor Paenisch, who had done his best to prepare me for a successful examination. He presented me with a lovely farewell gift, an autographed copy of a book of his on new textile fibers and other artificial products of industry. It was of great value to my studies as it was at that time not available at book-stores.

More than ever I felt the need for an extensive rest and I hurried up to the Turracher Alp where invigorating sunshine and good, rich, and plenteous food were waiting for me. During the first sunbaths, the intense ultraviolet rays caused painful burns on chest and back, but later on I became careful not to expose my body longer than ten minutes to the direct light, and repeated more often the change between exposure and covering. I didn't climb any heights, only once each day I walked over to Green Lake to visit Steffi and have a sour-milk treat. Usually when it rained a slight fever returned, but after eight weeks my temperature was completely normal. I had gained forty pounds and could walk at the end of the vacation down to the valley, whereas at the beginning of the vacation I had to have a carriage to bring me up the steep elevation. I had not dared then to overexert myself for fear of causing a relapse. How I pitied the poor horse that had to drag me up the hill! It took him four hours while I could run the stretch easily in two, while I was still healthy.

I took up all the activities of the previous year, the business courses, the theater rehearsals, the regular school work, when I returned to Villach. It was a busy schedule with no loopholes in it, but I didn't go sledding or skiing. Our regular school hours were now from eight to twelve or one. The afternoons were free and I could then hold the private courses and eliminate the strenuous night teaching. The evenings

and nights I used for studying. The examination was set for June 1918 or March of the same year, depending on where it would be held—in Prague or Vienna.

I noticed how I had advanced in age. I was nearly thirty three. My sense of mental ease had gone, my memory had lost some of its flexibility and retentiveness, but I didn't mind repeating over and over again all the material I had to master in the final test. An earnest seriousness had come over me, an intense concentration, an extreme eagerness and alertness that replaced entirely my former carefree ways and light-heartedness. It was probably the after-effect of my ardent struggle to survive the deathly scourge that had almost cost my life.

After my summer vacation I immediately sought the help of Dr. Mueller, the tuberculosis specialist. I mentioned that I had heard of tuberculin injections and asked him whether he would try them on me.

"You have recovered marvelously so far," he said. "But this is a form of treatment which is too new and too little proved for me to dare to use on you."

I became persistent. "Don't you have any literature that I might read about its eventual influence on the condition of the lungs? I don't mind being a guinea pig," I added jokingly.

"Yes, I have a book which describes the treatment," he answered hesitatingly, "but there are parts in the book which I would not like you to read. I will let you have it only if you give me your word of honor that you will not pry into this section."

"I can keep a promise," I replied with a smile. "You can be sure I will not look at those pages you might exclude. But let me read the rest of the book and then decide whether I should take the injections or not."

The part of the book I was allowed to read stated that the tuberculin injections had so far been used on only a few dozens of people, that roughly half of them showed a beneficial effect from the treatment while it took no effect on others and reacted unfavorably on a few, the experiment could not prove what the final result would be and that it would take many years for a definite appraisal.

"Try it," I begged Dr. Mueller. "Probably it will help me."

Dr. Mueller started with old-tuberculin. I had twenty six injections of that sort in the back or thigh. I reacted to the first ones with violent fever. I had to stay in bed until it ceased. The last dozen showed no fever reaction at all. I felt considerably better, looked healthier and refreshed. All signs proved the injections were just the thing I needed to fight the treacherous disease.

Dr. Mueller was delighted. "Should we try new, fresh tuberculin now that you have done so well with the dead bacilli?" he asked in a surge

of new optimism and hopefulness.

"Why, certainly!" I answered quickly. "And give me as many as you find necessary."

The reaction was the same as with dead-tuberculin. At first I was stricken with vehement attacks of fever. When they subsided, I slowly became accustomed to the needles. After the fifteenth one, Dr. Mueller commented: "That is all that I can do for you at the present. You don't need any more treatments. Now nature must do her share. You have enough fighting capacity in you to control any new infection. But come once every month. I still have to check the progress of your recovery."

Deep-felt gratitude swept through my heart. With tears in my eyes I reached for the doctor's hand: "How can I ever express adequately enough my thankfulness to you, Doctor? How lucky I was to have consulted you, Dr. Mueller! A thousand thanks!"

He smiled and a boyish glance brightened his face. "Take good care of yourself!" he added with a modest grin.

Examination in Prague

THE TIME of my examination approached rapidly. One examination for Business School Teachers was held in March in Vienna, but my studies were not quite completed then. I chose the June term and Prague, the present capital of the Czech Republic. After I had secured a leave of absence for three weeks from our State School Board and the unavoidable travel permits, I boarded, heavy-hearted, an express train to Prague.

I was enchanted by the exquisite beauty of the city, of its magnificence, of the Hradschin where the King's castle and the German University towered over the massive blocks of noble houses and handsome squares. Although, I had no time for sightseeing tours, even walking along the broad streets or taking a streetcar was highly interesting.

I hurried to report my arrival to the chairman of the examining commission, Professor Dr. Zuckermantel and the following morning I had to appear before the Board. I was given a timetable for the dates when the different written and oral examinations would be held, and for the time when I had to appear for the material testing trial. On the three following days I had to answer, in writing, questions in world commerce, geography, technology, and material knowledge during four-hour periods, but the testing and oral inquiry lasted only four hours each. I was the only candidate sitting with the six-man board of examiners at the green-clothed table.

When the trial was over, the men congratulated me with warm cordiality. The well-meaning, kind and somewhat exaggerated words of the bespectacled scientists rang like music in my ears and their praise was of more worth to me than if I had won a great fortune. Now I saw all obstacles cleared away from the path of future success. I was now eligible to receive the license to create the Business School which would benefit many youngsters in gaining better jobs and bring to myself honor, distinction, and financial gain. I felt elated and deeply satisfied, full of warm gratitude to God that he had saved me for this splendid hour of achievement, for this blessed moment in inner fulfillment. I had passed one of the most critical, but decisive milestones of my career and life. I found myself on the threshold of a new and enticing future.

Meeting Important People

A YEAR BEFORE my trip to Prague, I had come in contact with the president of the Lady-Teachers Organization of Bohemia, Miss Anna Boehmer. She was principal of a public school in Karlsbad, the famous thermal resort, only two hundred kilometers from Prague. Our lively correspondence resulted in an invitation to visit her. I accepted, but when I called at her residence she had left me a note asking me to follow her to Vienna to which place she had been called suddenly to attend an important juvenile welfare meeting. She wrote: "Come to Vienna. I will await you at the North Depot. I want to take you along to Mrs. Hainish in whose house the meeting will be held."

I took the night express to Vienna and found Miss Boehmer waiting for me. We recognized each other by carrying a book in our left hand, as she had suggested. Together we went to the chairman's house. Many distinguished ladies were assembled there, but I can remember only a few prominent names: Mrs. Schwarz, a beautiful and aristocratic-looking Jewess, a well-known leader and brilliant speaker; Mrs. Hauptschlag, president of a girl's college; Mrs. Hainisch, a woman of eighty three, who presided. Mrs. Hainisch's white hair, her soft voice, and motherly approach made me feel immediately drawn to her. Five months later, after the breakdown of our front lines had forced Emperor Karl to abandon the throne and flee the country with his family, her son became the first President of dismembered Austria.

This meeting was exceedingly interesting to me. An entirely new field of endeavor was brought to my attention, concepts of a new activity juvenile welfare arrested my enthusiasm. I felt a surprising affinity to the efforts of these courageous women to help youth develop in a normal way and avoid the pitfalls of juvenile delinquency. Nothing of that sort was done in Villach and new ideas were born in these memorable hours.

From Vienna I went to Graz to see again Professor Dr. Rheineck and to find out whether my lungs had healed. He recognized me in an instant. He shook my hand warmly and said with a vivid expression of delight: "How remarkably well you look! Oh! I am greatly surprised!

My heartiest congratulations!" He started to examine me and repeatedly shook his head: "Unbelievable! Unbelievable! Last year, the whole right lobe of your lungs and part of the left lobe were badly affected. Now I find only a small piece infected, not larger than a dollar. How did you do it? It seems almost a miracle to find you recovered in such record time."

I told him how Dr. Mueller had treated me with indescribable patience and skill, how I had gained forty pounds in weight within two months, and that I thought that the sun baths, the plenteous food at the Turracher Alp had completed the wonderful effects of the injections and treatments I had been given by Dr. Mueller.

"They did it! They did it!" Dr. Rheineck repeated, full of excitement. If he had given me a kingdom, Dr. Rheineck couldn't have pleased me more and have made me more happy. For days, all the worries were over and forgotten. I hurried home to a new and contented life. So I hoped. But soon, all joy and happiness were drowned in the terror of the catastrophe that enveloped my poor homeland and shook it to its core.

The "People's Council" Or "Volksrat"

Saved Villach From Destruction

I FEEL ALMOST frightened by the immense task of describing the trepidation, the extreme panic, the agony through which we had to live. I am aware of my inability to do it competently enough to prepare a vivid and true picture of all the tumultuous scenes and catastrophic developments that seemingly tore our life apart.

There were days of open rebellion, when humanity had fallen to its lowest level, when hope of resurrection had ceded. It was a bitter experience to see friends and well respected persons changed into political apostates, to find good and law-abiding citizens among the throngs pillaging the warehouses and food-storage barracks, to see friend killed by friend, to note a passionate hatred among members of the same social group. Fundamental guarantees of an orderly community—obedience, loyalty, neighborly spirit, charity, respect had vanished. Even quiet and meek people became defiant, bold, reckless, rebellious. This rapid succession of bloody fights, terrorizing riots were like eruptions of a volcano with its rumblings, tremors, fire and ashes.

It started the last week of October. First came hundreds of trucks, loaded with furniture, carpets stolen from military offices and Italian homes; then came hundreds loaded to capacity with prostitutes who had swarmed like locusts to the military camps and now tried to save their miserable lives. I felt indescribably ashamed of my own sex of our human race. We could recognize these unfortunate women in an instant: their gaudy but untidy clothes, their faces bare of all youthful expression and showing the ravages of unstilled passion, their fashion of walking as if going on stilts, their bodies ridden by disease and early shameful death. To look at them made me shake in abhorrence, humiliation and pity. How could such conditions prevail among religious people, in the presence of war chaplains? The cruel reality of life, the wretchedness of human nature gave me a decisive jolt to comprehend the true facts of being.

Soon the excessive truck traffic diminished, the trucks became lost in

the inner country, where they were quickly claimed by village and town boards. Only few returned to the front. Had the heroic action of the railroad department not returned empty trains back to the front lines to return the fleeing soldiers to the homeland, millions would have been stranded and imprisoned. Day and night troop trains speeded through Villach. Soldiers cowered on top of the roof of the coaches, hung on to the doors, wildly shouting. Czechic and Polish detachments carried their machine guns with them shooting at our people in their delirious frenzy.

Our city officials tried to induce some of the regiments to get off the train and help our people to protect the city without success. All local military guards had left their post of duty and went home to their villages and farms. Some of these guards formed bands of marauders, broke into homes and stores, into barracks, where the provisions of the army were stored. Our depots, bridges, banks, public buildings were fully unprotected. Our small police force couldn't hold back the masses.

Warehouses, storage barracks were pillaged by plundering bands, hungry people followed. They had not seen for years such huge piles of bags, filled with rice, flour, sugar, cornmeal, peas and beans. They came with handwagons and pots, and pans to be filled. With knives they cut the bags open. Their contents spilled on the floor and soon people waded knee-deep in precious foodstuff, which would have fed the population for months.

As a member of the city council my brother-in-law Rudolf summoned me at this time to a tour of inspection along a row of barracks. He and his colleagues were trying tenaciously to find a way out of this turmoil. What we saw made us shiver. We hastened to the city hall where most of the aldermen were already assembled. Mayor Otto Stage, Rudolf's friend, was waiting for his report. This afternoon, many important decisions were made at the meeting.

1) The Council shall convene day and night and be enlarged to include more men of prominence and authority.

2) The newly formed body shall be called "The People's Council" or "Volksrat" and shall have unlimited power over all citizens, even the military detachment still operating from the Park Hotel as a left-over from the former Army headquarters.

3) Volunteers should be drafted from all walks of life, boys and oldsters, workers and office holders, businessmen, veterans, and invalids.

4) They all should wear the same insignia—a green oak leaf on the shoulder and a red-white ribbon—in the colors of Carinthia—around the upper left sleeve, not the yellow-black of the government and military

or the black-red-gold of the German nationals.

The mayor urged me to organize a group of women to sew the bands and to pin the leaves on the shoulders of the boys and men and tighten the ribbons around the arm. Mrs. Mayer, my partner from the "Wander Birds," and several teachers were eager to join. It took us three days to prepare the volunteers, who had come in great numbers for their jobs as guards, patrouilles, and helpers. There was a tumultuous stir and bustle, a coming and going, a steady questioning for information at the outer assembly room of the City Hall where we worked.

On the third day, a City Hall employee called me into the mayor's office where all the aldermen and newly nominated members of the "Volksrat" were assembled, crowded together in the comparatively small room. The mayor greeted me warmly and asked: "Would you, Miss Huber, help our new governing body and become the Secretary of the "Volksrat", keep the protocol, take down the minutes, and attend all the meetings?"

Startled, I looked at him and the other council members, but he continued: "We realize that we ask a lot of you, but we need you and please, do not say no! Do a personal favor to me!" He smiled at me and a twinkle sparkled in his eye. He knew already I would accept, my face must have shown it.

I didn't try to conceal my emotion and my pride. I answered quickly: "I am only too willing to give my very best for my homeland." It was a strong feeling to be among strong and earnest men who wanted to save the city in this hour of revolution and calamity. It was a sacred cause and the thought of it a high reward for the hard work waiting for me.

More Tumult

EVENTS DEVELOPED in rapid succession. Every day, every hour brought new and exciting clashes. The first night after the memorable meeting that established the Volksrat gave rise to a big tumult. A dozen drunken soldiers hammered with the butts of their rifles on the heavy, wooden, iron-banded door of the city hall building.

"Open it!" they shouted. The two policemen on duty held still. They watched the marauders from a fenced window. They did not dare to start a fight.

"We are the masters here," the drunkards cried and banged the massive locks. One of the men shouldered a rifle and shot and more shots followed. From the Park Hotel, only a short block away, officers and soldiers came running. A wrangle ensued. Meanwhile, the two policemen, who had seen the rescuers coming, opened the door and helped subdue the raiders and locked them in the city jail.

Guards were then posted everywhere, but even the many hundreds of volunteers did not suffice to protect the many important public buildings, storage houses and barracks. Farmers and workers from far-off villages and towns came with their conveyances, buggies, surreys to take part in the looting.

The first order of the following day was to disperse of the throngs of pilferers, to empty the storage houses and deposit the left-overs of the war in safe places, where they could be easily guarded. Many heated debates and arguments spun through the meeting of the Volksrat the next day.

"The churches are the only buildings which could be defended with a minimum of effort," some aldermen insisted. Others protested:

"We cannot confiscate the sanctuaries. We would drive our people to despair if they have no place to worship."

The final decision was soon drafted. The Cathedral, the St. Nikolai Church and several chapels were assigned for storage and twenty-four hour guards posted at their doors. With feverish haste the churches were filled. While I was taking notes of the new orders dispensed by the Volksrat, an urgent message came in by telephone from the western depot.

Soldiers were emptying the cars of a whole transport loaded with wine, rum and spirits. They had removed the seals of many cars, opened the doors, smashed the barrels and were holding a wild drinking party. My brother-in-law Rudolf, who was as a railroad official stationed at this depot, hurried with two other council members to the place while I went home for a short reprieve from the strenuous duties of the day.

When the three arrived at the depot they witnessed an appalling spectacle: Soldiers dancing around a barrel they had rolled from a boxcar, shouting, singing, screaming, dipping into the open top of the receptacle, drinking the rum like water. It took a lot of persuasion to restrain them from further indulging in the delirious celebration. The soldiers were promised a warm supper and led by the guards to the nearby depot building. During this time the three men ran through all the cars of the transport, standing on a side track, and hit the hundreds of barrels and containers with heavy blows of axes. Wine, rum, and whiskey flowed down from the lorries and cars, formed little brown and red streams, and filled the air for blocks around with the strong-smelling vapor of alcohol. By this quick action several bloody outbreaks of unruliness were probably prevented.

Meanwhile, my sister and I had finished our meal alone. Soon Rudolf returned home and after he had given us the interesting account of his mission, we were again ready to leave for the night session at the City Hall. All of a sudden, a terrifying detonation split the air. An immense flash of fire lit the sky, the window panes burst into pieces, and the house shook on its foundation as if an earthquake had crushed the whole territory. Alarmed and stunned by the force of the shock, we still realized instantly that an enormous explosion must have caused the blast.

"It must have happened near the east depot," Rudolf exclaimed, and we hurried down the steps to run to the supposed scene of the commotion. Hundreds of other people were running all in the same direction, towards the main depot. From everywhere sounded excited voices and screeches of fright. They all feared a horrid disaster and were frantic to investigate. A cordon of guards closed the main bridge over the River Drau, but we could pass on account of our official status. For the six blocks from the bridge to the depot the street was so strewn with debris, bricks, shingles, glass, roof tiles, parts of canopies, we had great difficulty walking. Ahead of us loomed the tower of the depot building enveloped in flames. Thick smoke puffed and bulged out of the windows and wall cracks. The fire brigade was pouring water into the building, the water pipes having withstood as by miracle the tremendous blast. It was a nightmarish picture of destruction and ruin. We hastened forward until Rudolf found a railroad official who could give us some information.

"For God's sake, what happened?" Rudolf asked.

We heard a gruesome tale. A whole train loaded with ammunition had been switched onto a side track where idle soldiers were swarming everywhere. A switchman suddenly noticed flames licking out of a boxcar. He yelled for help and with the fearless bravery of heroes the men uncoupled the burning car which was luckily the last one of the transport. The switchman jumped onto the still idling engine and pulled the remaining wagons away from the burning car. It was a matter of hair-raising minutes.

The officer continued: "When the explosion occurred we were thrown to the floor. The roof of the building crashed in, fierce heat-ignited gas escaping from burst pipes. I was the only man present in the traffic office to be spared serious injury, although a piece of falling plaster cut my head." Blood was trickling down over the man's face. He could not tell us how many people had been killed. As it was too late for us to investigate other damages, we hurried back to the City Hall to active duty.

We worked until three the next morning. Reports were rushed in from all sides. The gas factory, a city-owned utility, only several blocks distant from the switch lines of the railroad, had suffered terrible devastation. Two of the six coal distilling gas chambers had sprung leaks. Another catastrophic explosion seemed unavoidable, but again, the heroism of single men prevented the annihilation of our entire city.

The events of the following days didn't allow us one hour of rest. The General in charge of the detachment of the Army Headquarters sent word to the mayor that he wanted to see him immediately. Mr. Stage telephoned back that until he could find time to walk over to the Park Hotel, the General would have to wait. From the heated telephone discussion we could surmise how irritated both men had become.

"You simply have to wait," our mayor shouted curtly. The General had told him he would not accept any delay. Late in the afternoon, Mr. Stage left for the conference. What took place in this meeting filled many pages of my minute book. It was an interesting report conspicuously showing the glaring and rapid changes from dictatorial to democratic manners that had taken place among the military and public officials. The mayor had a comical way of telling a story. His account was interlarded with expressions of his dry wit and quotations of humorous repartees.

"The General wanted to make me stand in front of him," he narrated, "but I told him 'We will not make much fuss with each other. Your orders don't count any more. You just like everybody else are subject to the jurisdiction of the "Volksrat." You waited too long to restore order among the military personnel of the city. Now, iron

necessity is forcing us to level the former differences in authority.' When the General complained that several officers had been mauled by the people and had had their epaulets and war decorations torn off their uniforms, I retorted that he and the rest of the officers should appear in public in civilian clothes because we simply haven't a police force big enough to protect each one of them separately from the people's ire. 'You have to submit to our orders whether you like it or not. The people's welfare is at stake, not only your own.' He calmed down then and we parted with a warm handshake."

More soldiers arrived in Villach by train besides the many regiments that passed by night and day through town on foot or horseback. The riders tied their animals to any vacant tree they could find. When I went home the next midnight with my brother-in-law, one officer stopped me on the main street.

"Oh! Please, lady, take my horse. It is my own. I am a Hungarian, a Magyar. It is not an army horse. I love it, it is so gentle and brave and carried me through the thickest of battle. Many times it has saved my life. But I have no feed any more for it. Please take it and take good care of it." Tears appeared in his eyes and a sob quivered through his voice. I was close to tears myself.

"Sir," I said, "I would like to help you, but I don't own a square inch of land for him to graze on." I felt like a brute and turned helplessly away.

The Climax

WHAT IN THE BEGINNING had seemed only an extraordinary aggravation of our situation which could easily be dealt with soon became a calamity. More and more horses were set free in our area, while the cavalry men were using the trains to travel home. Though hundreds of farmers came from neighboring counties to hitch one or two horses to their vehicles and take them home, the number of horses left behind increased rapidly. The hungry creatures broke into gardens and fields, trampling down fences and barbed wire barriers. They nipped the last leaves from trees and bushes that had remained after the last autumn storms. But a considerable amount of snow fell the following night, and from then on the starving horses died on streets and sidewalks, blocking traffic everywhere and lying in public squares, courtyards, and gardens. Where they had stood they had lain down, never to rise again. We offered returning soldiers good wages to drive the animals to other counties, but they turned deaf ears to our passionate pleas. Many of these counties lacked feed for their own domestic stock and refused to accept the horses. The bloated corpses were attacked by marauding dogs, and vultures flying in from the high mountain regions tore the evil-smelling hulks to pieces.

We were pressed to search all over for helpers to remove the carcasses and to bury them.

Villach was the site of the main railroad management office of Austria. Its officers worked hand in hand with the Volksrat and informed it hourly of each troop transport scheduled to pass our city. The moving regiments were called by name and domicile, through this we could tell whether they were dangerous to our security or not. Czechic regiments which had already killed more than a dozen guards were routed in a big circle around the city proper to avoid more casualties.

Every night we encountered repeated attacks on the city hall by big and small groups of soldiers, stimulated by the idea of establishing a new government in Bolshevich fashion. A detachment of guards therefore was placed inside every house surrounding the city hall building,

ready at a given signal to break out of their hiding posts with mounted machine guns and fight the invaders.

We organized feeding stations near cross roads, fitted out with big goulash kitchens and bread dispensaries. Guides let the streaming masses of soldiers onto sideroads to avoid the influx of irresponsible elements through the inner city.

Aldermen were not paid any salary or compensation, they dedicated unselfishly their lives to the welfare of the people. Now they were aroused to anger. The organ of the Social Democratic party, which openly sympathized with the communistic social order, accused them of greed and corruption. A delegation of the Social Democratic party appeared before the People's Council, demanding in unmistakable language the inclusion of a considerable of their deputies into the Volksrat. They threatened with strike and open rebellion to accept their ultimatum. Mayor Stage, as a measure of balancing the strength of our vote, nominated me as the first woman-member of the People's Council and two additional liberals. Immediately, the Social Democrats countered the move by bringing in Mrs. Dora Kircher, a house wife, as their woman representative. Her husband was one of the socialistic nominees. The Christian Socialists came also with one member to join the reigning forces.

What had happened in Villach was repeated in other Austrian cities, counties and provinces. In Vienna the confusion was still more pronounced and persistent. After Emperor Karl with Zita and his family had fled the country, leaving the sinking ship of the Empire to its own fate, workers and adherents of the leftist Social Democratic party proclaimed a socialistic government in Vienna. General elections were ordered throughout the whole country for all categories of administration.

According to the new rules of election, each party had to name as many nominees as there were positions on the election list. When of these different parties each of them having *twenty* names on their list—and a total number of 100,000 votes was counted—party No. 1 received 50,000 votes, party No. 2—30,000, and party No. 3—20,000 votes, party No. 1 had ten victorious candidates, party No. 2 had six and party No. 3 only four elected.

In Villach's municipal elections, fifteen Social Democrats won, one Christian Socialist and nine Liberals. Dr. Pomaroli headed the list of the leftist candidates and therefore became our Mayor. I was also elected and so, naturally, was Mrs. Kircher.

I will not leave one incident unmentioned that had some significance for my own election. Before this election took place I had called a political meeting of liberal women. We met at the city theater, the only

large meeting space available in the city. We women had won our suffrage without fanfare, debate, or fight. Nobody protested our newly acquired right to call such gatherings.

My opponent at this meeting and my only one at the election on the liberal ticket was Miss Clothilde Brandl, the provisional principal of our citizen school for girls, who held office during a period of illness of our regular principal, Miss Wittmann, and who was therefore my superior. Miss Brandl had always been an intimate friend of Miss Ferweger and had many of her antagonistic qualities. Now she was desperately striving to prevent my nomination. As far as I know, she never before had participated in public rallies, but she had an uncontested right to enter the race. When, after I had opened the meeting, she demanded the chair, I introduced her to the packed house with gracious words, hoping in my heart the experience would not be too exasperating to her.

Miss Brandl tried to develop a program of future action of which those present evidently did not approve. The audience became restless and asked for an end. This was embarrassing not only to her, but to me also, because she was my superior. I heard several "booh's," but encountered no difficulty in restoring order. In general, the women behaved properly.

When I asked for their attention to my program, the audience applauded spontaneously. Perhaps they clapped because I had become well-known to them through the numerous theatrical performances I had conducted to raise funds for the feeding of thousands of our hungry children, or probably through my "Wander Bird" activity or my membership in national societies.

I explained to the women that we desperately needed:

- a) A Juvenile Welfare Department
- b) Broader participation of women in the distribution of our food reserves
- c) Greater influence of women in solving our housing problem
- d) Better milk supply for our babies and children.

I was interrupted often by great applause and shouts of "That is right! Do it!" I felt instinctively that the ladies liked my outline, and was grateful for their highly animated interest. I knew now that my election was assured. But from now on I had to prove the sincerity of my far-reaching promises by active achievements. I knew that what I might do through the following years would be written in deep and heavy lines in the annals of my life and the history of my beloved City of Villach.

How The Italians Acted

In The Newly Acquired Territory

THE ITALIAN divisions followed our fleeing troops and occupied the whole Kanal Valley, including Tarvis and Raibl. Italian detachments came to Villach also and set up a strong camp at Ossiach on the south shore of Lake Ossiach. They made themselves unpleasantly noticeable in every phase of our domestic life. They ordered curfew, restricted travel to Tarvis, Raibl, and Pontafel to a minimum, prohibited free assembly. The painful cuts on our freedom of action aggravated our district. Petitions were disregarded. Relief came first when Italian business men who had formerly lived in Villach, had fled from Austria during the war and returned to our city and found the restraints unbearable. They influenced the Italian commander to soften the harshness of the restrictions and were successful. The right to assembly was restored, the curfew lifted. There were still many obstructions left. One had to stand in line often for a day to obtain a train permit to Tarvis. This affected painfully our own family. Sister Lisi in Tarvis was continuously ailing. She had married in 1917 at the age of forty four. Her husband, Fritz Pregl, a forester of the wide-spread Federal Forest Domain was not much help to her in business. Their little son Fritz added to her difficulties, because she had spoiled him excessively. Finally, extreme physical exertions broke her frail body. When her heart ailment became alarming, my warm-hearted samaritan sister Mitzi stayed with her for days and weeks.

The Italians were now fully entrenched in Tarvis, Raibl and the surrounding villages and hamlets and called it an Italian district. This was in open violation of "Wilson's Line" laid down in Wilson's "Fourteen Points", accepted as the basis for the peace conference. The Wilson Line followed the "watershed" between the Adriatic and Black Sea. It ran nine miles south of Tarvis. But Tarvis was an important traffic center. The Italians established the "Italian Line" which ran ten miles north of Tarvis. A delegation of prominent citizens and two government officials went to Paris to protest this glaring injustice, to

include a fully German district into the Italian domain. They insisted that the "Wilson-Line" be put into effect, claiming that it would be tragically ironical if the acceptance of the widely praised "Fourteen Points" resulted in the delivery of a helpless mass of people to a brutal and ruthless system of compulsory de-nationalization.

Their protest was in vain.

Now, the Italians wanted to show the world without revealing their brutal methods that they had a right to claim this territory. How illicit these methods were we learn from the historical facts. A new secret device was employed—artificially fabricated elections.

The Italian commander of Tarvis and its vicinity decreed a new order. General elections were to be held in this district for a new City Council. The people thought this procedure was quite democratic. Thirty candidates were nominated by the people and the preparations for the election functioned satisfactorily. My brother-in-law was one of the nominees. Roughly two weeks before the election Fritz Pregl attended a voters meeting in Upper Tarvis. On his way home, around 11 p.m., four carabinieri acting as policemen—jumped from a side road, grabbed him, and shackled him without giving any explanation. He was put in chains and taken to a prison in south Italy. Each of the other twenty nine candidates suffered the same fate.

Meanwhile, the Italians brought hundreds of Italian fruit-peddlers, unemployed workers, street folk to Tarvis. Each of the new arrivals received the franchise to vote. With the help of an Austrian Quisling, a Mr. Bayer, the Curator of the forest domain, a new list of candidates, headed by Bayer, was prepared, containing the names of twenty Italians and twenty former German-Austrians. Sixteen Italians were elected and eight Austrians. It was the future fate of the German population to be predestined to doom.

So, the quiet, sleepy borough changed into an agitated, nervous, disorderly community with all the characteristics of a small Italian city. The garbage lay exposed on the streets, wares were displayed in front of the houses, half-naked children ran about screaming and shrieking, streets were torn up and new ones started and seldom finished. Every second person was a stranger who didn't understand German. Properties of people were confiscated. The friendly spirit of my old home town had faded away as if dispelled by an unkind ghost.

When my sister Lisi died in June 1921 at the age of forty seven, the house of my parents lost the attraction of home. The little city which for its delicate beauty I had always cherished like a jewel, looked strange now in its new aspect, altered and degraded, and the new offending noises of shouting people and screaming children sounded like an ugly discord in a once harmonious melody.

My Three Years As A Council Woman

TO BE THE first woman called as a member of the City Council of Villach in its history meant not only a great honor to me but also a startling responsibility. Although, the Social Democrats brought Mrs. Dora Kircher into the Council, she never made a speech or started independently any action. Yet, these years as a Council Woman and later as a Counselor were filled with brisk action and hard struggles, but with more elating and exciting experiences and great achievements than any similar period of my life. My mind and principles gained maturity and the visible success of my accomplishments spurred to me ever increasing devotion to my duties. I realized fully that this public position put me before the public. I had to be doubly perfect and competent as I filled two other jobs at the same time, as a teacher of a junior high school, as manager and instructor of my own newly created Business School and as a member of eight subcommittees of the City Council, I had to make every minute count.

Looking back over these years, I don't remember ever to have felt tired or overworked. A fire of agitation ignited every thought of mine, gave me alacrity and a dashing vigor. I never tired of self-sacrifice. I didn't long for eminence and distinction, only for the opportunity to serve people and make them happy. One perception controlled my mind: "One who sees the light has to serve and never ask for a reward" and from this compelling conviction I must have derived the strength to endure a life of ceaseless immolation.

No Council member received any salary or compensation. Only the mayor was paid. Today, after almost fifty years, these reminiscences still warm my soul. I am thanking my fate in all humility that I could contribute in my small and insignificant way to the betterment of mankind. To have organized the Juvenile Welfare Department, saved many babies' lives through a better milk distribution and brought more than 600 half-starved children to Switzerland. I feel now I have not lived in vain.

I didn't need any remuneration for my work on the City Council. My new enterprise, the business school, was a financial success. The

sensation of ecstasy doing civic work gave deep satisfaction.

Therefore, the story of these three years before I departed for America, is more a portrayal of the period of reconstruction for its intrinsic interest rather than a record of my personal accomplishments. Now that I learned so much more of the splendid American achievements in Juvenile Welfare, I feel humbled by the narrowness and insignificance of our primitive Austrian and Carinthian efforts. I became also aware of a new element, a future possibility. Witnessing the modern trend of commentators and critics, to unravel often the finest intentions of an honest man or woman into shreds and bits, I comprehend that I also might face, after the publishing of my story, a severe censure of my deeds because of their strangeness and unconventionality. Probably I will be accused of too much self-assertion, but I have to take the chance.

While city councils here in America are usually working smoothly on account of their non-partisan set up, this was not the case with us. Each meeting was a political field day. We took our stand according to our political diversity. The different intellectual approaches, when various subjects were debated, caused disagreements and arguments and often bitter fights. I stepped from the peaceful realms of teaching into the venturesome activity of political strife. It was like a leap into the dark, often like a crushing head-on collision. Men have a different way of expressing their opinions, of arguing than women. Men, more than women have little concern for the opponent's feelings, are often cruel and crude, explosive in their conclusions.

I knew, I had a lot to learn. In our school atmosphere I had grown soft and analytical. Now I had to battle with fanatic firebrands and our Social Democrats didn't often act differently from the Russian Communists. Many of the elected Social Democrats had been carried by their party machine and had not been chosen for their intelligence. One cannot reason with a fanatical radical, and many attempts on our liberal side to break through the iron wall of antagonism and class hatred were made fruitless by the powerful majority of our adversaries.

I had other difficulties to overcome. How was I to fill all other commitments on my work schedule such as teaching duties in the junior high school daily, including Saturday, from 8 A.M. to 12 P.M. and teaching in my business school from 1 P.M. to 3 P.M., (I had three other teachers employed)? The committee meetings started at 4 P.M. and I belonged to 8 committees. On my way from school to the City Hall I usually stopped at the Park Cafe for a cup of coffee and to glance through the newspapers which were displayed there.

Every Friday at 4 P.M. the full Council convened. The chairman of each committee had then to give his report. I was chairman of the

Juvenile Welfare Committee, belonged also to the Building, Finance, Utility, Economy, Housing, Theater and Milk Committee. The Milk Committee was under Government supervision, presided over by the District Governor because of the importance of the regular milk supply.

My greatest efforts I devoted to the Juvenile Welfare Committee. At my suggestion this Committee was newly formed and established on my plea of emergency. It existed only as a Federal Organization for military widows and orphans. It proved absolutely inadequate to give relief to our distressed youth.

My committee was composed of six aldermen. Mrs. Kirchner and her husband as representatives of their Social Democratic party were members of my committee. Mrs. Kircher was always a supporter of my novel ideas, but her husband always tried to becloud our motives and arrangements with a shade of suspicion by claiming our efforts would only benefit the children of the rich. With strong appeals and persuasion could I finally convince him that a child, whether rich or poor could not help himself and that the children of all classes are the most precious asset of any nation.

Mrs. Kircher often reprimanded her husband, even in my presence. "You see too black" or "Haven't you any heart?" She often confided her problems to me and asked me, that for her sake, I should move more slowly, avoid offending him and stress more the points to his liking. It took a long time to make him more cooperative and less distrustful. Our diplomatic approach worked perfectly and he finally consented to our program. Dora, Mrs. Kircher, hadn't much of an education, but she had a heart of gold and the courage of a brave fighter.

The crucial moment came when I offered my final report. I expected taunting criticism and having to answer to each query. I gave painstaking care of each phase of my plan and had spent countless night hours to study all possible aspects of the problem. The report had to be conclusive to the last point and all proposals had to be accompanied by a financial estimate, because the Finance Committee held the final whip. I had recognized intuitively the obstacles confronting me and the difficulty to convert men to a woman's point of view and make them trust women's reliability and good counsel.

I declared: "Only through a bold move can disaster be averted. You as the Council have to decide, now, not later, whether to adhere to the idea of prevention or the much costlier one of cure. You have to establish a Juvenile Welfare Department as the cities of Vienna and Graz have done. It has to be headed by a Welfare Director, preferably a woman, and staffed with welfare workers. Better spend the taxpayers

money this way than doubling or tripling the police force to handle the increasing tide of delinquencies.

"I demand the compilation of the names of all half or double orphans, of all children whose parents live in extreme financial distress. This survey shall function as a basis of further investigations. A set of rules and contemporary by-laws have to be adapted to guide the Council and future director. These rulings I have also prepared with the help of our City Attorney and I will read them to you. They should be made subject to later discussion."

"But most important is it that you send two members of our Welfare Committee to Vienna and Graz to study their Welfare Departments and all their corresponding establishments as play centers, recreation homes, and correctional institutions."

I added an outline of an approximate budget for the new operation, itemizing primary and secondary expenses. These figures I had gained in repeated conferences with the Mayor, Doctor Pomeroli, who had called the chairman of the Finance Committee. As long as the Mayor was informed I didn't need to fear opposition of the Social Democratic majority, although the program was enacted by a member of the rival political party.

How lucky I was! All the motions I had presented, were adopted. Even the by-laws were accepted with only minor changes. My victory was complete. Although it took several months to find a director, the survey was immediately started, a small, but efficient crew of young veterans and students assisted in the collection of the data.

Three years later the City Council of our capital city Klagenfurt followed the leadership of Villach in creating a Youth Welfare Directorate in their city. At this time I had already left for America.

At the next Council meeting I was appointed to study the Welfare Department of Vienna and Graz. Mr. Kircher, Dora's husband was assigned to accompany me. I would have liked Dora better, but the Council probably wanted the team balanced in regard to objectivity.

The trip was interesting and inspiring and it produced excellent consequences. From now on Mr. Kircher was a willing supporter of any improvement. It filled me with envy to describe the Viennese institutions. We both were aware of the inefficiency of our program, but our moderate means had been the main cause of our success.

Some of these institutions had been previously described to me when during my home journey from Prague in 1918, I had met several prominent Welfare officials at the home of Mrs. Hainisch, the mother of the First President of Austria. There my ideas and dreams of achievements in Juvenile Welfare work for Villach were born. Now we could see the buildings and offices, the hospitals for children, the play houses,

and the vocational training institutions. We marveled at the efficiency of the management, the far flung projects, the meticulously correct coordination between the different departments. The same high standards we observed in Graz, although the number of buildings and personnel was comparatively smaller, as Vienna is almost eight or nine times bigger than Graz. This city's specialties were youth clinics and vocational guidance.

Through all these days I watched Mr. Kircher closely, how he behaved towards the many officers we met, how he tried to absorb all the new ideas and applications he had been so suspicious of, when I had promoted them. It was a drama in itself to notice his reactions: his starry-eyed bewilderment, his slow change from an antagonist to an enthusiast. It spelled a good omen for the future.

ON THE MILK COMMITTEE

THE DIFFICULTIES facing our Milk Committee were in themselves an epic portrayal of our country's lamentable health and economic after-war conditions. Our young mothers here in America will shake their heads in disbelief when they hear how our babies were treated.

During the War our milk supply and distribution was rationed. The population had increased considerably by refugees, returning soldiers and an influx in births. As before only babies up to ten months and nursing mothers received $\frac{3}{4}$ of a liter daily. (1 lt.— $\frac{1}{9}$ th more than a quart). The sick and old only $\frac{1}{4}$ of a liter. This doesn't mean that every client received the promised portion. Deliveries often fell short. Sometimes half of the waiting line had to go home without a drop of milk. The distributions were held at 2:30 P.M. and on hot days the milk soured. All collected milk from good and dirty farms was poured into the same container tanks. The clerks dipped their measuring cups into the bluish fluid, while the milk dripped from their hands. The collection and handling of the milk made one believe that we were still living in medieval ages. I felt so deeply concerned about these unsanitary conditions that I became very determined to end this frightful situation. The whole setup needed a thorough overhauling. I made a tour of inspection and I saw the most pernicious neglect of primary health rules.

I was well aware what little influence I had to better dairying habits and methods. When they interfered with governmental health regulations, the authority could step in with stricter orders. Small farms were the biggest offenders. The cows were covered with lumps of dirt and hard crusts of cowdung. Milk pails were rusty and soiled. The udders

not washed before milking. Milk cans without covers were standing on the roadside waiting to be picked up. No cooling system was provided. The milk was often diluted with water and the butterfat removed.

Only a strong fist could bring a change into those unwholesome methods. On my tour of inspection I came upon some large farms, each had from thirty to fifty cattle. Everyone of these farms was excellently managed. The cows looked as fresh and clean as girls in new outfits. The barns were whitewashed and modern. I counted only seven of these model farms.

On our Milk Committee sat three Social Democrats and two Liberals of which I was one. Hofrat Fabrizzi, our District Governor who presided was the other. One of the Social Democrats was the spokesman for the group. I called him Mr. Redbeard. He was always obstinate, was stocky, broadshouldered, with a massive skull and beard.

When I gave the report, painting the horrible conditions as I had found them, I watched at the same time whether I could judge from the reaction of each single man a future success. At the end of my report I mentioned the few orderly farms I had found, but aroused the hellish ire of friend Redbeard. He accused me in a stream of biting words that my report was one-sided. I only had wanted to accuse the Social Democratic Administration of wrong doing.

At the next meeting I offered my proposals for a smoother milk collection and a better and more sanitary distribution. I suggested to Chairman Hofrat Fabrizzi:

- 1) An educational drive by the Government among small farmers to improve cleanliness and better methods by establishing a regular inspection system to increase the supply;

- 2) The age limit for babies should be set at one year and the amount at one liter.

- 3) Distribution of the milk for children shall be set at 9:30 A.M. and separate from the afternoon distribution for adults.

- 4) Collections should start two hours earlier to prevent milk from spoiling.

- 5) The last and most drastic demand I kept as a surprise. The milk for the babies should be delivered only by the seven model farms. Since these farms would satisfy our requirements for baby milk, the change should be put into effect immediately.

As if a beetle had stung him, Mr. Redbeard jumped to his feet, pounding the conference table with his fists:

"We will never agree to such an advice," he shouted. "You look only for a loophole to help the children of the rich. Our whole present system would be confused and we would get less milk than before."

The meeting was adjourned. At the following meeting I commenced

again to advance my plan with the same result. Mr. Redbeard refused to be convinced. The battle lasted two months. Again and again I was voted down, showered with abusive epithets. I noticed the kind, little twinkles in the Governor's eyes. He seemed to be pleased by my stubbornness and also amused.

A hot summer arrived. Three days in succession, the milk in the tanks had become sour. Our District Physician, Dr. Fritz Schmegeer, notified me that six babies had died within the past two days. This filled my cup of anger. I demanded an emergency meeting of the Milk Committee. Fabrizzi obliged immediately. The next morning we convened. Vehement opposition burned in the eyes of Mr. Redbeard. The Governor announced my reasons for requiring the meeting. They were of very grave importance and he asked me to explain what happened. In a voice vibrating with emotion, I told that all my attempts to better the distribution of milk had failed through the obstructiveness of my opponents and that six babies had died in convulsions.

"I hear them cry helplessly through my dreams; I hear their whispered accusations! We have been murdered!" Turning to Mr. Redbeard, I continued:

"Their whimpering cries will echo in your ears. They will awaken you from your sleep and their thin voices will rise to a thunder. You are the murderer of these babies. Here before the assembly and our Governor I accuse you of the murder of these six babies. Your obstructive attitude has blown out the light of six young and hopeful lives. You are the assassin and you shall pay for this crime."

A deadly silence fell upon the room. I stared steadily at Mr. Redbeard. His face became pale and drawn. He murmured faintly: "I give in."

I stepped forward and reached for his hand:

"I thank you," I said. My voice was still trembling. Four men left the room. Only Hofrat Fabrizzi and I remained. He shook my hand in warm compassion:

"You have won a great, and valiant battle." But sadly I said, "We could have saved the babies lives."

THE HOUSING COMMITTEE

SEVERAL OF THE committees didn't cause me any special trouble with the exception of attending the bi-weekly meetings, or giving me additional work like the Finance and Theater Committee, but others were indeed headbreakers, especially the Housing and Economy Committee.

During the war, all building construction had stopped. Many homes had been destroyed, hundreds of refugees had streamed into the city. Among the 35,000 inhabitants, over 1,000 families had no living accommodations at all. We had to house them in military barracks using the extensive horse stables of the former Husar Regiment in suburban Seebach. Tents couldn't be utilized on account of our extreme climate. Although whitewashed and cleaned, they smelled nostalgically. As an example, one of the newly created rooms was sixty feet long and fourteen feet wide. Here were housed seven families with 36 people. No sanitary toilets, no plumbing, no privacy was provided. We were completely bankrupt. The incentive for any private building enterprise was wrecked by a strict rent control. The entire building business with all its related trades was at a total standstill. While our Social Democrats eyed any house owner with suspicion and regarded property ownership as a crime, we liberals had to fight fiercely to protect our investments from any sort of confiscation. They insisted that rent control and forced low rentals already constituted a form of expropriation. They found some compromise when it came to the conclusion what to do with the big mansions. They granted that every grown-up person should be entitled to one room. People with more rooms were to be forced to take tenants or families into their homes. This was a ticklish problem, causing ill will and hostility. Yet the plight of the homeless was irremediable without the cooperation of unselfish property owners. I opposed ardently total confiscation, but my opinion leaned towards the idea that everybody had to share in the misery.

Some of my liberal colleagues turned bitterly against me. "Your point of view is too soft," they argued. The Social Democrats proposed house inspection and made me a member of the committee. Now my liberal friends showed a hateful attitude. Some didn't even recognize me anymore on the street. I didn't let this experience influence my sense of justice, although it brought me countless annoyances and much sadness. It touched the weakest spot in my character, my longing to be loved, but I learned now that nobody is able to please everybody. Sometimes, even good will can lead one astray.

The number of rooms gained by confiscation was only a trifle. Finally, the Housing Committee perfected a plan to build twenty wooden four family units. Our fire ordinance forbade the construction of other than brick, stone or cement dwellings, because we had only horsedrawn fire fighting apparatus which was quite primitive. After a change of the ordinance the units were build on parcels of land on the outer fringes of the suburb Lind. There were still over 4,000 persons shelterless and all the efforts were like a drop in a bucket.

THE ECONOMY COMMITTEE

THE FOOD WE had salvaged and stored in our churches lasted not longer than one year. Then we ran into real difficulties. There wasn't any kind of food we could have bought on the open market. Before the breakdown of our Empire, our agricultural provinces Hungary, Galicia, Croatia and the Sudetenlands produced enough for all parts of the Monarchy. They traded their products for the many goods which the industry of the Alp provinces manufactured. Now we were all torn apart. The newly created nations turned openly hostile. The new Austria formed from the Alp provinces had huge sections of unproductive land. Our Province Carinthia for instance had only twenty percent of its territory in plowable fields and pastures, forty-eight percent forests. Fifteen percent was grazing land (above the tree limit). Twelve percent was wholly unproductive (mountain). Five percent was taken by roads, rivers and habitations (cities and villages).

Conditions in Salzburg and Tirol were worse than ours. Two provinces, upper and lower Austria were overpopulated. Illicit trading and Black Markets swallowed up much of what food was available. We were doomed to starve unless we gave in to the Black Market.

I remember one occasion very clearly. We had negotiated to purchase one carload of bacon. Its price was 12,000 crowns (crown value twenty cents) but when it was delivered one month later, the price was 150,000 crowns. Within this time the bacon had gone through the hands of thirty middlemen. Each one added deliberately his profit to the original cost. When the purchase was contracted for one day and the goods not immediately delivered thereafter, the next day it had suddenly disappeared. Force was useless. We had to play the game with the rest of the traders. Our people had to eat. The prices for everything rose skyhigh. This was the dreadful inflation which later ruined the economy of Austria and Germany and some other European States.

People in their desperation looked for relief for themselves. With their bags tied to their shoulders they ran from farmhouse to farmhouse, from village to village, carrying their linen, jewelry, clothing, everything they could spare, to trade it for a few ounces of butter or one or two eggs or whatever they could get. We called these food collectors Hamsterers (after the little rodent Hamster). One could see them walking the roads in hundreds. Their faces were drawn, their movements slow. They had to use their last strength to find something to eat. It was a pathetic situation with no relief in sight. People stood in long bread lines through the coldest winter nights to wait for the opening of the stores for a pinch of rice or sugar before the supply was exhausted.



My family in 1889 a) sister Luise b) sister Mitzi c) Mother d) sister Anna e) behind sister Lise (Elise) f) Father g) brother Herman h) myself, the youngest



A class of girls at graduation time. Teachers in front, I am second from right. 1914



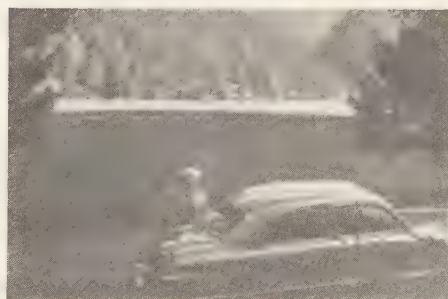
My Theater Guild
center of front row I as director 1916



The Veil Fall at the entrance of the Schlizza Canyon in Tarvis



As A Teacher 1920



Lake Raibl (see run aground)



The famous monument at the Predil Pass near Raibl commemorating the heroic fight in 1809. (see map)



A view from the Luchari towards the wild Julian Alps near Tarvis.



Burg or Castle Hochosterwitz
30 miles north of Klagenfurt.
(see map)



The Turrach Height with Blue Lake
on the border to Styria.



The Predil Pass near Raibl leading
from Kaernten to the coast country
(now Yugoslavia)



Two months after my arrival in
America Jan. 1922



Myself in 1950



My first husband Frank Bingenheimer
with me in 1928



My adopted daughter
Alice Bingenheimer with my dog
"Bello" and Chevy 1931



I with relatives in Hartford, Wis.
Frank's sister
Mrs. and Mr. John Klettie
Dolores Crimmings and her mother
Mrs. Bingenheimer



Myself with second husband
Nick Baum on top of the Empire
State Building in New York



TARVIS

STEIERMARK
or STYRIA



1. THOERL
2. TARVIS (TARVISIO)
3. CHANNEL VALLEY
4. NEVEA PASS
5. RAIBL
6. RAIBL LAKE
7. PREDIL PASS
8. YUGOSLAVIA
9. JULIAN ALPS
10. ARNOLD STEIN
11. VILLACH



VILLACH



First trip to Europe 1950 - with three former colleagues Schmeger, Michell and Thilda Hecht



In Vienna with my nephew Willy Florian, with Elsie, daughter Dr. Kasa and son Peter 1954



8-Family Apartment Building I built in 1952 in Milwaukee and 2-family 1956

Class reunion with former pupils 1954 in Viflach.



At the wedding of my nephew Otto Manhart with bride Ann-Marie at Montreal, Canada 1959



1959

With friends Mr. and Mrs. Behem in Nuernberg, Germany



Reunion with former pupils in Villach
1959



1962
With friends at a party in front of my
house in St. Petersburg



1959
At the home of nephew Seppi Weid-
lein in Vienna.



1959
In front of the house where my father
was born at Mauthon with nephew
Seppi Huber and family.



1962
At my niece Anna Mueller's home at
Fellbach, Kaernten. a) Mama Mueller,
b) I, c) Anna M., c) Adam M., hus-
band, d) Elsie Florian, e) Adam's son,
f) Dr. Fritz Bensch Jr., Vienna



1962
At the christening of Horst Klemme's
daughter Gabriele with me as God-
mother and Iris, Horst's wife.



On The World Cruise 1961
Boat "Oakville." Left to right, Mr.
Corbin; the capt's wife, Ragna Holter;
Capt. Holter; myself; first officer.



1968
With Helen & Bill York and daughter
and son-in-law at the Kapok Tree Inn



1961
At the "Irani Home" at Bombay,
India with Shapiro and Paravaz Irani,
I in a Sari



1967
Behrooz Irani visiting me in St. Peters-
burg on a boat ride in Weekiwachee.



1967
Dr. Behrooz Irani visiting me in St.
Petersburg.



1961
At the water filter station Balara near
Manila with (left to right) Vigilio
Angco, Mrs. Angco, Marcial and my-
self.

Finally, the Hoover European Feeding Organization brought some relief. This generous action of Herbert Hoover, later President of the United States, to dispose of the immense stock of provisions left in Europe, to feed the hungry people made him the most beloved man in Europe.

One day, our Mayor, Dr. Pomaroli, asked me:

"Would you like to come along with me to meet some of the American ladies who supervise the feeding stations?"

"I would greatly appreciate it, if you would take me along," I said anxious to see the feeding process in action. Children up to ten years and expectant and nursing mothers got a daily food ration of 800 calories, cereal, rice, noodles, maccaroni enriched with milk and cheese or chocolate. These stations were splendidly organized. Sometimes American officials came to investigate. Dr. Pomaroli had a very limited knowledge of English and acted as interpreter for me. I never dreamed then that in not too many years I would myself be a citizen of the United States.

THE UTILITY COMMITTEE

IT WAS VERY interesting for me to attend these meetings. Trades people and manufacturers, whose establishments were idle after the war, started to produce again. So many articles were needed, but there was not enough electric power to operate the machines for speed-up production. We needed more current. We needed a new power plant. Although prices were staggering, we had to tackle the issue regardless of cost. Several locations were investigated, we settled for the Weissen Lake area about forty miles from Villach, where water power was available to activate the dynamos. We insisted that the cables be laid underground. After more than one year the project was completed. In an elaborate festival we celebrated the accomplishment. I had learned a lot at these meetings. The complicated details gave me a vivid picture of an awakening city and its manifold and intricate complexities.

Plebiscites And Elections

AFTER 1918 Austria was for two years occupied by contingents of English, French and Italian troops. Before elections could be held, Mr. Hainisch had become President of the New State. As our population was nearly 99% German, a general plebiscite was ordered by our government in Vienna to determine if Austria should unite with Germany as a measure designed to end our economic and national ills. For many centuries Austria and Germany had belonged together, until in 1804 Emperor Franz I of Hapsburg laid down the insignia as Romantic German Emperor, and Germany split apart from Austria. Now it seemed only a natural process to unite with our brothers in the North. Ninety-seven per cent voted in favor of unification, yet, the Peace Conference, still covening in Versailles, forbade uncompromisingly any form of unification between the two Germanic countries.

The English and French after-war mood was simply not inclined to listen to the Austrian people and to acknowledge the uniform vote. President Wilson's influence had waned and this great President's magnanimous conception of a people's free will was buried amidst continental hatred and intrigue.

After the Versailles Treaty had been signed early 1921, another plebiscite was taken in Austria. This time 99% voted in favor of the "Anschluss", but the Allied Powers again denied our appeal. Many historians are of the opinion, the unification would have mitigated in Germany the need for radical changes and so have prevented Hitler's rise to power and the Second World War.

Another plebiscite was ordered, this time by Versailles whether the South-Eastern part of Carinthia, including the capital city of Klagenfurt should belong to Yugoslavia or Austria. The whole district was sealed off from the rest of Carinthia and taken over by an American, French and Italian Commission. Meanwhile, Yugoslavian troops ran over free parts of Carinthia, close to Villach, which was hit by shells. Our soldiers detected that code messages were given from the tower of our Holy Cross Church to the Yugoslavian army who had reached the Gail River, two hundred yards from the church. They found the messenger; the

Slavic priest of the church.

There was endless joy over whole Carinthia and Austria. Seventy percent of the inhabitants had voted to remain with Austria. A jubilant nation greeted the separated counties, exultantly back into the national fold.

Now state-wide elections were ordered by the government of Austria. The candidates, nominated by the different parties, had to hold political meetings for the offices, they had chosen. As I was a candidate, I had to participate in the general effort to gain votes, although I ran only for the City Council.

I had to travel to different towns and cities, hold meetings and conferences. Only very few women took part in political action and it was then not easy to attain recognition. At these meetings we often found numerous groups of Social Democrats waiting for us. These meetings didn't enjoy the public protection guaranteed to political party assemblies in the United States. Heckling, steady interruptions of the speaker were followed by tumultuous scenes and often open fights.

In my contact with radicals I always tried to be conciliatory, avoided to hurt anybody's feelings, but it was sometimes sheer impossible to steer clear of conflict. The Social Democrats liked to use communistic tactics and techniques with the purpose to incite tumults.

Liberal farmers near St. Veit in Central Carinthia had called me as their main speaker. We were assembled in a dance hall, but agitated workers of a nearby factory had blocked the hallways, doors and windows. As soon as I started to speak, they yelled:

"Tear her from the rostrum! Throw her out! Hang her on the next tree!" With their fists they attacked men and women in the audience. Inspired by ruthless demagogues, these were the methods of the undisciplined masses. It required strong nerves, especially for a woman, to stand such assaults and often I considered with chagrin whether I could gain anything, rather lose more in such mortifying scenes. Yet, common sense told me that the only thing that counted was my own personal conduct. I had to live in a masculine world, where womanly weakness is taboo.

The elections passed smoothly; I was reelected to the City Council and—while high on the list—became a Counselor. A very dear friend of mine, Fida Aichelberg also won a seat on the liberal ticket.

Switzerland Feeds

Our Hungry Children

AS THE CHAIRMAN of the Juvenile Welfare Committee I found an opportunity to participate on a great enterprise which was started in Switzerland as early as May 1919. Well-to-do Swiss families pledged to feed undernourished children of different nations in their homes, to equip the youngsters with new clothes and send them home again after a four-week stay.

This generous movement arrested my full attention. I hurried to our Mayor, Dr. Pomaroli, to urge him to try to apply at the Swiss Government for help for hungry children. He was reluctant.

"We are no beggars," he remarked and hesitantly made an appeal to the Swiss people.

Soon we received a reply. A private humanitarian organization offered us four hundred foster homes for four weeks with the requirement for a health report on each child, a list of all applicants, complete to name, address, occupation of parents. This we could easily do and immediately we got busy.

Our City Physician, Dr. Schmeger, brother of one of my colleague's examined over 3,000 of our children. I informed the parents, prepared the reports and lists and our work was completed on August tenth, we had to be ready by the middle of August.

From morning to evening we labored: Dr. Schmeger examined seventy to one hundred children daily, while he dictated to me what he found: age; weight; height; condition of body; number of children in the family; income and his diagnosis. The children had to expose their upper body. They showed some appalling ravages undernourishment had produced. Almost all of the youngsters were undersized and underweight, appeared heavy bellied, the skin of a greenish color, shot through with thick blue veins. One boy of fourteen, the eldest of ten children, of a poor worker, measured only three feet, legs and arms were as thin as spindles. The woeful sight haunted me through the night. We worked feverishly and finished the lists in time. Dr. Schmeger had made the selections. Mrs. Kircher gave me a helping hand, because our Welfare Department was still not established. So

many letters had to be written, information given, orders dispensed, preparations organized.

The excitement, anxiety, bustle and animation was indescribable that pulsed on the large main railroad depot in Villach when the four hundred youngsters assembled in front of the coaches of our special train, which was ready to carry them to Switzerland. A huge crowd of families and friends were there to see them off. Many cried while saying good-bye. For most of the children it was the first trip to a foreign country.

Mrs. Kircher and my brother-in-law as members of my committee, another teacher and I accompanied the first transport to Bux, the first bordertown in Switzerland. The journey had lasted twenty-eight hours, but we had plenty of food along for our youngsters.

At Bux I handed the children, the prepared lists with our best wishes to a committee of Swiss officials; many foster parents were present. Later, some difficulties developed. Some of the children didn't behave decently, others were caught stealing, a few were incompatible. One boy was a sex pervert and instantly sent home. After four weeks I gathered some helpers again and brought our youth back to Villach. It was a delight to watch the boys and girls. Their knapsacks were filled with new clothes their hosts had bought for them, and with chocolate, cocoa and other food articles.

The generosity of the noble Swiss people had no limit. I was told, they often deprived their own children of goods they needed, to give it to their guests. Our boys and girls looked like new children. Our three foot high George had grown six inches. It was touching to see this happy youth saying good-bye to their warm-hearted foster parents, who had accompanied them to Bux.

Many hero-stories have been written, but this event was the silent attestation of the heroic compassion of a whole nation. During the summer of 1920 I was able to bring two other transports to Switzerland, each with over a hundred children. I had the assurance of a fourth transport from the Catholic Priest of Appenzell. But when I arrived with my boys and girls at the depot in Villach, I saw many children equipped like ours on the train pulling in from Klagenfurt. It was like a shock to me—something had gone amiss. A priest stepped from the coach to tell me that he had received permission to fill the hundred places the pastor in Appenzell had reserved for me. I was not notified of the change and with the consternation and deeply disillusioned I had to tell my children:

"We are out of luck. These children from Klagenfurt will take our places. Please do not cry, it doesn't help. Let's go home again."

Their hearts were broken, their dreams of happy days shattered.

When my brother-in-law Rudolf came home late after a council meeting, he told me that a big crowd, noisy and angry, had gathered before the City Hall. It looked like a riot. They wanted me: "We will beat the life out of her. She did it all on purpose. The liberals are all rats."

They fumed and raged. An icy chill went down my spine. Those irate mothers would have killed me, had they gotten hold of me.

An Accident That Turned Into A Frolic

MANY TOLD ME: "You do the work for two."

"Nonsense," I usually answered, "it's only a matter how one makes use of his time."

There was no doubt, my work schedule became sometimes exhausting, and as I was no super woman, I looked often anxiously for days of rest, especially during the long vacation period. During the summer of 1920 we had visitors from Vienna; Rudolf's nephew and niece, Seppl and Ursula Weidlein. Both were teachers in the municipal schools of Vienna. They had rented several rooms in a private guest villa high above Bodensdorf on the north shore of Lake Ossiach. Both were ten years younger than I, jolly and gay and I joined them for several weeks, but could easily run by train to Villach to attend committee meetings at the City Council.

I had just returned from a children transport to Switzerland. My sister Mitzi and her husband Rudolf came almost daily from Villach and we went together on excursions or boat rides. We had to walk three quarters of an hour, to reach our boat house. One morning Mitzi and Rudolf came early and Mitzi had a splendid idea.

"Why don't we see once the Government Stud Farm on top of the Ossiach Tauern and we can at the same time visit the ancient massive Cloister Ossiach on the opposite shore?"

"Excellent!" Seppl cried.

At the Stud Farm, heavy Noric stallions were bred by the Government and they were famous through whole Europe. We had first to climb the fairly high Tauern Range south of the lake. How we enjoyed the almost human antics of the colts! Hundreds of them freely roamed the softly rounded slopes where they were turned loose in a wide field. They were tame like children, investigated our pockets with their nostrils, made exalted jumps into the air, ran away in a storm, came back like actors in a circus to scratch the earth with their front legs to beg for more bread. It was a curious delight to be among unspoiled nature.

Returning to the cloister, I had to do the explaining.

"The odd structure of this almost 1,000 year old building represents

the terms of a year; it has 365 windows, 52 rooms, 12 halls, 7 doors. Here in the beginning of the thirteenth century lived King Boleslav from Poland as a silent monk to exculpate his soul from his infamous crime. In his rage, he had killed a priest while he was reading the mass. I will show you his grave stone."

An Italian detachment held the building occupied. We had to taste the strong Italian wine Asti Spumanti, which the soldiers were offering for sale. It was already three P.M. and the sun burned down at us in lavish splendor. The water surface glittered in myriads of sparkles and Rudolf said:

"Let's row over to Annenheim and have dinner at the hotel. It's hardly more than six miles and we can change off on the oars." We liked the suggestion. The day was so beautiful, the shore line magic with its tinted red and white spots of houses among the green foliage. The wine must have made me sleepy and night was already upon us. A bright full moon showed us the way back to the boat house. The gigantic outlines of the distant mountain ranges loomed like fantastic silhouettes above the horizon, the theatrical voices of the Italian soldiers quivered over the waves, mingled with the soft murmurs of the curling waters and the monotonous splashes of the oars. Mitzi, Ursula and Rudolf did the paddling, Seppl and I had fallen sound asleep.

It was one in the morning when we reached the boat house. Still drowsy from the sleep, I grabbed the parasols and wraps while Rudolf steered the boat into the stall. Seppl jumped onto the high bar which separated our stall from the next one. He reached for my hand to pull me up to the bar. While holding tightly to my hand, he lost his balance and fell backward into the other boat and at full length and with a noisy smash and crash I also landed in the other boat, but my right foot was caught in the oar fork. I wanted to rise and couldn't step on my foot.

The boat swung back and forth and couldn't be steadied and with great difficulty they could finally lift me from the boat. What to do now? They set me on a little stool standing before one of the cabins. The path leading to the villa ran along the hilly northern slope; it was narrow, steep and stony and nearly two miles long. How could they take me home?

Rudolf suggested to Seppl: "Look in one of the near farm yards for a ladder. Then we can carry Andrea home." But 140 pounds was too heavy to be balanced. With every move I slid back or forward and hurt the foot on the rungs. My friends had to rest also. Lifting me up again from the ground seemed almost impossible. Their hands became sore.

Seppl hollered: "Two chains used on each end would ease the movements." The two boys sneaked into another court yard and took two

chains from a barn door. All the dogs in the neighborhood started a unison concert of barking. Now they were afraid of being caught; besides the improvement didn't work very well. . . .

"Could you find the front or rear part of a vehicle with two wheels, the ladder could rest on it and my weight would be eliminated?" I suggested modestly. Again the dogs howled when they entered another barn yard in search of a road cart. They found one and the problem was solved. How grateful we should be to the inventor of the wheel! Up and down it went over little hills, narrow patches, through groves and holes. As we climbed the last high slope, moonlight glittered over the lake and enveloped the country side in a soft fairy veil of fragile daintiness. We all started to sing and our voices vibrated through the wide expanse.

It was four in the morning when we reached the villa. Mitzi and Rudolf hurried home on the first morning train to arrange my transportation to the hospital. Their efforts were in vain. The only city ambulance had no gasoline for a trip out of town; every livery stable refused to take his horses to Bodensdorf.

"Our horses would collapse on the road. We have no oats to feed them," they answered with a shrug. There was only one way left to bring me to Villach—the train. I refused such a transport. It would have caused too much of a sensation and this I wanted to avoid. Our landlord came to our rescue.

"When we are done with the hay, I will take you with my rackwagon to Villach, but not before the fifteenth of August and this is a holiday. We will bed you on a stack of straw and you will be safe." It was still a week to the fifteenth. Seppel's young doctor friend had arrived from Vienna for a few weeks vacation in Bodensdorf, after receiving his diploma. He examined my foot which had swollen to a thick club. Cold compresses reduced the swelling. X-rays taken at the hospital at Villach revealed that two metatarsal bones had been split length-wise and the next two had cracked in two. One month later I could walk again with the help of a cane.

This was a forced relaxation, but it gave me the opportunity to another fascinating activity I had for a long time fully neglected—to write letters, especially to sister Anna and Louise in America.

Would I have ever surmised that these letters opened an entirely new chapter of my life on account of their far-reaching consequences?

A New Climax Is Approaching

MY LETTERS went mostly to my warm-hearted, compassionate sister Anna. Her answers were burning with interest in my many sided activities. The review was for myself like an audit of my deeds, a balance sheet for my performance. Through all my explanations rung a secret desire to know how Americans would have handled my problems. But Anna couldn't give me any information of value.

"Come to America," she wrote, "look yourself at all the marvelous institutions and schools."

I couldn't answer her bluntly with a determined "No." It would have hurt her feelings: she meant so well, so meekly I answered: "I will try," knowing before hand, I couldn't leave my lifework half finished.

The next letter brought an explosive moment. When I opened the letter, out fell a green sheet of paper: "A boat ticket from Bremerhafen to New York on the "Princess Matoika." Dumbfounded and stunned, shocked and disturbed, this modest piece of paper started to burn between my fingers. I felt as if a knife was pointed against my chest. Should I return the ticket to Anna? She might loose the amount she had spent to purchase it. At this time \$250.00 was a large sum of money and I knew she had worked hard to save it. I would need a one-year leave of absence from the Government and I had so many leaves already.

What would happen to my school? My children? My committees? A funny, mocking notion entered my mind: You think you are irreplaceable? How foolish one can be! What if you had died? Everything would run smoothly without you. An inner voice commanded: This is your golden opportunity. Hold on to it!

Still other forces restrained me. My sister Mitzi became angry: "Now our sister Lisi in Tarvis has only a few more months to live. With you gone I am left all alone. You cannot be so cruel to me."

I tried to console her. "I am still not decided what to do. I will see tomorrow Dr. Benda in Klagenfurt. As State Superintendent of Schools he may not let me go, because I have the application in for the position as principal of our Citizen School."

Dr. Benda showed cordial amiability: "You have high flying plans. With your extended knowledge, you would be of great service to us. I will do my best for you." When I left, he remarked shyly: "I envy you."

These words scintillated in my mind. Although my reluctance dissipated, the anticipation of a new, strange future kept me in agitated suspense.

Anna had sent me a draft for \$150.00 to provide me with some cash for the journey and the first few weeks in America. The draft was drawn on the Bank of Carinthia, which had a branch in Villach. One day I received a short note from its president.

"I would like to see you and make an offer to you, Miss Huber. I am advised to hand you \$150.00 in banknotes. We have a great amount of Gold and Silver dollars on hand. Would you like to accept them at a very favorable exchange rate? We say: \$150.00 in Gold for \$100.00 in notes and \$200.00 in Silver for \$100.00 in notes. You could make a nice little profit."

This sounded suspicious. I remembered, import and export of hard money was forbidden. I tried to reach a friend of mine, the former Vice-Mayor of Villach.

"What do you think of this proposal? Does the law prohibiting the export of valuta still exist?"

"Your suspicion is correct. You better keep your hands off the deal," my friend announced sternly.

"Don't worry," I said, "I feel no temptation to break the law."

Early in September I had to go to the American Consulate in Vienna to order my passport. There again I noticed the difference between banknotes and hard money. Of all places, I thought, the American Consulate should accept notes and valuta at the same rate, but they did not. A lady from Kansas stood with me at the counter. She handed the officer a \$10.00 Gold piece to pay the fee of nine dollars for the extension. The officer demanded: "Go over to the bank and exchange your Gold money for paper money."

Curiously I waited for her return. At the bank she had to pay thirteen dollars for a \$10.00 banknote. It seemed almost unbelievable to me. I asked several American Officials in America, how this could have happened.

"You are mistaken," one said curtly. Another said: "You must be dreaming." I never received a satisfactory answer or a convincing explanation.

My Last Civic Activities

SIX MONTHS of hard work was still ahead of me, before I left for my adventurous tour to America. My regular duties at both of my schools -the Citizens School and my private Business School—went on with no decrease in effort and my substantial obligations, my public office as a Counselor of the City Council placed upon my shoulders, absorbed every free hour of my days. Even dashes into new fields of endeavor I could press into my schedule.

The Government had finally settled to routine activities, especially some complexes of educational problems came before the public forum. One convention met in Klagenfurt, another in Villach. Professor Anton Rauch, still our handsome and bearded Citizen School inspector, asked me to give some lectures in vocational guidance, which was then an important issue. I had become well known among educators through my activity in this particular field. Off and on I held conferences with a number of parents. I even came one hour earlier to school to give parents a chance to get advice, what trade or profession their daughters should choose as their vocation. So many came that I couldn't satisfy them all. They even came to my Sunday Missions which I had started to keep the girls from the streets.

These Sunday play and hobby hours filled a dire need in my program of extra-curricular juvenile care. They awakened a keen interest and the girls flocked to our meeting place, where we sang, danced, learned to make flowers, did all kinds of needle craft, practiced setting tables for luncheons and acted out little sketches.

The parents liked the joyous atmosphere. There I had more time for their troubles. One of the sweetest girls at these Sunday gatherings was Gisela Kobler. Her father was a well-known jeweler and watchmaker and his business was located near the Cathedral. Gisela—a senior at our Citizen School—came up to my desk one day and said:

“Mother wants to talk with you about my future, but I want to talk first with you. Mother wants me to take up bookkeeping, but I don't like it. Can you help me?”

I knew, Mr. Kobler was advancing in age. He had built up a successful

business, but had lost his only son. This was a hard blow to him, therefore I asked Gisela:

"How about learning your father's trade? What do you say to this idea?"

"I don't know," she answered perplexed.

"Let me talk to your father first, and learn what he has to say. Think the matter over for yourself!" I encouraged her.

The next day I saw Mr. Kobler.

"There is in all Austria no other girl who is learning watchmaking," he exclaimed doubtfully.

"Then Gisela will be the first one. If she likes it, let her do it," was my reply.

"It would be fine, if she likes it. All my worries would have an end," he admitted.

Gisela became the first female watchmaker in Villach and Carinthia, perhaps in all of Austria. Later she took over her father's business and married a watchmaker. Her son is learning the business in his mother's establishment. We stayed continuously in correspondence, until the sad message of her sudden death reached me here one year ago.

The Ministry of Education of our Government in Vienna pronounced a conference for all city and town leaders of Austria to be held during July 1921. Mayor Dr. Pomaroli sent me as his delegate. I had to deliver two speeches: "Juvenile Welfare Work in Small Communities" and "Professional and Vocational Guidance." I received generous acclaim. The convention lasted three days and it was filled with enthusiastic fervor to keep in step with most modern techniques.

I had to help to solve another problem. Dr. Rudolf Pichler, then chief of staff of our city hospital, had some plans to improve health conditions in Villach. He sent me a note to school:

"Can you come to the Park Cafe to discuss some problems with me?" he wrote.

"This cannot go on any longer," he declared excitedly. "It is becoming frightening how the number of women has grown who storm my office, demanding operations for abortion. If these women would only realize, what damage they do to their health and bodies, they would be more sensible. The law gives me the authority to perform such surgery, when my judgement considers it necessary, but the situation is running out of bound. It is categorically imperative that this risky practice has to stop."

We decided upon a series of lectures to be held at the city theater.

"I have so many patients and operations and no time to advertise these lectures," he said in a low spirit.

"Have no worry, Dr. Pichler, I will arrange everything for you. The

cause is too worthy to be dismissed. Several of my colleagues are wonderful girls, they will help me. We will provide for the posters, the newspaper articles and distribute the tickets and deal with the crowd at the theater."

So I took another responsibility upon my shoulders. Dr. Pichler held four lectures, which were heavily attended. He added to the program advice for the prevention of colds, tuberculosis, malnutrition and venereal diseases.

I wanted another situation corrected. We had at the same time several cases of sex offenses involving our girls. Cognizant of my ignorance I had displayed so awkwardly as a young teacher in Spittal on the Drau, I mentioned to Dr. Pichler that ignorance may sometimes be the cause of an outrageous deed, I offered a new plan, to give serious information at the right time to prevent shame and sorrow. I suggested that our girls, before they left school, should be given a complete explanation of important sex functions. At the graduation celebration, our girls should receive a solemn and sobering lecture.

I had to interpret this bold idea to our teachers' council. All my colleagues were in favor, but not our substitute principal, Miss Clothilda Brandl. It took two months of intense pleading to obtain her final approval. I attended the first lecture and stood like my girls with head bowed, listening with extreme attention. Dr. Pichler stressed the idea that premarital intercourse would increase dreadfully the perilous spread of venereal diseases.

Now the ice was broken. The new practice of giving information in sexual matters became a standard obligation of our Citizens School system.

My Farewell Tour

To The Grossglockner

HOW COULD I have left Europe without saying good-bye to my beloved mountains, hillsides, the deep-green forests, the magnificent heights and kingly summits?

Sepl and Ursula Weidlein with two friends had come from Vienna to join me in the trip. I had never seen the Grossglockner, the famous and glorious monarch of Carinthia and Austria, from a very close range and we planned quite a cumbersome and difficult approach, which demanded courage and endurance.

We went by train along the River Drau to Lienz, the easternmost city of Tirol, took a bus northward to Windisch Matrei, a town bedded in a deep kettle of snow covered mountain heights. From there a small road led north-eastward to Kals. There the ascent began to the Kalser Thoerl (little door), a small and treacherous defile which brought us back to Carinthia and to the origin of the Moell River. This wild rivulet receives its foaming and whirling waters from the huge Pasterce Glacier, leaning on the shoulders of the Grossglockner.

Each of us carried a heavy load of provisions for the two-weeks tour in our shoulderbags. We started to climb to Thoerl, jumping over rocks and brooks, over bushes of thistles and dwarf birches, singing and laughing, stopping a few seconds for a deep breath of fragrant air. But the wind blew steady from the perfidious south. Soon all mountain tops were covered with heavy and dense clouds. They hung screens of fog and dancing smoke on slopes and ridges. The sun disappeared behind walls of rolling steam. Before we reached the little hut on top of the Thoerl, it started to drizzle. We shortened our rest period, our goal was still fifteen miles away and there was no settlement in this vast solitude. Early night would fall upon us at the defiles in the descent to the east. Downward we ran, over boulders and rocks, sliding down on the thin grass bands between stretches of gravel, becoming velvety lawns of sweet herbs, myriads of bluebells, white daisies and red-goldish rhododendrons. They dropped their blossoms and were sadly standing in tears.

We were gravitating to the Moell River almost 2,000 feet below.

Soon we would be nearing the tree-belt. As the screens of fog soon turned into heavy rain, we hastened unceasingly to the canyon-like valley. Our shags of coarse cloth were dripping water. Little streams poured down from the branches of weather-beaten mountain pines. Down it trickled on our hats, our necks, our body. The Moss covered earth in the thickets swallowed the harsh sound of our goiserer shoes, but the fine squeaking of the jumping waters inside our shoes mingled with the frightened chirping of the mountain finches, the low chatter of the mountain thrush who sought refuge in the trees. From the pasture land below rang the lonesome bleating of sheep, the bellows of cows, the shrill shrieks of a jackdaw or a hawk.

We were shivering with cold. Our water soaked clothes added to the weight of our knapsacks. The straps cut painfully into our shoulders, increasing our discomfort. Finally we reached the canyon of the Moell. In the depths of the gorge the young river howled in wild fury. Our path was marked with red points on trunks and boulders. It led us to an improvised bridge—two logs thrown over the chasm. We formed a chain to pass the tremendous hazard safely. We soon neared the most perilous spot—the “Death Plate.” It was a monstrous slab of rock, leaning towards the gorge at a sixty degree angle, eight feet long, four feet wide. We didn’t dare to walk over the small plateau.

Sepl cried: “We can only crawl over on our stomachs with all the waters gushing from above.”

Ursula added: “Too bad, we cannot swim through the water. Our shoulderbags won’t let us.”

I said: “We simply have to wiggle ourselves from place to place.” It was not comical to see the five creeping figures slide over the rock wriggling their backs to move the heavy, water soaked knapsacks along. We were drenched to the bone and trembling with icy chill.

Darkness enveloped us as we reached the highway leading to the Glockner House. The immense dining hall was filled to the last spot with tourists. Thick waves of tobacco smoke hung in the air. We were led to a small room where a half dozen tourists were already resting. How we welcomed the cozy warmth of the room. Behind a screen of our blankets we changed from our dripping clothes to dry garments from our bags; they were partly wet too. Our shags and suits were hung on the washlines in the huge kitchen where a fireplace-like open hearth spread a wealth of heat. We lunched from our food reserves and soon retired. The boys crumbled on the floor. Ursula sought refuge on a hard bench. I roosted on the top of the table. “Good night,” I mumbled faintly and fell asleep.

Next morning the highway was buried under six inches of snow. The slopes, boulders and giddy heights scintillated in a blaze of light from

the iridescent reflections of the sunbeams on the snow. We had to abandon our plan to climb to the Franz Josef House and Hoffmann's Cabin, still 2,500 feet higher than the hotel.

When I finally returned with my companions to Villach with a joyous heart and much lighter knapsacks, I had a painful sensation of homesickness. Soon a strange land will surround me. Will it be kind to me? Are they forebodings? Or may I anticipate a bright future?

My Departure From Europe

AT AN EARLY morning hour of November 9, 1921, a small crowd had gathered at the main depot in Villach. It had snowed during the night and dirty slush covered streets and sidewalks. Uncle Martin Florian and Aunt Helene, with two of their daughters and several friends, were already standing on the perron to bid me farewell. I was glad that Mitzi and Rudolf had decided to accompany me as far as Munich in Bavaria.

My heart was heavy with suspense and tormented by a sudden fear that I would never see my beloved ones again. The wave of premonition tortured me with intense force, and when in Munich I finally said good-bye to my sister and her husband, I was shaking dreadfully. I never saw Mitzi again, nor Uncle Martin and Aunt Helene.

When I continued my journey alone I felt deeply stirred and weary. It was miserably cold in the small compartment of the rail coach, where I had to sit next to a broken window, our train, like the others, being still in a decrepit condition from war use. I quivered all the way to Hanover, although I was wrapped in a camel hair blanket.

At Hanover, where I changed trains, I found room in my compartment to lie down on the upholstered bench. I had fallen sound asleep when, at six in the morning, I heard the conductor call "Bremen." This was the station where I had to leave the train. I started to jump up but with a scream fell back on my seat. I couldn't move without an agonizing pain. It was an acute attack of lumbago, caused by my sitting for many hours of the night travel next to the open window.

No matter how it hurt, I had to get off the train. Assisted by a helper who carried my luggage, I crawled down from the coach, moaning in mortal pain. With the feeling that I had to scorn death I moved slowly forward to the hotel only one block away from the depot.

A chambermaid helped me to undress and brought me a hot water bottle. I couldn't make a turn in bed, much less sit up. I could only lie still as if frozen. But the next morning I felt considerably better. All persons traveling to America had to submit to a thorough medical examination before and after the quarantine period of six days. When I reported to the health officer I was able to stand erect.

On November 19, 1921—a Saturday—I had to leave early by train for Bremerhafen, the port city. My boat—the Princess Matoika—was anchored there and scheduled to sail at noon. Many people stood at the wharf and waved good-bye to departing friends and relatives. A brass band blared on the pier and the strains of the song “Deutschland, Deutschland Ueber Alles” filled the air with a metallic ring. Proudly the ship slid from the dock into the open waters of the North Sea. Scarves and handkerchiefs were fluttering in the wind, but no farewell greeting was offered to me. For the first time in my life I felt deserted, entirely alone in a strange and dismal world. A melancholy gloom crept to my heart. Through the wide expanse, hundreds of masts, sails and smoke-stacks reached into the sky. On the far western horizon no land was distinguishable.

There was the great divide.

PART TWO

America Bound

THERE I stood on the upper deck, holding on to the railing with a passionate and nervous grip. The entire ship vibrated under the hammering beat of the engines which made my body shake also in fantastic rhythm. I quivered not only from the pounding of the powerful machines but, even more, from the overwhelming emotion. With a last look over the tumultuous harbor, the array of uncountable ship-masts and boats, the bursts and eddies of smoke and mist, I stared into the ever-increasing distance.

"Farewell, Europe!" I gasped—but the steady beating of a gong tore my mind from woeful thoughts. I turned to the stairway leading to the dining hall and joined the pushing masses of people, but the strange faces only made me more frighteningly aware of a creeping feeling of lonesomeness.

Not having been informed that I could have arranged for a better and more suitable table party, I was—to my dismay—placed at a table with a dozen farmer boys and an elderly couple who showed unmistakably their Polish origin, who spoke only Polish and didn't understand one word of German. The chief steward, whose job it is to assign the various table spaces, probably encountered some difficulty in seating single passengers like me. His unfortunate arrangement made conversation impossible and I was too timid to ask for a change. Despite the splendid food I felt miserable. But in the lounge and drawing-room I found several women with whom I could start a conversation, although none of them seemed especially intelligent or interesting, being housewives with a narrow domestic background. I shouldn't have dared to draw a man into conversation, my social training forbidding such forwardness. But I had brought several books along and a pamphlet, a thesis in magazine form which had aroused my particular interest by the keen and unusual theories it set out to explain. Its author was a famous Austrian engineer and scientist, P. Hoerbiger, whose "Ice Theory", dealing with the abnormalities in atmospheric and weather conditions had caused a considerable furor among physicists of that period. The keenness of Hoerbiger's conjectures and the plausibility of his

assumptions agitated my mind to brisk thinking, and as I usually did under such circumstances, I lit one cigarette after another. In Europe the majority of intellectual women smoked; it was fashionable and smart to do so. I had begun to smoke while still enrolled at the Teacher's College, where we were forced to study into the late night hours when numerous examinations crowded our work schedule. When later on I had to prepare for other examinations and my teaching position also afforded a great deal of night work I resorted more and more to the soft stimulation of a cigarette. Thus I acquired successively a mild smoking habit which I suspended only for the two years of my lung affliction. When I had attended my first welfare meeting at the house of Mrs. Hainisch, the mother of Austria's first president, we were offered cigarettes and all the ladies smoked. At the conference with the Minister of Education, the Minister himself put forward his cigarette case. He wouldn't have done so if it had not been socially permissible for a lady to smoke.

Consequently it didn't occur to me, as I read my pamphlet, that I was committing a social offense. I was too completely absorbed in my reading and too pleasantly refreshed by the cigarettes to watch the onlookers and see how critically they observed me with angry eyes. Had I been a little more punctilious, I would have noticed the disapproving looks of many women and many men too. I didn't investigate to see whether other women smoked.

I must have aroused the ire and jealousy of some of my fellow passengers for another reason too—I didn't become seasick, although we had an exceptionally heavy sea. I was not affected by the weaving and pounding of the boat, but more than ninety-percent of the cabin-class passengers were. I didn't miss one meal and I knew the secret of my sturdiness. Shortly before I had left Europe I had read an article which claimed that by exercising will power one could control his stomach and sense of balance. The theory proved to be correct; but many seemed to regard my robustness with open grudging.

It was not until the last evening of our eleven-day voyage that I became engaged in a pleasant conversation with a woman who spoke German fairly well. She was an American and I smoked leisurely while talking with her. Suddenly I noticed that her husband motioned to her to leave my table and to join him at another to which he stepped. Immediately I sensed the sting of rejection but couldn't find a motive for his ungallant behavior nor could I ask anybody else for a simple explanation. They spoke only English.

But the next morning—of the day of our disembarkation—brought clarity and with it an ugly finale. At 7 a.m. we had to assemble in the lounge to meet the immigration officers for the clearance of our identification papers. While I stood in the ante-hall with three other

occupants of my cabin, two elderly women approached me. With a look of contemptuousness and hatred they came towards me and one of them shouted in a broken and coarse German: "We don't want a woman coming to America who smokes. You must be a Communist; only a Communist woman would smoke. We saw you reading continually in a paper. That must be the 'Red Flag' (A Communist paper printed in Berlin.) We will block your entry into the States. We, as good women, despise you."

Along this line the tirade went. A big crowd had gathered around us but there was a stony silence. I stood so completely perplexed and bewildered that only one frantic thought could find room in my mind: "No, they can't stop me from coming to America! How can I ever endure this shame? How could I return home, disheartened and dishonored!"

I ran toward the dining room to search for my table steward, who could speak German excellently and who could tell me what to do. I found him and informed him about the fracas. I asked him if he could arrange an interview for me with the Captain of the boat. First, he seemed reluctant even to listen to me, then I said: "I have to defend myself from the onslaught. I—a Communist! Unbelievable! I was always their bitterest enemy! I never had a 'Red Flag' in my hand. The paper she spoke of was a scientific treatise. I can show it to the Captain."

Now the steward showed a little more interest.

"Go to the immigration officer and explain everything to him. He will listen to you," he said more kindly.

I left and turned back to the lounge. How I dreaded to mingle again with these cruel people who with one pitiless word could destroy a person's reputation, future, even existence!

Though I should have been placed near the beginning of the alphabetical line, my name being Huber, I had to wait until the very last traveler was questioned. The stern-faced officer did not look directly at me. I showed him my passport and the letters of recommendation of the Mayor of Villach, and the State Superintendent of Schools of Carinthia, in which I was openly praised for my accomplishments and in which American officers were urged to give me help in my efforts to study juvenile welfare conditions.

"What have you to say in regard to the 'Red Flag'?" he asked in a surly voice.

"This is the paper I was reading and which the woman said is a copy of the 'Red Flag'. It is a scientific treatise by Paul Hoerbiger. The turmoil was caused by my smoking. In Austria, all ladies smoke. Is it a crime?"

After a half hour's questioning I was permitted to leave the ship. It

was already late in the afternoon and becoming dark. But another experience hit me like a slap in the face. I wanted to stay overnight in a hotel in Hoboken, where our boat had docked, make a sight-seeing trip through New York City the following morning, and in the early afternoon take an express train to Chicago and Milwaukee. As nobody of my relations could come to meet me at the boat, I felt free to make my own decisions.

But when I stepped from the gangplank to the pier, two women walked towards me and one said in fluent German: "We are from the American Traveler's Aid Society. We were expecting you and you are to come with us."

I thanked them politely for their kindness but declined to accept their invitation. "I will take a hotel room overnight and make a tour around New York tomorrow morning, after I have my luggage taken care of and inspected," I said firmly. "But just the same, I thank you sincerely for your friendly intention to help me."

But the woman replied: "You cannot leave here without us. By American law, a single woman not accompanied by somebody related to her or acquainted with her is not allowed to travel alone when she arrives the first time in the States. You can travel only under our supervision and you will have to come with us."

Surprised and annoyed, I answered: "You ladies probably don't know that I am coming here under the auspices of our Austrian government. I am a member of the City Council of Villach and have made trips over half of Europe, several times alone. I think I don't need your guardianship and should be treated differently."

"Then you will have to return to Europe. You cannot leave here alone," the woman responded determinedly. Now I knew the woman meant what she said. I was puzzled, for I couldn't understand the strange intention of the law. It wasn't explained to me either. I felt that this action was an affront to my dignity, an unqualified deprivation of my personal freedom, besides being inexcusable and stupid.

During the following years I learned to think and judge differently as I slowly grew into the new customs, the new language, and the new government. I heard about the White Slave Act and the various dangers women were exposed to at the hands of ruthless exploiters and hidden crime syndicates. Though I believed I could have taken care of myself in any difficult situation, a law is made for all and doesn't often permit exceptions. I came to comprehend the importance of this seemingly fantastic restriction, for single women really did have to be protected from any possible danger. My two strict ladies had acted correctly, for they had no authority to make an exception of me in spite of the violence with which I resented the curtailment of my freedom of action.

After the customs inspection was completed, I was taken at seven o'clock the same evening to the train assigned to me. The women explained that I would arrive in Chicago at ten the following night where two women of the Traveler's Aid Society would be waiting for me. They told me too, that one hour later, at eleven o'clock, I could catch a train for Milwaukee, which I would reach at one in the morning on Sunday, December 4th.

Afraid that the one hundred and fifty dollars my sister had sent me to tide me over the first month or six weeks wouldn't last very long, I didn't take a pullman berth overnight. The uncertainty and insecurity of my near future disturbed me more and more. Even though I scolded myself for being so restless and fidgety, I couldn't calm down to more peaceful reflections. I was very tired and perhaps exhausted from the excitement and the strain of the past hours and I finally slept fairly well in my sitting-up position. Through the preceding years I had become accustomed to discomfort and hardships. Our train, one of the Lackawanna and Wabash Line, passed through Canadian territory and when the morning dawned and I could watch the scenery, I saw the immense plains, the soft hills, red-roofed clusters of farmhouses and enormous cities of the country and was boundlessly fascinated. Everything seemed so fantastically gigantic and tremendously wide-stretched. After hours of staring through the windows, running from one side of the coach to the other so as not to miss any glimpse of an interesting sight, I became very weary and fatigued.

The train was late and it was after 11 p.m. when it thundered into the enormous station at Chicago. But the last train for Milwaukee had already left the depot. Two Traveler's Aides were, however, waiting for me. I fully realized now what a sacrifice of time they had made to take care of me and felt a warm gratitude for their kindness. They helped me send a telegram to my sister Louise in Milwaukee to notify her of my delay and give her the exact hour of my arrival—at ten o'clock the next morning. As I wasn't allowed to leave the depot, I passed the night on a small leather couch in a tiny waiting room. At 7:30 a.m. I was ready to board the first train to Milwaukee, which I later learned to love more than any other American City.

Milwaukee Welcomes Me

ON SUNDAY, the fourth of December 1921, at ten o'clock in the morning, my train rolled into the Milwaukee Road station. My agitation had turned into a feverish tremble. I hadn't seen my brother Hermann for fifteen years and my sisters Louise and Anna for eight. Would I be able to recognize them immediately? Would they know me? I pressed my fingertips against the window pane to control my excitement. There, I spied them, waving their hands as they ran toward the approaching train. With a shriek it came to a standstill. I hurried to the exit and down the steps.

Brother Hermann was there, Louise and her husband George, and Anna had come too from Minnesota on a honeymoon trip with her new husband, Hermann Kuhlmann. We all wept for happiness.

"All of you come to us for dinner," said Louise and George. A taxi took us to Louise's house, but my brother declined the invitation to stay.

"We have company," he said, "but see us in the evening!"

The meal was delicious. I was astonished by the variety of courses Louise had prepared. When I thought of the plain and simple fare we had to be content with at home where frugality and even hunger had been our daily guests, the rich food seemed a double treat with the luxurious table setting. While we ate I had to tell about sister Mitzi and Rudolf and their two children, Willy and Herta, about poor Lisi who had to die comparatively young, about our economic conditions and the terrors of the war. Louise's two children, Andrea and Benno, had grown to husky youngsters of fifteen and thirteen. Present too were George's son from his first marriage, Norman, and his wife Betty. Betty, like Andrea and Benno, didn't know much German and couldn't participate in the conversation.

There was no end to the questioning and I lit one cigarette after the other trying to concentrate my thoughts. After a while, Louise called me into her bedroom.

"I have to talk to you privately," she said and I followed her. She closed the door behind me and started bluntly, with a look of

annoyance on her face: "You cannot smoke in my house. In America, ladies do not smoke. While you stay with me, I cannot permit you to indulge in such a distasteful habit."

I looked at her and wanted to explain, but before my eyes rose two ghost-like figures, two irate women on board the "Princess Matoika," and misgivings gripped my heart.

"What will I have to expect in the future?" I asked myself and shuddered in aching disillusion. I decided not to argue my case. I was too deeply hurt. I left the room and sat down again at the table as if nothing had happened. I tried not to betray my emotion, but Louise's words had cut into me like knives. As the conversation was now held in English, I pretended to listen attentively only to find the strength to override the inner storm.

That night I couldn't fall asleep. My mind returned, full of foreboding, to the scene in Louise's bedroom. Were there more conflicts in store for me? How could I find out what people liked or did not like here? What other behavior of mine might cause another surge of antagonism? By what warning signal could I ward off another such dissension? I felt that from now on I would have to move as if on quicksand or slippery ice or to shackle my personality and become a timid creature. I remembered the enthusiastic ardor that had stirred my soul when our ship passed the Statue of Liberty a few days before, the enthralling dream of the great things waiting here for me. The Statue of Liberty, symbolizing the golden freedom of action, of thoughts and ideas, seemed suddenly—in my fantasy—enveloped in a thick cloud of nasty smoke. Is ignorance stronger than intellectual enlightenment? Will I be a failure? How could I avoid making more tragic mistakes?

Still, my own sense of rightness told me I wasn't really so badly at fault. With a little more kindness, a little more neighborly love on the part of others, I could gain a so much finer impression of the new people and the new country. Yet my sense of judgement cautioned me not to overemphasize these experiences, but rather to keep steadily an open mind. With these soothing reflections I felt momentarily relaxed and relieved, mumbled a little prayer, and fell asleep.

Anna and her husband, Hermann, were very kind to me. The following morning, they took me to town. Many things were so entirely different from what I had been accustomed to in Europe—the whole layout of the city, the geometrical order of streets, the lively traffic, the peculiar architecture of some buildings, the uniformness of whole rows of houses, the marvelous show windows. I became aware of the predominant preference of Americans for single dwellings, the conspicuous use of wood as building material. I couldn't grasp fast enough all the manifold impressions and I poured out such a barrage of

questions that my two companions had hardly a chance to answer.

In the afternoon we visited Mama Mueller-Kager who, like us, had come from Tarvis. The family had immigrated several years before the arrival of my sisters in America. Mr. Kager, Mrs. Mueller's second husband, had first come alone to Menasha, Wisconsin, then sent for his wife, son, and three daughters. After Mr. Kager's death the family moved to Milwaukee.

It was a happy hour of reunion with this lovely family. Mama Mueller's sweet kindness captured me immediately. I hadn't seen her for almost twenty years, but her second oldest daughter, Helen, had been my pupil at the convent school in Klagenfurt. Resi, the oldest, like Helen already married, with their sister Marie made me instantly feel at home. Their jolly laughter and liveliness had crowded immediately all the ill feeling of the previous days out of my heart. And for years to come I found in their home friendship and warm understanding and the most precious equivalent to a happy life—the noble spirit of comradeship.

Now Mama and Resi are gone—both died in my arms—but Marie and Helen and their families are still my cherished friends and the memories of uncountable joyous hours will linger on in my soul like a golden melody.

Anna and Hermann remained only one week in Wisconsin and then returned to Minnesota. On Louise's advice I enrolled instantly in one of Milwaukee's numerous evening courses for foreigners. I felt instinctively that the ability to speak English meant success or failure to me. As speedily as possible I had to acquire the language of the land. But another obstacle loomed before me like a gray and ghostlike figure: Would I be able to find a job?

Job Hunting

IN THE HOPE of finding me an office job as a German correspondent, Anna had made arrangements for personal interviews for me with the managers of the two Milwaukee German newspapers and with several managers of factories which exported chiefly to Germany and Austria. But all attempts proved futile. A slight depression had plagued the country after the First World War and thousands of unemployed people were crowding the employment offices. I didn't go to any employment office. My failure to secure a job where I could make use of my knowledge of German had given me a minor inferiority complex. I was reluctant to try the domestic field. Although I knew plain cooking if the need should arise, I couldn't offer much of experience. The road to my becoming a teacher was also blocked, the Board of Education having discontinued instruction in German in public schools as an after-effect of the war. I had studied Italian, French and Latin, but not English.

Two positions as governess were of short duration. Pedantic rulings and too-strict curtailment of my personal freedom made me exceedingly unhappy. Then I accepted a job as practical nurse to a lady who was ill with cancer. She lived with her aged father and he hired me for a weekly wage of \$13.00. I nursed her with all my devotion and when she died, I kept house for her father for several months, until he could find another helper. In the meantime, I watched eagerly the want ad column of the daily newspapers.

One day in July I had quit my position one week before—I read a small notice advertising for women experienced in needlecraft. It offered pleasant work and good wages. I copied the address. The next morning I found myself standing before a hosiery factory. They needed menders. Momentarily I wanted to turn back. The thought struck me: “Oh! What will my friends in Europe think of my working in a factory?” A cold shower couldn't have made me shiver more. Then I felt ashamed of my cowardice.

“Why don't you try at least?” an inner voice commanded. I walked to the information window. There I was told that I had first to learn

the trade, but would be paid 22 cents an hour during my apprenticeship, which would probably last from two to four weeks, depending on how handy I was.

I was led into a large hall where sixty or eighty girls were sitting at large tables on which were piled big bundles of oddly colored stockings in pink, blue, green, and orange. The superintendent, a handsome young man with a kind smile, took me to a corpulent lady seated in a chair and surrounded by more than a dozen girls. Each had a white sock pulled over her left hand. With their right hands the girls sewed some stitches into the sock, using black thread. I too was given a sock, thimble, needle, and black thread. The portly woman was an instructor who taught the girls a variety of stitches. She cut holes into the knitted fabric, pulled threads, and sewed the holes together again with stitches that matched exactly the loops in the material. As a girl in public school, already I had learned to make these knitting stitches. Moreover, each female teacher in Austria had to graduate also as a teacher of needlecraft. So the job seemed as easy to me as play. I was shown about forty different stitches and in only a few minutes I returned the sock with a perfect duplication of the sample. The instructor shook her head and shouted repeatedly: "This woman is a wonder!" At 11 a.m. I was through with all phases of the course.

The superintendent came over to my place and said: "We will not give you 22 cents an hour. We will pay you 28 cents!"

Before, while sewing, I had figured in my mind how long it would take me with an hourly wage of 22 cents to repay the \$400.00 I owed my sister Anna for the ticket and buy a ticket back to Europe. With earnings of \$8.80 a week, I wouldn't be able to pay Louise for my room and board, which amounted to \$9.00 far less save anything besides. Therefore, the announcement of the supervisor delighted me doubly. I was given a dozen pairs of badly damaged socks. I mended them carefully and at two o'clock I had completed my task. The inspector checked the twenty four socks and murmured: "Perfect, perfect!" and gave me another dozen. Again I saw the superintendent stepping towards me.

"From now on we will pay you 36 cents an hour," he declared with a big grin. He couldn't have guessed how jubilant I was. I could hardly wait to arrive home with the news of my unexpected success. Two weeks later, my hourly wage rate was increased to 45 cents. I also had to make test work on silk hose. The stockings we worked on looked raw and stiff. They had been dipped in a gum solution and colored to make them less delicate. The mended hose were inspected and re-inspected for flaws. Then they were shipped to other departments for further processing with which we had nothing to do. They were

washed, boiled, dyed, boarded, and again inspected.

I had worked several weeks in the mending department when, one day, I was asked by the superintendent whether I would like to work at their newly built branch on the North Side of the city. Working conditions would be better, the surroundings cleaner and airier, he said. I accepted and with five other girls went there. The building was still not completed, part of the flooring of the second story was missing. On the first floor stood the huge knitting machines; upstairs the stockings were inspected and looped. Across the street we could take our noon meal at a nice restaurant. The new superintendent was a friendly man who could speak German. With him in the office was an elderly lady who had charge of all the women employees. I liked it much better than downtown.

One day the woman-overseer came to me and ordered me to pack my belongings immediately and report to my former superintendent at the main building. Startled and alarmed, I didn't know what to think of the sudden change. Throughout the streetcar ride, the suspense bothered me immensely. I walked up the flight of steps to the fifth floor, my heart pounding fiercely. On the stair landing of the fifth floor stood my former superintendent, gesturing to me.

"I am waiting for you," he called pleasantly. Now I knew I wasn't fired, demoted or transferred as I had feared.

"We will train you as a forelady for the north branch. You will have to instruct other girls in mending and take charge of the mending department there from now on. Your old instructor will give you all the hints you will need to fill your new position. I am also authorized to give you a raise of 5 cents per hour and if your work is satisfactory, we will put you on a commission basis."

That was more than I could have dreamed of. The future seemed more rosy than ever and all kinds of new plans circled in my mind.

My First Marriage

EVERY DAY new girls were sent to my department for instruction. During the rush of the first two months I taught more than two hundred apprentices to do mending. Many were dismissed, but at the end almost fifty remained as my workers.

On account of my close contact with these girls I became intensely aware of the necessity to improve my knowledge of English. Though I went twice weekly to evening school—the courses for foreigners, provided by the School Board of the city—I derived very little profit from these lessons. I wasn't satisfied at all with my progress. The classes were overcrowded with pupils of whom the great majority had only an elementary schooling and whose advance was therefore slow, a situation which reduced me to an irritating inactivity during these hours. I had little opportunity to talk English, for I stayed with my sister Louise and later on with our mutual friend Resi, the daughter of Mama Mueller. We conversed almost exclusively in German, because Mama couldn't speak English either.

I had to devise some remedy for this situation. Two ways were open to me: Private tutoring or living with a family whose members didn't know any German. I couldn't consider the former—lessons were too expensive. But I could look for a nice family. I did it without delay. Luck was with me. I rented a room from Mrs. Catherine Cronin, who owned a flat only eight blocks from my place of work. Mrs. Cronin, with her daughter Margrit, occupied the ground floor and rented the second floor. She was of Irish descent, a lovely, charming, and intelligent woman. Margrit was her attractive and fine counterpart, pleasant and witty besides. The tenants in the upper flat were Mr. and Mrs. John Walsh and Bart Bouchee, a bachelor with a fine baritone voice.

We soon found mutual interests. Every Sunday after church we gathered in the living room for a morning concert. I played the piano, sang duets with Bart or solos, or joined the others in a merry chorus. Sometimes Mrs. Cronin's son Ray dropped in with his lovely wife Lora. Our party usually turned then into a jolly frolic, because Ray was full of fun and of an unbelievable vitality. Out of this association grew a

warm and noble friendship, still lasting today and filling my heart with gladness and devotion. My spells of homesickness disappeared and my speech became fluent, more distinct, though I never lost a pronounced accent.

But there was one worry that kept me steadily on edge. October had arrived and the time was nearing when I had to return to Europe. I had sent in two applications: one went to the Austrian Government asking for an extension of my one-year leave of absence, the other to the Department of State in Washington. Dr. Hershman of Milwaukee, Anna's travel agent, who had furnished my boat ticket, had composed a request for a grant of continued stay in this country for me. I had no fear of being disappointed by the Austrian Government, but I expected serious difficulties from the Immigration Bureau for I had come to this country only on a study visa. Consent by this body to a permanent stay was more than uncertain, if not impossible. I felt as if I were dangling in mid-air and paralyzed by suspense and fear.

Finally I received answers to both petitions. Both applications were approved. The letter from the State Department declared that it had no objection to my permanent residence in this country. It stated in part:

"----- Department of State, Washington

In reply you are informed that this Department interposes no objection to Miss Huber remaining in the United States indefinitely. This letter will serve as sufficient evidence of permission granted.

(signed) J. Preston Doughten,
Chief, Visa Office.

I was overjoyed, exalted, as if in a trance. I could not believe my fortune was true.

I promptly devised a plan of action for the following months. First of all, I had to budget my income, giving priority to the payment of my debts, which were considerably increased by the purchase of a piece of land. Then I had to arrange for a more intensive study of English. Finally I had to learn more about how Juvenile Welfare activities were practiced and how educational institutions were organized in the State of Wisconsin. While I had rapidly adjusted myself to my new environment, had learned to love my new friends, my work, the beautiful city of Milwaukee with its superb shoreline and harbors and the magnificent lakes in its vicinity, I became slowly conscious of a new secret longing: to remain in this country.

In the beginning, I seemed to abhor the thought of not returning home. The idea in itself, to abandon my original homeland, to fail in my mission to serve it with a more enlightened knowledge, looked

preposterous and like a dereliction of duty. But as the months rolled by I noticed how the importance of my daily work overshadowed and dimmed my former obligations. I avoided thinking of the future and concentrated more on my present responsibilities, trying to conquer my manifold shortcomings. I had taken out my First Citizenship Papers but I dreaded the approach of the moment when a final decision was imminent.

Mrs. Cronin and her family took intense interest in my problems, my struggle and passionate endeavor. She urged me to read conscientiously the daily newspaper. It was a burdensome and tedious job, my vocabulary was so meager and limited. It was difficult to grasp the meaning of whole sentences and often I was in doubt what the article attempted to describe or explain. My rest periods in the evening became hours of strenuous study. I wasn't young any more, nearing forty. My once-so-splendid memory had turned sluggish and faulty. The newly learned words slipped out of my mind almost as fast as they were absorbed. But what I read interested me more and more. I found such clever reporting. The news was enticingly presented in captivating stories; the candor and frankness of the editorials, the commentaries, and the essays appealed strikingly to my own directness and bluntness. I never expected to discover such a variety of subjects, such objectivity of judgement, and seriousness of opinion. I always had been an ardent and scrupulous reader of the Swiss, German, and Austrian Press, but their clannishness and one-sided partiality had often aroused my contempt. I owe the splendid local papers of Milwaukee my sincere thanks for the enlightenment and education they gave me and their remarkable help in shortening the process of my assimilation into the American way of thinking.

Another feature excited my attention—the real estate announcements in the advertisement section. I found so many properties, acreages, lots, businesses offered for sale, so many new homes open for inspection, that I was at a complete loss to understand the underlying causes for this “modus vivendi.” This was entirely new to me. I had never experienced in Europe such repeated change of ownership. Our citizens were raised on the conception that a home or a piece of land was something so sacred to a person or a family that to dispose of it willingly or for no commanding reason was detrimental to our nation's interest. Pride in continued ownership throughout several generations was an important stimulating factor in creating an intense love for the “fatherland.” The tenacity with which most of the European people cling to their homes is probably one of the basic causes of their nationalistic fervor. The sacredness of the native soil, the elation that the feeling of owning a little spot or home produces, is strikingly

displayed in the fact that some possessions have been in the hands of the same family for hundreds of years. The house my father was born in belonged to the Huber family for almost two centuries. The pictures of my great-great-great-grandparents are still hanging on the wall of the state-room of the building. When on my return to Europe in 1950 and 1954, I visited my relatives in Mauthen, Carinthia, I had to see those pictures again. I noticed the prickling sensation of elation they afforded me. Who wouldn't remember the touching sentimentality of a story making the rounds during the First World War, the tale of an Austrian soldier? He took along with him to the battlefield a bag of earth from his native place that he might sleep and die on the soil of his homeland. I thought of the fanatic fights in our border countries before the war, when the people defended with heroic courage every inch of ground of their possessions.

I confided to Mrs. Cronin how disconcerted I felt about the light-heartedness with which people here buy a house today, sell it tomorrow, and acquire another the next week.

"Have they no heart?" I asked wearily. "Do they not love and cherish their homes?" It took me years of learning and digging into the soul of America to comprehend their sentiments. I had to find out by myself how the longing to grow into a more elevated style of living, the yearning to realize one's social aspirations, could transform stale conservatism into liberal reflections. Action to bring about a change for the better makes people tear themselves away from stubborn self-satisfaction and steer forward on the road of progress.

On Sundays I went out with the Cronins to see new houses mushrooming out of bare lands. We admired their modern features and walked with the throngs to inspect them.

"If I only could own one of these homes!" I sighed and dreamed. They seemed entirely out of my reach. I inquired how they could be purchased, heard how one could buy them with a small initial down payment and low monthly installments. I didn't find them outrageously expensive, though one had to procure a piece of land, a lot, before one could have a house built in the same style and manner as those of a given area shown. I explored this field, too.

At this time, Sherman Boulevard was opened from Burleigh Street to Keefe Avenue. Lots sold there from \$1,400 to \$2,500 without improvements. They could be bought with \$10 down and \$10 or more monthly partial payments, including interest and pay-offs on principal. One of the less costly ones, a little oddly shaped—the southwest corner of Keefe and Sherman—was still available. A strange appeal to my imagination, a lust for adventure, drove me there for days. A dozen times I walked around its border lines, visualizing how a noble house in this

elaborate neighborhood would look. Many elusive buildings stood farther south of this boulevard, but they were unattainably high-priced. I couldn't resist any longer the impulse to buy that plot of ground. I signed a sales agreement, not realizing how in the future my indebtedness would skyrocket when the city started to supply the necessary improvements: paving the alley, digging for sewer connections, laying water pipes, streets and curbs. The cost of the building site was then more than doubled. But at the time, I was extremely exhilarated. The thought of owning a piece of American soil made me deliriously proud and happy. The old European sentimentality broke through again with elementary force. Now I had tied myself to the very land I stood upon.

Everything appeared promising and progressed smoothly, yet I wasn't always satisfied with my accomplishments. Foremost the time element played havoc with me. The exhausting work at the hosiery plant drained my strength appallingly. Teaching, supervising, arranging for the steady flow of pre-inspected working material, keeping a firm eye on my employees and the quality of their work, finishing the worksheets daily, preparing the final lists of completed dozens of hose kept me intensely preoccupied. Worksheets and lists could be perfected only after the girls had left, but they had to be ready the same evening to be delivered to the main office. It took me more than one hour to do this job and I was not paid for the overtime. When I came home in the evening I often was so fatigued that I could not muster the energy to start studying. This delayed my plans, made me restless and impatient with myself.

I took my noon meals across the street from the plant. A relative of the owner came from my home country, Carinthia. This brought me into closer contact with the entire family. One time they invited me to their home to introduce me to another steady guest of their family, Frank Bingenheimer, a foreman of a nearby factory. He was born in Washington County, Wisconsin, where his father still lived, and had three sisters and one brother in neighboring towns. He had been divorced from his wife, who had recently died. From then on he called repeatedly at Cronin's to take me to a show or to go for a hike, which we both enjoyed more than any other pleasure. We roamed through the woods near Holy Hill, Wisconsin, went hunting, or picking mushrooms and berries. Now I discovered for the first time how comforting it felt to have a companion with me who was personally attached to me. Frank made me acquainted with his family, his grown-up daughters and son and his youngest daughter Alice who lived with relatives. Neither of us had any serious thought about a joint future. We simply enjoyed each other's company. Frank was very handsome, spoke German fluently, as did his parents, although they also were born in America.

He was three years older than I and somewhat taller.

Other associations began to bloom into existence. One of the women working in my department had come from Germany and married a Swiss watchmaker. Through them I was invited to join the Swiss Mixed Singing Choir. Mr. Albert Cramer, an excellent teacher of singing, was their director and musical leader. This was the prelude to a new era of merriment as well as application and achievement in music. My deep and trained alto voice became an asset to their chorus. Soon I commenced taking singing lessons with Mr. Cramer and slowly climbed up the ladder of recognized artistic performance. During the following years I sang in several concerts and devoted as many hours as I could squeeze from my heavy work schedule to practice singing. I am still today a faithful and devoted member of the Swiss Singers.

In September of 1923 I received a letter from my Austrian School Authorities. "Your time of leave is over," it said. "You will have to return or resign."

The hour for final decision had arrived. I had to choose between two countries, between two continents. I had to decide whereto my future allegiance was to turn. I was so upset that I couldn't sleep for days. I felt faithless and guilty, to betray the trust of my former countrymen. On the other hand, I couldn't bear the thought of leaving the United States. It had wrapped itself around my mind, my heart, and my soul. It had grown into every fiber of my being, my life, and my ideals, had given me an image of a glowing, magnetic future and an overpowering conception of still unrevealed opportunities.

I showed the letter to Frank. He embraced me passionately and tears came into his eyes.

"I never had a companion as dear as you," he declared desperately. "You have to stay with me. I would never let you go."

On July 3, 1924, we were married.

Joy And Horror

JUST BEFORE our marriage, a slight recession in the hosiery business had set in. The North Side plant of our factory, where I had worked, had been closed and all workers transferred to the main plant and fitted into different departments. There was no opening for an overseer. I had to do mending like the rest of the girls. Working conditons weren't pleasant. The rooms were crowded, but work was slack. After three months, the mending department was drastically reduced and half of the girls laid off. I was among them. My husband rejoiced, he didn't like to see me leaving every morning for work.

From now on I attended painstakingly to my house duties, but was usually through with them by noon. During the long afternoons I tried to occupy myself with reading, doing needlecraft, or visiting friends, though I felt I was only killing time. I was hungry for some activity that could keep me intensely busy, and at the same time irritated by the lack of intellectual contacts. As I had no piano, I had to stop practice singing and taking lessons. When asked by various German societies to take solo parts in their concerts, I had to refuse, for every performance involved the purchase of a new dress and that I couldn't afford. I felt as if I were strapped in a straight jacket. I strained my brain to find an occupation that could make me financially independent, or at least able to help pay for the lot. Since the improvements had been partly put in, the expenses were growing alarmingly. I missed my weekly pay check badly.

One day a shrewd idea struck me. I speculated how it would be if I started to mend used silk hose. Nobody was doing such work at this time in Milwaukee. I wondered whether some people would not like to save damaged stockings, especially when the mate of a pair was still perfect. Silk hose were then still more or less a luxury and very expensive. Some lady would probably appreciate such a service I thought. Thus I found a solution to my problem.

Many details had to be cleared before I could start; for instance, how to find customers. In a talk with Frank I learned that he never would agree that I open an office downtown where I could collect the

stockings and from where they could be called for. In my further deliberations I got the idea of selecting some stores as agencies by promising them a liberal commission. I could try it, at least—and I did.

I had business cards printed and posters painted. I persuaded several establishments to function as agents for my new trade and later on won two department stores and the Women's Exchange. Within one year's time my business was booming. Now I could earn enough to pay for the upkeep of my precious parcel of land, although I had already decided not to build a home on the lot on account of the exorbitant costs of construction.

During this exciting period my father-in-law had died, leaving my husband a small inheritance. Frank bought an automobile with it. I would rather have applied it to a down payment on a home, but Frank didn't yield to my wish and I was glad he didn't. With our hard struggle and continuous absorption in work we needed a balance for the health of our bodies and our minds.

Our first extensive trip took us to Minnesota to visit Anna and Hermann, who were overjoyed to see us. We two were enchanted by the novel experience of freedom of movement. We roamed through the countryside, discovered many beautiful spots in eastern Wisconsin, and visited our relatives repeatedly. Our mutual love of nature blessed us with many happy hours. I felt relieved from tension and became fully contented. But I didn't abandon the thought of purchasing a home as soon as an opportunity was ripe.

One day a friend of ours with whose family we associated intimately, offered me \$2000 for my lot. I agreed to sell. My equity had grown to \$800. With the profit of \$300 I had the down payment for a home on the upper West Side of the city. It had six rooms and a sunroom, was well-preserved, though more than twenty years old, and it cost not quite \$7000. We bought it on land contract with high monthly payments to reach the mortgage within the following twenty-four months.

My dream of owning a home had materialized. But before we could complete the transaction, our glee turned into gloom. I fell suddenly ill with a toxic infection of the thyroid glands and had to be operated upon immediately. We couldn't withdraw from the contract without the loss of our earnest money deposit. We had to face great expenses, doctor and hospital bills. My vocal cords were so badly affected by the serious operation that for three months I couldn't utter a whisper. The fear of losing my voice tormented me day and night. It took me several months to recover my physical strength. But the business transaction was closed, my old vigor returned, and I could share in the effort to make the house ready for occupancy.

Work was pouring in. Early in 1929 I employed five helpers to assist

me at work. My earnings exceeded those of my husband. In May we bought a new Chevrolet; on Saturdays and Sundays we enjoyed drives and outdoor life. We had now a sweet partner. A year previously I had taken Frank's youngest daughter, Alice, into our home. She needed protection and loving care. Alice was almost nine years old, but had always been of delicate health. It was a difficult task to find the way to her heart. "You are not my mother," she would say in youthful scorn. "I will not listen to you." I often despaired, but I loved her dearly and finally won her over. The joy of our threesomeness overcame all former frustrations. Our affection deepened. But new clouds hovered over our fate.

Frank suffered from continual headaches. His blood pressure did not slide down from the high 200 mark. His doctor's effort to reduce it took no effect. On June 12, 1929, he succumbed to a brain hemorrhage. Seventy-eight hours later, only forty-seven years old, he died without regaining consciousness.

Dark Hours

THE HORRIBLE SHOCK brought a relapse to my own health. My eyes wouldn't focus and good vision was vitally important for the delicate manipulation of my needle on predominately dark-colored hose. I sought help from several specialists. One devised a pair of prisms to be hung on top of my eyeglasses to divert the light beams and so correct the faulty vision. He declared frankly, "I am sorry, but we cannot help you. The shock has weakened your eye nerves and eye muscles beyond repair." Despite the steady use of these prisms I saw everything double or with hazy and wobbly outlines. The defect caused terrific nausea and persistent headaches. However, a small life insurance I collected after my husband's death tided me over the worst time and helped pay the doctors and the two workers, and I continued my business without disappointing my numerous customers. But I could see the hour approach when I would be close to bankruptcy.

Inconsolable in my grief, despondent because of the failure of my eyesight, despairing about my future and that of Alice, I felt near a physical collapse. Uncountable prayers gave me the strength to endure all misery. Friends advised me to seek the help of Dr. Hessler, a famous eye specialist. After a thorough examination he showed me the first ray of hope. He declared with an encouraging smile: "It will probably take several months before your eyes will respond to my treatment, but I will cure you. Don't lose courage. It will retard your recovery."

Thanks to his efforts and miraculous expertness I regained my normal eyesight. I could work again.

Only with great reluctance do I tell the somber tale of all the calamities that followed. Describing this period of my life seems like blotting out all light colors from a painting. Even today I can't comprehend why this uninterrupted chain of misfortunes didn't break my spirit, how I was able to seize another rope when the one I was holding slipped from my hands. Through it all, I never became sullen or disheartened. There was always a shimmer of cheerfulness around me, a hopeful buoyancy in my soul. To give in meant to me to be a coward. The more difficult a situation became the more my aggressive nature urged me to tackle it.

Therefore this chapter of my story should not become a tale of sinister accidents but rather a manifestation to everyone, no matter how grievous his situation, of the power of hope. If I could make other tormented people believe that there is a sanguine aspect in any plight, that nobody should despair in any crisis, I would feel recompensed for all I have had to bear.

At the end of 1929, my small business, upon which I depended for my livelihood, had decreased rapidly. Without a pension or any other means of support, I saw the situation develop into a serious crisis. Whereas formerly with every collection we had brought home boxes full of damaged hose, only small packages were now ready for me at the stores. A half year later, I had lost the department stores as customers. To increase their profit, they employed their own mender.

Our car stood idle in the garage. Without the car I was terribly handicapped to do the collecting at my numerous agencies. There was only one way out: I had to learn to drive. A friend of my deceased husband offered to teach me driving. But he was a poor instructor, he puzzled me more than he explained. After three lessons he announced: "You are too nervous. You will never learn to drive."

I thanked him politely and went to the place we had bought the auto from.

"Do you have a man who can teach a nervous woman to drive a car?" I asked boldly.

"Sure we have," the manager replied. A young man came into the salesroom.

"This is the man who will instruct you," I was told. I thanked the manager, and the young man followed me to my garage, only one block from the sales place. I ordered resolutely: "Please, make me immediately drive downtown. Be very strict and do not listen to any plea by me. Just make me do it."

"Sure I will," he said and grinned over his whole face.

Three days later I could even back out of and into my narrow garage. But I still had to pass a driver's examination. Luckily I succeeded.

October 1929 had arrived. The stock market crash, the financial ruin of thousands of business concerns, caused the unemployment of millions of men and women and the worst extremity America ever experienced. My business did not escape the downward trend into confusion. The most people would pay for the repair of a stocking was 25 cents, regardless of the number of runs or the length of snags. Some hose needed two or three hours of diligent work. Stores supplied with the newly invented electrically operated mending machines did each stocking for 10 cents. I couldn't compete with this price. Soon hose came in in only a faint trickle.

Another problem increased my worry—the high cost of keeping up my house. Monthly payments had to be made regularly. I thought the house should bring some income. Alice and I could shrink into three or four rooms. I rented two rooms, but later on I couldn't find any more roomers. Almost every house offered rooms. What people demanded were flats and small apartments—complete units.

While I still had two women roomers staying with me, I was involved in my first auto accident. I will not exclude this experience from my narrative on account of its humorous ending.

On November 20, 1929—I remember the day well because it was the silver wedding day of my dear friends that had bought the lot from me—I went downtown at an earlier than usual hour to deliver and collect the hose packages so that I could be ready for the anniversary celebration in my friend's home. I drove east on Wells Street. Before I entered the intersection on Fourth and Wells, a slowly approaching team of horses, pulling a heavy truck, had already advanced into the intersection from the north. As I had studied the new traffic laws just recently for my driver's examination, I knew I was allowed to enter the street crossing. I had seen the policeman who controlled this busy spot hurrying toward the Belmont Hotel on the southwest corner where he was about to advise a man in parking difficulty.

When I reached the center of the intersection, I was suddenly hit with a terrible force by another car coming from the north which had tried to pass the truck on the intersection. I was thrown from my seat and my auto smashed on its left broadside. The driver of the other car could not see me on account of the truck and I couldn't see him, but he had no right to pass another vehicle on an intersection. This version of the traffic law was too freshly in my mind from my recent study—for me to be in error. Two men on the opposite corner who had witnessed the accident refused to give their names. The policeman ran towards us and said: "You both were driving slowly, otherwise the collision would have been much more severe. I guess neither of you was at fault."

"Pardon me, officer," I interrupted immediately. "The man had no right to pass another vehicle on an intersection."

"I have to admit," the policeman said, "your point is correct."

The driver of the other car gave me the name of his insurance company, but when I went to the company's office, the adjuster was very supercilious and declared: "We will give you \$50 and not a penny more."

"But it will cost \$120 to have my auto repaired," I retorted. "I will have to sue you."

"Then sue us," was the short reply. He knew very well that I had no witness, because the collision happened when the policeman had been

off his post. My lawyer appealed to the Court, but my hope was low.

But, as so often in my life, when the hour was the darkest, a sudden sunbeam switched around the corner to lighten the scene. The oddity of my case will become more comical when I report the happy solution. One month later, one of my roomers, a teacher, had company. Her nephew, a school principal, had arrived with his two small sons to take his aunt to his home for the Christmas celebration. While the woman was dressing I entertained in my living room the two six year old boys. They had lovely leather mittens and I mentioned I had a pair of heavy leather mittens too but that I couldn't use them now.

"Why not?" they asked.

"Because my Lizzy (I meant my auto) is very sick," I answered in a sort of baby talk.

"What happened," the boys inquired.

"Somebody gave my Chevy a bad smack," I continued in a pitying voice.

Suddenly the principal entered the conversation. I had not noticed that he was listening.

"Did you have an accident?" he questioned.

"Yes, approximately one month ago."

"Was it on Fourth and Wells and do you have a green Chevrolet?"

"That is so. But how do you know?" I asked surprised.

"I drove just behind you and saw it coming as I noticed that the other driver tried to pass the team."

"How lucky I am!" I exclaimed. "Would you be so gracious as to bear witness to the collision and see my lawyer?"

"Gladly!" he said.

Now I could collect the full amount and the costs of my lawyer too.

When I had lost my last tenant I had to decide what to do to overcome my predicament. I had to choose between two alternatives: lose my home or reconstruct it to make it livable for two families. But this latter demanded extensive remodeling. I made a design of the necessary changes that had to be done and inquired about prices. I contracted a loan on my insurance policy, borrowed money from two friends. Within six weeks the new unit was ready and a new tenant easily found.

I sold my auto and cut all expenses to the bone, to pay the taxes and make my payments for interest and principal amortization on my mortgage. I had legally adopted Alice. Her growing body needed more and richer food and as she outgrew her clothes rapidly, they had to be replaced by new ones. I couldn't afford to buy any for myself.

Erroneously I had assumed that I had become an American citizen by marriage, but only accidentally I found out that my assumption was

wrong. It is still a riddle why the law of September 22, 1922 could have escaped my attention. According to this law a woman does not automatically become an American citizen by marrying an American. After residing two years in this country she has to apply for the Second Papers but does not need the First Papers. My First Papers had just recently expired, as they do after seven years. So in the late fall of 1929 I applied for the Second Papers. The fact that my husband had died meantime aggravated my case considerably. One federal inspector from Chicago insisted that I had to wait five years to become a citizen and that I had to apply again for the First Papers. I held that, as a widow of an American, I had inherited the legal rights of my husband and only needed the Second Papers. After repeated investigations and consultations the case came before the Federal Court. Federal Judge Gregory decided in my favor. My application was accepted and on the same day my American Citizenship was granted. On May 9, 1932 I received my Second Papers. When with Margrit Cronin, one of my witnesses, I walked down from the Federal Office Building, I felt as if emotion was carrying me down the steps. I was the proudest person in the States.

During these turbulent months the State School Board of Carinthia had made me an enticing offer. This body wanted to reinstate me as an Austrian teacher and added the alluring promise that my seventeen years of former service would be counted toward my pension credit and also a major part of my nine-year stay in America added. In Carinthia as in most other provinces of Austria, teachers could retire after ten years of service on 50 percent of their salary. But after thirty-five years of duty their pension benefit would equal their whole salary. I would have needed only thirteen years of teaching to retire with a good income. I gazed at the tempting lines, dazzled and confused. I asked myself in the flash of one glittering second: "Would not an acceptance of this offer solve all my problems at one stroke?" But I had banished the thought as fast as it appeared. My quick resolve was: "Rather be hungry and fight for a meager meal than leave America."

When I stood there on the steps of the Federal Building my thoughts wandered back to that fateful day when I had declined the generous offer of the Carinthian School Board. I did not regret for a moment that I had sacrificed a life of ease for the high privilege to become an American citizen. Whatever my fate, I wanted to prove to be an American at heart and worthy of the honor bestowed upon me.

Foreclosure Threatens My Home

THE CONVERSION of my single home into a one three-room and a one four-room unit proved to be a costly project. It came to \$1800. The rent receipts doubled my income, yet the security I had gained was of short duration.

Early in 1932 the term of my mortgage expired. I wrote several letters to Mrs. Beyer, my mortgagee, begging her to renew the mortgage, but my efforts were of no avail. I went to Cedarbury to petition her personally she refused to talk to me. When I went the fourth time I found her in a more agreeable mood. I told her of all my fruitless attempts through all the banks, loan associations, and private parties I knew of to place a new mortgage and demonstrated clearly that cash money was really at a priceless premium.

"Only your good heart can save me," I pleaded. Mrs. Beyer finally consented to extend the mortgage for another year if I paid off immediately \$500 of the principal. This gave me at least one ray of hope. I hurried to see Frank's uncle, Tony Dopp, who lived across the street from me. I was sure I could persuade him to loan me the five hundred dollars if I gave him a second mortgage on my property. My plea was not in vain. He knew how honestly I had struggled during the past three years to reduce the original mortgage amount by \$1300. His help relieved me from another year of torturing tension.

Still my income was so despairingly meager that I had to look for an additional source of revenue. So I thought: "Why do I not make use of my teaching qualifications?" I had leaped successfully over hurdles before, now I could prove again that my old spunk was still alive.

I sent all my Austrian diplomas to the State Superintendent of Wisconsin Schools and applied at the same time for a State Teacher's License. It was granted to me without delay. But when I asked the School Board of Milwaukee for a teaching job, I was advised that only teachers with a full college degree were accepted. My certificates had first to be examined by the University of Wisconsin to determine whether my European studies were commensurate to a complete college degree. I mailed my diplomas to Madison for a thorough scrutiny.

With grim foreboding I saw a new wall of unsurmountable difficulties pile up around me. I had serious doubts that the commission in Madison would know much about the grading system for educational rank in Austria, would be familiar with all the rules and regulations that made our school system tick. In Austria, a teacher could raise her grade of rating by private study only. Whenever she felt sufficiently prepared to take an examination before an examining board, she notified the board, who held regular sessions in spring and fall. The tests were severe, comprehensive, and thorough. If the examinee received a diploma which stated that the requirements for teaching in a given school higher than public school had been met she or he was given the opportunity to apply for a position of higher rating. But the diploma itself didn't indicate what field of knowledge the examinee had covered. No preparatory courses were provided for the student, no particular described credits demanded. In comparison with these free-lance study methods of Austria, used generally in the whole of Europe, the American method of grading is built on the credit system and attendance of classes. Besides my two teachers' quizzes, I had undergone four other examinations which should have given me more than an ordinary bachelor's degree.

When the letter arrived from the special appraisal committee of the University, I found out that only 80 college credits were awarded to me, only half junior rating. I was shocked. The special committee explained in its final decision that the lack of class attendance was responsible for the degrading verdict. I had to accept it, yet I didn't feel defeated and didn't give up the desire of becoming a teacher in Milwaukee. I probably could have found a teaching position somewhere else in Wisconsin where the requirements were less stringent than in Milwaukee, but I couldn't have carried my house along with me. I had to save it from foreclosure first. How else could I eliminate the defect in my qualifications?

Determined to discover a solution, I fell upon the scheme of registering as a student at the teacher's college of Milwaukee, then called the Milwaukee Normal School. A short consultation with Dr. Marilie Schirmer, professor at this institution, resulted in my decision to take up a number of classes each semester until I could finally graduate. I enrolled in four courses, covering nine credits, in the hope of completing my requirements within two years, using summer courses to supply the missing 48 credits.

The plan seemed perfect and really promising. I did not realize then what it meant to go to school, study, take care of my house including washing and ironing, do the hosiery repairing to feed us -all at the same time. I was nearing forty-nine and was already tired out by endless

struggle. I found it necessary to work at least thirty hours weekly at the Public Library to supplement reading on English Literature and American History. To find time for the numerous assignments and themes I had to write daily, I had to take it from my hours of sleep. Sometimes I had to be satisfied with two or three hours each night. I couldn't continue for any length of time at this rate. When June came I couldn't fall asleep anymore. Although my report card showed a good B average, I knew I was on the straight road to a complete nervous breakdown.

My income from hosiery repairing had dwindled to a trifle and often I didn't know how to pay for food and utility bills. So with deep regret I had to bury my ambition. Health was of much greater importance than any triumph over educational shortcomings. At the fall term I took only a two-credit course in English at the University of Wisconsin Extension Division. At this time I was fortunate enough to be accepted as teacher of needlecraft at the Milwaukee Vocational School. Although the classes lasted only from October to April, the instruction fees helped me over the period of my most extreme financial distress.

When Franklin D. Roosevelt was finally elected President, his announcement of a bank moratorium and his creation of the Home Loan Organization brought a momentary stop to the general and rapid downfall of our economic status. The wheel of calamity had turned, the catastrophic accumulation of bankruptcies had been checked. But it didn't change for the better my own disastrous plight.

My mortgage term had ultimately expired. Nothing could rescue me from a foreclosure. I tried to persuade my mortgagee to accept the newly issued home loan bonds in lieu of a cash settlement. But the bonds were not then insured by the government and Mrs. Beyer refused steadfastly to take them.

Her nephew came one day to me and demanded harshly, "Give us the monthly rent you are collecting. Otherwise we take the house from you."

I asked in bitter anguish, "How will I pay interest and amortization installments if you take the last source of income from me?"

"We don't care how you do it," he answered insolently. I realized that he was the merciless force behind my mortgagee. Without his maddening influence I could have made her consent to another extension or come to some other amicable agreement with her. But he must have made her aware of the sizable profit she could gain from the foreclosure action, and must have called her special attention to the fact that my improvements had increased the value of the property by 50%. For several weeks I didn't hear from Mrs. Beyer.

But one day a strange man came to my door and handed me a letter.

He was a bailiff from the County Court and had served me a summons to a pending foreclosure proceeding at the Civil Court. I consulted a lawyer, but he gave me little hope. Brokenheartedly I resigned myself to an inclement fate.

Soon after the summons had been served—on a late afternoon in July—when I was doing hosiery repairing in the garden, Uncle Tony Dopp came over with an alarming message.

“Do you know,” he asked, “that this morning there was a run on the Park Savings Bank? Don’t you have your savings account there?”

“Yes, I have,” I replied apprehensively. “I have nearly \$200 saved for interest and taxes. Good Lord, I will not lose this money too?”

“You had better hurry down to the bank and inquire what has happened,” he warned. Hastily I dressed and ran to Lisbon Avenue. The doors of the bank were closed. Next morning I stood there again with dozens of other mourners. The bank had defaulted, my last reserves were gone.

In May of 1934, my case was heard in Judge Gustave G. Gehrz’s chambers. I was seated next to the Judge and two lawyers were standing before the bench. After the preliminary briefs had been read by the lawyers, Judge Gehrz asked me whether I had any statement to make. With a voice trembling with poorly concealed wretchedness, I replied, “May I ask, Your Honor, for permission to set forth the facts of what I have done to save my home?”

“Certainly you may,” he answered kindly.

Then I told the Court how I had bought the lot, how, from the proceeds of its sale I had been able to make the down payment on the house, how, only two years later, I had lost my husband, and later nearly lost my eyesight.

“I had adopted my husband’s youngest daughter and kept working to earn a meager living for both of us,” I explained. And I continued: “But later on, I was forced to remodel the home to pay for interest, taxes, and amortization, while, by the utmost thriftiness and diligence, I reduced the principal by \$1300. I had taken a second mortgage to satisfy my mortgagee after every bank and loan association had refused to write a new mortgage on my homestead. By an adverse stroke of fate, the failure of the Park Savings Bank swallowed my last savings. I begged Mrs. Beyer to accept the new home loan bonds, but she declined. Now I am at your mercy. Only with your help, Your Honor, can my home be saved.”

Over the courtroom, crowded with listeners, fell a remote, strange silence. Then, turning to the audience, the Judge spoke solemnly: “I wish we had more women like you in this country. We would have far less misery. I will help you as much as I can.”

He turned to the Court Clerk and ordered: "Give her two, no,"—reversing himself— "give her three years' time for redemption." And to me he said: "But you must promise me that during these three years you will keep your house in good repair and not neglect to pay your taxes."

"I will promise this with all my heart." I stammered in quivering excitement. Tears of indescribable relief filled my eyes. "I thank you, Your Honor, for what you have done for me."

The judge's verdict deprived my mortgagee of all interest receipts on her investment for a term of three years. She herself now applied for a home loan to redeem the mortgage. The second mortgage was at the same time retired. My house received a new roof and a fresh coat of paint. In its new, clean attire and white-green color it looked as sleek and beautiful to me as a princely castle.

My Fling Into Social Activities

WHILE I stubbornly fought a bitter battle for existence and the preservation of my home I often looked longingly for some outside diversion. Through all my life I had loved people and enjoyed being among them because I felt drawn to them. Being continuously confined to the house by hard work and the all-absorbing job of salvaging my homestead, I badly needed relaxation and new inspirations and therefore I greeted any opportunity to mingle with friendly groups of co-nationals with intense gladness. Through them I attained new aspects and interests and the strength to overcome the numbing effect of financial depression.

It wasn't difficult to make contacts with German societies. Milwaukee, known as the German Athens, had dozens and dozens of clubs and affiliations. As much as forty years ago, more than one hundred fifty such societies had been formed. Specific German character traits showed here their significance. More than any other national group, the Germans like to particularize. Seldom do they feel the uniformity of their whole nation. They think of themselves as Bavarians, Saxonians, Swabians, Hessians, and so forth. Very often we find these split-up German clubs split further into smaller groups according to their activities, be they singing, dancing, music, or welfare work.

Whereas other nationality units for instance, Scandinavians, Poles, Italians—are satisfied with a single all-comprising organization and therefore have gained greater unity and recognition, the German-Americans, on the contrary, like to have an organization for each single tribe, and more, for each detailed activity, herewith depriving themselves of the opportunity to act as a powerful, centralized force.

But for centuries had German tribes fought against each other, and only during the last hundred years were they drawn together into two huge empires, Germany and Austria, though Austria's importance was materially reduced from a major to a minor power by the Versailles Treaty of 1918-19.

German immigrants were always a valuable asset to the progress of the United States. They were intensely interested in speeding the process of assimilation, were always known for their passionate loyalty

to their newly adopted homeland. Yet they like to speak in the mother tongue, like to sing, dance, act as they had done at home. They like to preserve their national customs, their language, their artistic and cultural heritage.

The American government appraises favorably such ambitions for the simple psychological reason that such demonstrations of pre-loyalty are usually evidence of such valuable and noble character qualities as constancy, rectitude, and reliability.

In 1932, a majority of German-American clubs of Milwaukee joined in a movement that won widespread support. They aspired to merge into a Federation of German-American Societies to give the numerous splinter groups a formidable congruity, to assure a greater influence in national affairs, to stimulate an increased participation in civic and cultural activities, and to create—on a larger scale—welfare operations for their individual members.

Though some of the ambitious resolutions offered by their organizing committee suggested that the aim was somewhat bigger than the power behind it, in general one had to admit that the intention was noble and praiseworthy. At the time when this organization was planned, I was an active member of the Swiss Ladies' choir. Our society belonged to the Swiss Club, a larger organization which included five other Swiss groups. Only the ladies' chorus, probably through my influence, joined the Federation. It sent, like the other German and Austrian clubs, two delegates to the league. I was appointed and so it happened that I participated in the founding meeting.

Far more than a hundred delegates crowded the hall and many speeches were delivered by committee members and other delegates. They all emphasized that such a federation had become necessary to raise our co-nationals in public esteem, so badly impaired by the effects of the First World War, to increase and intensify our contributions to the cultural and economic life of America, and to bring back to our public schools the teaching of the German language.

When at the end of the meeting the voting for a slate of officers began, I found myself elected as a member of the board of directors and for the two following years I was chosen vice-president of the Federation. During this period two clubs, whose members were extreme radicals and whose standards didn't fit into our organization, forced themselves into our league. One was a communistic worker's group from West Allis, the other a Nazi group who called themselves "Friends of New Germany," under the leadership of the ill-famed George Froboese. I was strongly opposed to both of them. In a private conversation with Froboese, I accused him of traitorous activity. With unconcealed distaste I told him: "Here in America, we don't need your

goose-stepping, marching, saluting, and other totalitarian disciplines you are propagating. It doesn't fit into our country. I despise these heel-clicking methods of yours."

He became very angry and replied contemptuously: "You don't understand anything about politics and I resent your mixing into our affairs."

"It is my duty to interfere," I retorted, "because your attempts are un-American."

The delegates of the communistic group tried to impress me with stories about the wonderful improvement in the Russian worker's condition since the Bolsheviks took over. I asked them: "Why don't you go then to this new progressive Russia, since you don't appreciate our freedom here?" I usually spoke against them, and they never forgave me for my opposition and whenever possible tried to discredit me. But the great majority of the delegates liked me for my frankness and many became my friends.

Serious dilemmas confronted me. The admittance of the extreme leftists and rightists already revealed a deplorable lack of critical judgment on the part of the delegates and the leaders. It disclosed the absence of ability to discern political intentions. At the same time, they objected vigorously to any contact with American political parties and didn't notice how they were trapped into continued dissension among themselves by the two extreme groups.

They still clung to the European conception that politics creates bad characters and abhorred being drawn into a contest which smelled of political machinations. They kept frantically aloof from siding with any of the big political parties. They didn't sense that a well-disciplined competition between existing parties was indeed the very bloodstream of a healthy nation. How else could America have reached the heights in economic and cultural progress? But my co-nationals stuck uniformly to the old ruling: "If you have another opinion than mine, I will not associate with you and I will fight you as an enemy."

My following experiences proved how correct my findings were. One day I decided to force the issue. I brought a motion on the floor for the formation of a committee to study impartially the aims and platforms of each political party and report the findings to our body, safeguarding at the same time the freedom of opinion of each individual.

I aroused an indescribably heated and stormy debate. I declared: "We cannot always remain isolated and neutral. We have to grow into the civic and political life of America, alert ourselves to the general demands and beliefs of the public. We have to streamline our purposes and accelerate our efforts to positive action. We don't need to take sides as a body, but we should educate our members and through them

carry enlightening clarity of opinion to the affiliated groups."

The outcry of many dissenters was passionate and violent. "We don't want to have anything to do with politics," they shouted. But I protested.

"We will never become real Americans if we do not participate in the affairs of the nation."

Several delegates accused me openly of dragging them into political fights and destroying the harmony of our organization.

"Why cannot our approach be merely educational?" I asked. "Why can we not stay above party issues? Is our harmony founded on nothing more than mediocre triteness? Is it, in fact, only superficial? How otherwise can we become a valuable and essential asset to the entire American nation? How can for example—Polish organizations frequently take the initiative in political contests and snatch many important positions without disrupting their clubs? Are they better than we are for manipulation, more intelligent or cleverer, or are they only more realistic? No. It is their political broadmindedness that makes them victorious."

I couldn't make them see the point. They immediately became hot-headed and excited when arguing over a problem. Such a degree of immaturity, such unrealistic behavior, distressed me beyond words. They were otherwise such good and fine people. But they were poor politicians and undistinguished leaders. They quarreled and wrangled about insignificant issues, yet they were steadfast and honest, upright and incorruptible. My sobering reflections made me realize that they would never learn to see through things and the hopelessness of this knowledge disillusioned me totally.

There were only a few other women-delegates at our meetings. Only one could speak half-way fluently, the rest took part only in voting.

Shortly before I entered the Federation, I had started a dramatic club for children of German-speaking parents. I also taught for a short period at the Sunday School of the "Free Congregation," although I didn't acquiesce in their atheistic leanings. They generously offered to me a free room for my group at their clubhouse. To make easier the teaching of the fundamentals of the difficult German language, I used a self-prepared condensed method that made extensive use of similar sounding German and English words. We memorized poems and songs and acted in little plays. My pupils loved it. At two of our stage performances I let my little dog "Bello" take part, to the amusement of the whole audience. I had had him since he was a puppy. I had taught him to play the piano, to sing and dance, to pray, to play "dead dog" and dozens of other tricks. He was a perfect actor, followed every order, and made himself the star performer. My audience roared with

laughter and gave thunderous applause. Through this activity and the articles I published in the German newspapers, I had gained considerable recognition among the delegates to the Federation.

At this time, the depression had painfully cut into the financial resources of our members and their families. I comprehended their serious trouble because I was hit as they were, although I never had told anybody of my own worries. The funds of our organization were too limited to give much help. But critical situations always inspired my mind to search vigorously for a remedy. I remembered how co-operatives had helped many people of my former country to re-establish themselves after an economic crisis. "Self-help" was the magic word and through self-help we could control our misery. Soon I devised a plan which could easily be set into action. From club to club I went to explain it. I urged women to draw together, get busy, produce objects and articles which we could readily sell; to knit and crochet, weave and sew, bake and fry.

I expounded: "Wasn't the Women's Exchange here in town founded on the same principle? It brought to many needy women a steady income. I worked for it and I will be forever grateful for the help it gave to me. You are known as excellent cooks and bakers, almost all of you are handy with the needle. We will find buyers. Not all people are poor. Let's set in action all our abilities that new trade lines may flow."

Some were enthusiastic at the proposition, but not many. Some expressed the fear that women could never be made to pull harmoniously on the same string. But I didn't give up. We formed at least a committee, held parties to raise funds, received permission from the City to hold a flower sale. We stood on street corners with our sealed cans and begged. But one of our male helpers was heavily penalized for speeding and a large part of our proceeds had to be sacrificed to pay the fine. I wrote several articles about our aims that were published in our German newspapers.

Soon I could report a new development. Mr. Karl Koeffler, owner of the Maryland Hotel, which had been closed during part of the depression, called me one day to the phone to ask me whether I could see him on an important matter. I wondered what this strange man could have to discuss with me, but was very much impressed when I came to the hotel to hear his proposal.

"I read in the German paper about your 'Self-help'," he said in fluent German. "I found its simplicity very attractive. I would like to make an offer to you and your committee. Your organization seems to possess all the preliminaries for a successful undertaking. As you could notice, our hotel is at present not in operation. But I would like to offer you our kitchen, dining room, and part of the lobby with all necessary

equipment on liberal rental terms and a deposit of only \$2000. It shouldn't be difficult for your members to fill our dining room very soon with happy guests. In the lobby you can exhibit and sell your other goods."

The offer looked like a gift from heaven. Immediately I called a meeting of my officers and the bid was accepted. Upon my recommendation we agreed to apply to the Wisconsin state government for a charter to issue one hundred shares of \$25 each. Without delay we could start to canvass potential signers for these shares. We hoped each one of the almost forty women's clubs would sign, for at least, one share. Their members were the ones that would solely profit from the co-operative, but we would also try to interest private persons. Within three days I had the promise of three women to subscribe to twelve shares. Two of them were wealthy customers of mine for whom I repaired hose and whom I knew for their noble generosity.

Our committee asked me to present our plea to each one of the women's clubs, and so from one club to the other I went to beg for our self-help kitchen.

"Hundreds of your members desperately need help in their financial difficulties," I beseeched them. "They don't want alms. They want work. We now have this splendid opportunity to provide such work. Each of your societies will be represented in this venture. You will control it and bring sunshine into the homes of these women and hopes for the better to their hearts."

But my passionate plea had fallen on deaf ears. Not one club offered to buy even one share. I had spoken to hearts of stone. At one of the meetings, a woman approached me with an ugly grin: "How much in this business is for your own pocket?"

"I don't quite understand what you mean," I answered. "As long as you select your own supervising committee and hold it responsible for the financial control of the project, I personally, will have hardly anything to do with money matters, will act only in an advisory position. My duty, I feel, is to prepare you for a successful start and for this I don't ask any reward."

"You cannot make me believe that there is any woman in the world who would do all this for nothing," another woman remarked cynically.

The jolt of this experience almost broke my spirit. I couldn't believe that anybody could be guided by such mean suspicions. In my unremitting fervor I didn't take cognizance of two old traits of women: suspicion and jealousy. But these women taught me some excellent lessons. I learned to be more realistic, to look beyond the narrow circle of co-nationals. I also found out where the opposition came from. The

critical group consisted of three women. The husbands of two of the women belonged to a strongly left-directed crowd of men who later seized the upper hand in the Federation. I had to be punished for my resistance to the admittance of the leftist alliance. From Europe I had already learned what communistic party discipline and tactics meant, and I was to feel the scorn of the leftists on several other occasions.

Another point of dissension arose: to work with or without the Federation. In lengthy discussions we argued about this problem during our meetings. I warned the members that a split would result between the male and female groups in our Federation, if we should carry it through alone. But two of the formentioned opponents cried: "We don't need the Federation!" But I was determined not to let the split happen. I declared emphatically: "Only with the Federation or without me." I knew very well Mr. Karl Koeffler would never trust part of his hotel to the women if I was missing from the co-operative. The materialization of our whole project was more or less dependent on the self-help kitchen. I wanted to bring the conflict before the assembly of our Federation and stress particularly the great importance of the fact that women and male groups can achieve worthwhile success only when supporting each other.

Meanwhile I was told that one of the most influential leaders of our Federation was furious for his not having been consulted before the enterprise was started. Before our league meeting convened I saw him standing in a corner engaged in a lively conversation with one of my most articulate opponents, also a delegate. I could foretell what would follow. I knew the treacherous character of both of them. When I finished my report before the assembly this woman-opponent asked for the floor and announced that the women themselves were against the project. Where she got the authority to misrepresent the facts in such a manner I didn't know and didn't want to know. Our plan never came to life. Our committee was dissolved and the money we had collected was given to the Salvation Army.

Up to 1936 our Federation experienced so many tumultuous meetings that I became thoroughly disgusted. I resigned. Three other officers of whose intentions and plans I had not any knowledge resigned two days later. They switched to a newly formed organization of which I had never heard before, a group affiliated with the "Friends of New Germany" and later denounced as subversive. The president had also resigned and the federation was from then on completely under the influence of officers openly in sympathy with the left-wing delegates. One officer I knew was a communist party member.

The left wingers had won an easy victory. The organization had come to a near collapse. The number of affiliated societies had shrunk from

seventy five to less than twenty. The goal was lost, the numbus gone. The glow and glittering had died away. The friendly and yet so myopic Germans were caught in the nets of clever operators who knew how to hide their careful plans and always play in the dark. When Russia's stock was rising rapidly after Hitler's attack, they came into the open. They caught another easy prey, an editor of a large local newspaper who proclaimed on the editorial page without investigation of the real facts that the Federation had been saved by brave and upright men.

When I left the Federation I felt as if cured of a long and serious illness. Now I was free of mistrust and dissension. I had hoped to be able to help lead my people into the realm of warmhearted understanding, mutual respect, and far-reaching prominence. Now these hopes vanished, my idealism had died and been buried under the debris of a broken faith.

My Venture Into Politics

AFTER THE DEATH of my husband I visited more often my motherly friend, Mrs. Cronin. I could speak freely with her about my experiences, for she always had a willing ear and good advice ready. Mama Cronin said: "Had you not limited your co-operative only to your German friends, had you gone among real Americans, you would have found scores of devoted women who would have followed you eagerly. I feared from the beginning you would meet defeat."

"I agree fully with you," I replied. "Deep in my heart I felt I had no right to confine my activity to only my co-nationals. But had I worked on a broader base it would have been mandatory to me to make speeches in English and there I would promptly have failed. I am still very conscious of my faulty diction. In spite of my honest endeavor to increase my mastery of English, I haven't reached perfection. I feel my age of fifty is against me. My memory acts like a sieve; newly learned precious vocables filter through and are lost. Fear of making mistakes and being laughed at deprives me of necessary self-confidence. But I don't feel such embarrassments when I speak in German. This awareness of my shortcomings forced me to limit my audience. My people are good and fine, although their paths are narrow, their point of view being hemmed in by a lack of broadmindedness and cosmopolitanism."

At Cronin's I met Mamy Walsh again, who had joined us in our lusty Sunday concerts of years ago and whom I loved for her dearness and cleverness. She was at that time chairman of the city's Committee of Democratic Women.

"Wouldn't you like to join us, Andrea?" she asked. "I would like to introduce you to our members and I am sure you would like to work with us."

"Oh! With pleasure," I said. "I haven't had, so far, much time to study the different platforms, but your party appeals to my liberalism. We have to work for each other." I joined. With new anticipation I attended the meetings of the Democratic Women's Organization and became acquainted with two outstanding and charming leaders: Mrs. Gertrude McCormack, head of the State Committee of Democratic

Women, and Mrs. Margrit Fragstein, who later was named by Democratic Governor Schmedeman, Director of the Women's Division of the state government and who had her office at the Capitol. She fascinated me by her affable sociability and drew me immediately into conversation.

"How are the chances of establishing a branch committee among your German women?" she asked.

"I cannot give you much hope," I replied. "Germans in general are reluctant to enter politics. So shy are German women of being dragged into political action that they are noncommittal when it comes to stating their political views. I will try to approach them but can't promise any favorable results."

She inquired further: "How about having a meeting with your ladies? I will ask Judge Backus to address them. I will nominate you as a member of our County Committee.

It all came so suddenly. I couldn't disappoint Mrs. Fragstein and had to do something positive in return for her kindness. I felt instinctively that my endeavor would be frozen by the cold apathy and prejudiced attitude of the majority of the women, who never before had had a chance to step into a political arena and candidly express their opinion. How could I find the right approach to their hearts and the right formula with which to open their hearts and the right formula with which to open their minds? I had just spoken to them about our self-help organization. I couldn't come so soon again or send somebody else. But there was nobody else to enlist and so I had to try it. I made the round from group to group to invite them to a meeting at which Judge Backus and Mrs. Fragstein would speak. Any written invitation would have been tabled. I had to appear personally, persuade the presidents separately to come, giving them diplomatic hints. When only seven women showed up at the rally, I could have sunk under the earth, so embarrassed I felt.

But other experiences were more happy. I was able to persuade several German women to work with me on the N.R.A. Committee and they liked it, though, when our picture once appeared in the Milwaukee Journal, they seemed flustered.

I met Governor Schmedeman on several occasions. Once when he spoke at one of our festivals, I engaged him in a lengthy talk about our activities, including our attempts at self-help. He seemed very interested and sincerely pleased and promised me his support. Soon I had another chance to meet him. The Bavarian dance club, "Wendlstoana," celebrating the tenth anniversary of their founding and consecrating their newly purchased flag, invited Governor Schmedeman as guest of honor and asked me to function as lady of honor. When a large cavalcade of

cars called for the Governor at the depot, I was seated beside him during the drive to the hall, where a big performance was given and at the speaker's table I occupied the seat next to him. There we were photographed and I was presented afterward with a large picture. In my simple, little-recognized life, it was an outstanding moment.

Not long after, Mamy Walsh and I had to go to Madison. Mamy brought a message from Mrs. Fragstein asking us to see her at her office at the Capitol. When we arrived there at 11 a.m. she was waiting for us.

"I have a great surprise for you two," she said. "Come back for sure at three and then you will see!"

Precisely at three we were at her office. She led us up a flight of wide marble stairs. I knew immediately what she intended to do—to introduce us to the Governor, but I made no hint that I had already met him. It was too amusing to see how the presentation would develop. After waiting for a while in the anteroom, we were called into the main office.

"The Governor is ready," a man announced.

We stepped into a large carpeted room and waited near the door. I could see the Governor standing in an opposite room and talking to another gentleman, but Mrs. Fragstein and Mamy had their backs turned toward him. In a few minutes I saw the Governor step quietly towards me with outstretched hands.

"Oh! Hello, Mrs. Bingenheimer! How splendid to see you again!" he said and shook my hand heartily.

"Now, what's this?" Mrs. Fragstein exclaimed. "I wanted to surprise my friends and now you stun me. How in the world did you come to know Mrs. Bingenheimer?"

With a roguish twinkle in his eyes he turned to his desk and pulled a large photograph from its drawer.

"Do you recognize her sitting next to me?" asked the Governor with a jolly laugh and showed my two companions the picture of the Wendlstoana performance. Then after a merry little chat we left the Governor.

Another occasion caused considerable excitement. President Roosevelt came to Wisconsin to participate in the three-century celebration of the city of Green Bay where the French-Canadian explorer Jean Nicolet had been the first to step on Wisconsin's soil. It was arranged that the President's train would stop for half an hour at the Milwaukee Road Depot of our city before it continued to the East. Mamy and Mrs. McCormack, in their desire to give me a big thrill, told me: "We will present the President with a large bouquet of flowers, and will take you into our welcoming committee. Our District Attorney will send you a badge and letter of identification."

I still have the badge and the letter. Could I ever have dreamed of such an honor? I was exalted as a boy shooting his first firecracker. We waited excitedly until the train pulled in. The President stood on the platform of the last coach. Leaning on a cane he talked to us six ladies of the greeting committee and thanked us graciously for the flowers. It lasted only a few minutes but I felt electrified and enraptured by his warmth and kindness. He held a long cigarette holder in his free hand and when the train left with the people roaring and shouting "Hurrah!" little rings of smoke winged into the air and vanished.

When my daughter Alice graduated from high school in 1936 she went to stay with some of her relatives for some time and I found another job in a hosiery mill; then I left it because through the mediation of my two very dear friends, Milda and Gertrude Kahnt, I was enabled to rent the lobby shop of the Kesselman Building on Broadway. It was an interesting enterprise. I sold novelties, merchandise and magazines and mended stockings all at the same time.

One day a pleasant young man stopped at my counter and involved me in a little chat. It was Gustave Pabst, a columnist and feature writer for the *Milwaukee Journal*. Every Wednesday under the heading "A PEEK OF THE WEEK" an article appeared in the *Journal* about people he had interviewed. The next Wednesday I saw my name printed in the paper. "Here's To You, Mrs. Bingenheimer!" the headline said. Dozens of people came to see who this woman was and talked to me while my needle danced over another stocking. I was to see Mr. Gustave Pabst again on another happy occasion.

Even after resigning from the Federation, I often attended Sunday festivals held by different German societies. On a Sunday in October, 1936, I wanted to see the show the Rheinland Society gave at the Jefferson Hall. There I met Mr. Nick Baum, who also had been a delegate of the Federation, and with whom I previously had many conferences when I was trying to form a theater guild as a section of our league. Mr. Baum was chairman of the theater branch of the Rheinland Society and himself an excellent singer and actor. The year before he had lost his wife, a lovely woman whom I had known but who had never taken part in any club affairs.

Mr. Baum had seen me standing near the entrance of the big hall and invited me to sit next to him. At the end of the play he asked permission to take me home. As it was only twelve blocks to my house we decided to walk the short distance. He was dressed in a tuxedo and wearing pointed dress shoes. Somewhat nearsighted, he missed the step on a high curb and fell flat on his face, smashing his bifocals. Blood ran over his face. I led him to a nearby drugstore for first aid. Fortunately, his eyes weren't cut by the glass and he insisted on accompanying me

home. There I washed the wounds and changed the bandage.

The following Sunday he came with a big box of candy under his arm. Handing it to me, he said: "Here this to my good nurse! You were such a good Samaritan."

When he came again two weeks later he proposed.

"We all liked you at the Federation," he began. "You are so entirely different from the other women. When we had our numerous consultations about the theater guild you wanted to create, I learned to admire and love you. Since Adele's death I have been so miserably lonely. I feel lost. I offer you all I have and my love. Will you marry me?"

I felt perplexed and shocked, confused and embarrassed. I had made a resolution never to marry again. I knew men as few women do. I saw through them. Would I be able to gather the strength to give up my freedom and independence? Could I adjust myself again to a new character and personality? I knew too well my own shortcomings, my inflammable mind, my quick irritability when things didn't conform to my ethical standards. I was already fifty two and had to think twice before making such a far-reaching decision. But I had to give some answer, so I said: "Through my dealings with you I have learned to like and respect you, Mr. Baum. But marriage is a serious and sacred thing. One shouldn't go lightly through such a ceremony. Give me six weeks' time to think it over. I wouldn't like to hurt you with a quick and harsh 'No!' "

I discussed the matter with my sister Louise, who had moved again from Highland Park, Illinois to Milwaukee and who was separated from her husband George. I introduced Nick to my closest friends and asked them for their advice. Many knew him. They had only fine words to say. He is a man of highly honorable character, they testified. I still was reluctant, probably afraid of being disappointed and unhappy later. But one morning I asked myself: "What are you still expecting from life? Is an honorable man not worth a trial?"

The ice was broken. Three months later we were married on January 23, 1937. When our application for the marriage license appeared in the paper, the city editor of the *Milwaukee Journal* called on the phone: "We want your pictures. Can I send the photographer to you?"

"No pictures!" was our laconic answer. But a big article was splashed over the third page: "Woman of Numerous Careers is Marrying Again."

I Marry Again

WE NOW HAD the whole house to ourselves. It was cozy, snug, and comfortable, though it had consumed a good deal of hard work to combine the two units of my home into one and to rearrange the furnishings of our two households. One week before our marriage I had sold my little business on Broadway and so had only a few days to make the home ready for us.

About six weeks later I received a call from one of the leading newspapers of Milwaukee. The editor told me that fifty Viennese artists wanted to exhibit their paintings at the Art Institute. I was asked to form a committee of prominent Austro-Americans to sponsor the exhibition. I gladly accepted the task and persuaded several gentlemen I knew to help me: Dr. Franz Pfister, a Tyrolean, Franz Schmidt, a well-known engineer at Allis Chalmers who came from Vienna, opera singer Hans Marlow, Franz Lindl from the German newspaper, *Milwaukee Deutsche Zeitung*, and others. Before the show was opened a banquet was held at the Knickerbocker Hotel.

I sat between Mr. Harry Bogner, the president of the Art Institute, and Mr. Harold Falk, a successful industrialist and patron of the arts. Opposite our row of tables I saw Gustave Pabst, the columnist, waving at me from the other side.

Numerous speeches were then made praising Austrian art, the cultural fame of Vienna, the famous paintings to be shown to the public. After several of the guests had spoken I noticed Gustave Pabst rising for a speech. In his humorous way he asserted, "With great interest I heard all of you fine gentlemen speak about lovely Austria, her art, her refined culture, about the beautiful and unforgettable city of Vienna, the exhibition we will soon admire. But you forgot to do one thing I feel you should not have missed -to mention the name of the woman who brought the soul of Austria to America. She is among us, modestly seated in her chair across from me: 'Our Mrs. Andrea Baum!'"

"Oh! Lord!" I mumbled. "What does he do?"

I pressed my heart which was pounding furiously. The sudden shock of hearing my name mentioned before such an illustrious audience was

almost too much for me to bear.

Mr. Gustave Pabst came towards me and I rose and stepped forward. Then before all the people he kissed me and said: "And we all thank you for your fervent spirit." All got up from their seats, clapped, and joined in the little ovation. I was filled with gratitude to this impetuous man, but blushed at the same time in numb embarrassment.

On the following Saturday, Nick and I went downtown on a little shopping spree. I hadn't felt well for several days, had a splitting headache, was nervous and shaky. I couldn't eat anything at Mader's where we went for dinner. On the way home I said to my husband, "I guess you want to buy something more for yourself. But I will see Dr. Paul Aszman, my physician. I have to get some relief for my headache and restlessness, but you don't need to come with me. I will hurry home after the consultation."

I wished Nick had come with me. When I arrived at the office, Dr. Aszman was still out on calls and I had to wait for more than an hour. I felt more and more miserable as time passed. I could hardly breathe any more. When the doctor arrived he led me quickly into his office.

"You are a very sick woman, Mrs. Baum. Your pulse has almost disappeared," he said.

"What is it Doctor? Please tell me!" I gasped.

"It's a failure of your heart muscle," he explained, his face serious. He took my blood pressure—90 above 70—it registered. An injection soon revived me, but I refused to let him call an ambulance to rush me to a hospital. After several trials he could reach my husband on the telephone.

"I am sending your wife home in a taxicab. She refuses to go to the hospital. Make her stay in bed for a week," he ordered. "I will see you in the evening."

It didn't take me long to recover. Yet we waited until the first of May to invite our numerous friends to a belated celebration of our wedding. We chose the Music Hall on the seventh floor of the Kesselman Building on Broadway in which to hold our festival. The spacious hall was almost too small to hold the crowd streaming to our party. Eight societies with all their members arrived, more than three hundred people. They offered us their good wishes and gifts and produced a splendid performance of acting and singing, lasting to midnight. Then the dining and dancing began. This spontaneous manifestation of hearty comradeship made us both unspeakably happy. It was as if our friends had crowned us with an invisible glory.

Nick and I found many mutual interests and neither of us encountered any difficulty in finding the way to the other's heart. We both were of a jolly nature, both highly appreciative of fine and

classical music. We liked social life, to sing and entertain and enjoy friends. But our summer's night dream ended abruptly. In early fall Nick met with an accident at his place of work and had to be operated on. I was confronted again with financial worries. The tenants occupying Nick's bungalow in Chicago hadn't paid rent for several months. Nick didn't receive any salary during his illness and no compensation either. Doctor and hospital bills were waiting for us. Nick being still too ill to face the bitter facts, it was imperative to his recovery that he be not excited or worried and that I do something to stem the trouble. At the same time, I had to use extreme diplomacy to avoid arousing his fear of the future. He was already sixty six, thirteen years older than I. What if he lost his job? He wasn't eligible any more for Social Security, inaugurated a few months previously. What would we do without a pension?

During daytime hours I stayed with Nick at the hospital. But throughout the silent nights I had to search for a solution. It would have meant admitting defeat if I had folded my hands in my lap and waited for help to come from somewhere else. I had to think for myself and both of us. My vow had said, "For better or worse." But I had to be painstakingly careful not to hurt Nick's self-esteem.

In these harassing moments my thoughts turned again to my house, which had been my life preserver half a decade ago. As soon as my husband had regained some of his strength, I approached him in the way of an easy chat.

"Now we have to slave again to keep our home fires burning," I said. "I wonder whether we couldn't be a little smarter and let the house slave for us instead?"

"What do you mean by that?" Nick asked in a sudden flare of interest. I had the answer well prepared.

"Look!" I said, more jokingly than serious. "It costs us at least \$80 every month to live in our house: upkeep, monthly payments, taxes, repairs amount to that sum. But if we turned it into three or four apartments, we could not only live there for nothing, but draw besides a sizable amount for our living expenses. So let the house work for us!"

"And it should!" Nick consented enthusiastically. "Why did we not think of that before? Bring my drawing board along tomorrow. I will immediately start making some sketches to show how the alteration could be done."

But after a little interval he reflected soberly: "How will we be able to pay for it? You know, half of my assets in the Loan Association are frozen."

Some of the financially weak savings and loan firms which had overstepped their investment limit were kept under rigid control by the

government. They were loaded with foreclosed properties. I had thought of that.

"Probably we can use the frozen bonds as collateral to raise some more funds should ours not be sufficient," I said hopefully, to diminish his doubts.

We didn't mention money matters during the following weeks, but they remained the main concern of our calculations. We got in touch with several contractors, showed our plans, listed our demands and specifications, and asked for their bids. But when they were given to us, we were shocked. The lowest bid was still \$2000 more than we had on hand. At every bank and loan firm we were told that for each \$1000 borrowed we needed a collateral of \$2000; some even demanded \$3000. Our frozen shares of \$3000 didn't suffice for the loan we needed.

I went to the firm that held our bonds, but the officer declared, "We are not permitted to give a loan on frozen bonds of our firm." This meant we were doomed.

But in this critical minute a thought flashed through my mind. I inquired: "Do you still have foreclosed homes on hand which you had to take back from their former owners?"

"Yes, there are a few left," the officer replied.

"Can we buy one with our frozen assets?" I pressed further.

"Yes, you can," he answered reluctantly.

"Why didn't you say so in the beginning? Are you permitted to grant a mortgage on such a home?" I asked with increasing agitation.

"Certainly we are," he retorted with an air of phlegmatic boredom.

"Hurry then and show me the homes you have still for sale!" I demanded.

He must have noticed my irritation at his dull impassivity. From a drawer he quietly pulled out several sheets with pictures of houses and figures on them and laid four such slips on the counter.

"This is all we have," he pointed out, handing them to me. "Give me a ring if you want to see these houses."

One of the sheets showed a charming little bungalow located in the city of Cudahy, twelve miles south of Milwaukee. Its price equaled the amount of our blocked shares. I gazed at the picture. A load of worry fell off my mind.

"Oh! Lord! How can I thank Thee for giving me the right thought at the right moment!" I exclaimed exultantly. Poor Nick had been so pessimistic about a happy solution. How glad he would be to get this priceless message!

Now the loan could be secured, though it took many months of hard labor, grief and heartaches, disappointments and many sighs before we

could move into our new apartment on the second floor of our building. It was of the latest design. We were proud and blissful when, at the end, we could appraise our achievement. We had reached a meritorious goal.

However, our joy didn't last very long. In February 1939, on returning from a drive to Chicago, Nick showed obvious signs of blood poisoning on his arm. I rushed him to the hospital and called Dr. E. Schelbe, my husband's physician.

"I will do all I can to save his life," the doctor promised and under his heroic and expert efforts and treatments Nick recovered. Yet he needed months of rest and quiet to recuperate fully. He now had lost his job. My sister Anna and her husband Hermann, who had given their large farm in Minnesota to one of their married daughters and had bought themselves a small one in Michigan, urged us to live with them during Nick's convalescence.

"The sunshine and fresh air will do him good," Anna insisted. We accepted the generous offer with deep-felt gratitude and stayed four months. During this period I had to settle another aggravating affair that had kept us on edge. The tenants who occupied my husband's bungalow in Chicago were not only badly in arrears with the rent, but their three half-grown sons had pillaged and damaged the premises to an appalling degree. I seriously feared this might cause Nick a relapse. For nearly three weeks I had to stay in Chicago not only to evict the tenants forcibly and have the building reconditioned but also to arrange its sale. Nick lost more than 60% of the purchase price of the house. It was a heartbreaking experience, but I suggested to Nick: "Let us immediately turn around and buy a suitable property in Milwaukee with the amount we have salvaged."

We found a brick house of good design and construction. Its owner lived in San Francisco and wanted to dispose of it, but it had been so much neglected that it had to be reconditioned throughout. It had lovely, spacious rooms, beautiful maple birdseye woodwork, wide stairways such as patrician homes often show. Now that my husband was without work and couldn't expect any employment on account of his age and health and as we needed a source of income, I suggested that we use the newly acquired building as a rooming house. I could even board the roomers. Any source of honest income seemed good to serve us, if we only could survive our crisis. I had buried clannish pride a long time since and I wasn't afraid to work. To smooth away the wrinkles of anguish from Nick's forehead was my only wish, and to free him from worries.

We did a good job. It took us more than three months to prepare this property for our guests. I remember vividly how for three consecutive

weeks I had stood on the stepladder to wash the numerous layers of paper from the walls and high ceilings while the hired painter followed me repapering them. It was strenuous, tedious work, but we enjoyed it. Our songs and laughter echoed so lustily through the whole house that often Nick, who was refinishing the floors, had to warn, "Watch out, Schatzi! Don't fall from the ladder!" Nick always called me Schatzi, the equivalent of sweetheart. Soon our house was nicely furnished and our guests seemed a happy and contented group.

Our enterprise was a complete success until I fell violently ill with an inflamed gall bladder.

"You have to stop doing strenuous physical work, it will cause repeated attacks," said Dr. Aszman.

"Why don't you operate on me?" I asked wistfully.

"We can't operate on you. Your heart wouldn't stand it. Do something else!" he answered tersely.

"How easily said! Something else! But what?" I snapped. But a second, third, and fourth attack of crucifying pain made me give in and follow the doctor's advice. We moved back into our apartment and rented the house to a doctor's widow who turned it into a convalescent home. We also sold our Cudahy bungalow, engaging a broker to do so. After two months of waiting we found our own buyer, but according to the listing contract had to pay the broker's commission. The incident made me realize how easy it is to dispose of a property if one is familiar with the practice. I asked the broker, "What has one to do or study to become a broker or sales agent?"

"You have to write an examination. If you pass you can apply for a license at the Real Estate Broker's Board."

I inquired further: "Could I work for you as an agent in case I took such an examination?"

"Certainly, you can," he assured me good-naturedly.

"I will bring you some pamphlets. Study them. Let me know when you are prepared. I will arrange for the examination."

One month later, in late November 1939, I had successfully passed the test, but not before March had I completed my first sale.

I Become A Real Estate Agent

FOR THREE AND a half years I worked as a sales agent for the Milwaukee broker who had sold our Cudahy property. Several other agents worked for him. One time we were seven on the force. In general, the cooperation among us was mutually stimulating and sincere. But I could become bitter when one or the other tried to outsmart me and snatched sales away from me. Being so much older than my co-workers—nearing fifty-six—I felt more or less like a stranger and at a disadvantage. But as soon as I had established myself and was able to sell houses in succession, I felt more confident. I learned to like the somewhat miscellaneous work of being here and there, looking around the neighboring counties for new listings, holding houses open for inspection, meeting the numerous and so oddly different customers, writing the ads for the newspapers, and making appointments with prospective buyers, all work completely different from any other I had previously done in my life.

Nick always found some necessary work to be done on our properties to keep them trim and in repair. He was remarkably handy with any kind of tool, plumbing or electrical work. He had once made a Christmas tree so artistically equipped with moving features—a mill wheel that turned, a saw that cut wood, a hunter that shot—that it was exhibited in one of the big show windows of one of our large department stores. He had an inventive mind and did everything with marvelous precision.

He didn't mind that I was gone most all of the day, as long as I prepared the meals and we could enjoy our evenings together. Often he came along with me on business trips through the country. I was careful not to let my job interfere too much with my married life. He was proud when I was lucky and welcomed the commissions I had earned. But there was danger of his ego being depressed because I was the bread earner. I could discern from a few remarks he let slip that in spite of his good nature, deep in his heart he was very sensitive and touchy. Therefore, I repeatedly stressed the point that only his expertness as a manager allowed us to progress as we did.

We were extremely careful to put our earnings immediately to work again in another investment. With the proceeds of the sale of the Cudahy property we added another apartment to our remodeled homestead. When we were forced to sell the convalescent home to the city, which bought up all the houses in our neighborhood to enlarge the high school nearby, we speedily turned around and bought a large double house which was well adapted to be converted into four apartments. War preparations had caused an influx of war workers to the city. Industrial activity had risen to an unforeseen degree. But building material of any kind was scarce and could be bought only with the special permission of the War Priority Board and only for the construction of housing units for war workers.

When the remodeling was finally completed, we really felt relieved and breathed freer. But although our income had increased considerably, so had our expenses. Taxes, interest, payments on amortization of principal made our rental income dwindle frightfully. Though the high principal retirements were in fact an actual saving, they cut deeply into our budget.

Nick was often frightened by the burden we had taken upon our shoulders, but I was more lighthearted. I pointed to the actuality that we indeed profited by our debts.

"They are no real debts," I tried to convince him. "We only make other people's money work for us." And as time went on, he gained more and more confidence in my point of view and methods.

But during 1942, my health started to fail rapidly. The formation of gall stones brought me to an awful state of misery. As I had done to Dr. Aszman, I suggested an operation to Dr. Ed. J. Schelble, who was now my physician too. His edict was the same: "Impossible."

Towards fall I couldn't take food any more and I urged Dr. Schelble: "This way I will have to die anyway. Please operate if I have a 50 per cent chance to recover."

They took me to St. Mary's Hospital for an exhaustive examination. Heart specialist Dr. Germain gave the final word.

"I think your wife has a chance to withstand the operation," he assured my husband—but it was a mighty close case. Three times after my operation and during my more than three weeks' stay at St. Mary's Hospital, the nurses had to call Nicki to my bedside, two times at midnight. They feared I would die. During the after-period of convalescence I had time to chart new ideas and make new plans for the future. I persuaded Nick to consent that I enroll in a course of Real Estate Law at Marquette University rather than do real estate selling during winter. When I passed the examination and received my broker's license, I felt proud as a peacock.

A Broker In Serious Difficulties

I RENTED an office on 35th and North Avenue and slowly built up my business. I had two, later three, agents helping me. However, another calamity was waiting for me. Complications set in and I had to return to the hospital. Dr. Schelble warned, "This surgery will be just as serious as the other was." Yet it was successful, but recovery was discouragingly slow.

"For three months, at least, you must not drive a car," my doctor ordered. I knew I had to mind him. It was a hard and harsh order, considering my restlessness.

"I will take up some courses at the Vocational School," I announced to my husband. "This sitting around makes me crazy. Probably, in some way, I can be of service to my country." I registered for two interesting courses: Instrument Testing and Micrometer Reading. They lasted seven weeks, for seven hours every day. After five weeks my instructors handed me the report card with the remark: "You know enough." On the bottom of the card was written in large letters: "Excellent."

I felt a little flustered, although praise made me depressed and humble rather than proud after the fire of ambition had slowly diminished.

From this day on I received numerous and urgent calls from the Government Employment Office. They wanted me to accept a job as government inspector in a factory. Nick didn't like it.

"You should rest and not work," he pleaded.

"But I have to do something for my country, while all the soldiers sacrifice their lives. America has given me so much," I insisted, and my husband finally assented. I was accepted at the Chain Belt Factory, which manufactured big guns for the Army. For two months I drove every morning at 6:30 to the huge plant and after my return home at 4 p.m., prepared supper and went out again to sell homes. I sold four during these eight weeks. But all day at the plant, nights on the road—that made my husband frantic.

"This has to stop," he said one day with a seriousness and sternness I

had never before observed in him. "You are just killing yourself. I am at the end of my patience. You can hold two jobs at the same time, but not three. You have to decide between me and Chain Belt," he added with hard determination.

"Then it will be you," I replied quickly. The thunder clouds were straight above my head, I felt, and I told myself:

"Don't strain the bow too much, it might spring."

It was a ticklish problem after such short employment to break the news of my resignation to the military commander stationed at the factory.

"My husband will divorce me if I continue working," I announced timidly. "My work here interferes too badly with my duties as a housewife."

"Then we will shoot your husband," the Colonel rejoined promptly. However, I was released and was intensely glad to have removed Nick's disapproval. My lack of consideration had hurt him deeply. He was right all along. I should have listened to him sooner. The consequences of my stubbornness showed two months later after an intense sales drive. My agents brought numerous sales in and to oversee them besides taking care of my own duties caused me ceaseless strain.

On a stormy morning after a heavy cloudburst, I felt terrible pain and tightness around my chest and had difficulty in breathing. Luckily, my house helper had come the same morning to clean my home. She heard me moan in my bedroom and called my husband.

"Quick, we have to call the rescue squad of the Fire Department," she urged. When it arrived I was taken in an ambulance to St. Mary's Hospital. Dr. Schelble was there already and administered aid.

"You have to stay absolutely quiet for many weeks," my doctor declared. He is such a wonderful doctor, so deeply concerned about his patients. I asked what was again wrong with me.

"Please, dear doctor, don't hesitate and tell me the truth. Only then will I learn to mind you," I begged.

Reluctantly he said, "It's Coronary Thrombosis and Angina. But do not worry. If you live more sensibly you will overcome it."

"More sensibly!" The words reverberated in my soul like the distant voice of a prophet. It was up to me to live or not to live. Would I, in the future, heed the warning signal?

Soon I felt better, but wasn't allowed to move. Day out and day in I had the tubes to the oxygen tank clamped to my nose. After two weeks I asked my nurse for my pen and some paper and I scribbled down a little poem that had formed in my mind.

WHO IS HOOH?

A monster is standing next to me
As green and ugly as a monster can be.
It sizzles and sizzles without restraint.
Yet all its efforts seem in vain.

As head it has a gadget and screw.
With the turn of a handle you may start it anew.
It has 'round its neck a collar in white
And another in yellow, not quite as bright.

Its green coat reaches way down to the floor,
Is cold and hard and straight like a door
And the funniest part—I have to admit—
Is—it has only one arm as thin as a slit.

But long is this arm—hooh—ten feet, I do bet.
It hangs down on its body, crawls up on my bed
With a long wrist of glass and a finger so thin
Climbing up on my forehead meager and slim.

And into my nostrils, no stop is in sight,
Creeps into my throat and my heart shakes in fright.
They now paste this finger tight onto my nose.
It should only go as far as it goes.

Now you sizzle and sizzle by night and by day
As if you would tell me: "Come with me to play!"
And gone is my daze, my ache and my pain.
How easy and light I am breathing again!

So you are not a monster. You are a dear friend.
You gave me new life through your arm and your hand.
From the depth of my soul I warmly thank
You for saving my life Dear OXYGEN TANK.

While I slowly recovered I had to write dozens of copies of this silly outburst of my absurd brain. Every nurse and nun wanted one and some doctors too. I had to find some outlet for the shackled energies of my body even if it were only a few crazy words. They relieved the tension of my restless nerves.

I kept a much slower pace after I returned home from the hospital.

Nick saw how I tried to be calm, take my rest hours regularly to come back on my feet and to be a healthy person again. It depended entirely on myself to whip this nasty heart of mine into shape and to make it act normal. One day he approached me with a sly grin: "I would like to play doctor!" he said sheepishly.

"A heart specialist?" I asked with a roguish twinkle

"Naturally. I know what would be good for you."

"What are your suggestions, Mr. Expert?" I fell into his tune.

"How about a nice long journey? Would it not do wonders?"

"With a wonder doctor to a wonderland for a wonder cure! You are unsurpassable! My wonder boy!" I laughed, crossed my arms over my chest, and dipped to a deep bow. "Your Honor! Order accepted."

We couldn't drive, for in 1944 there was no gasoline available for pleasure trips, but we could go by train. First we went to Dr. Schelble to ask him whether he would find it advisable for me to travel. He wanted a new cardiogram taken before he would decide.

A week later I saw my doctor at his office.

"What did the cardiogram say?" I asked in suspense.

"I have no good message for you," Dr. Schelble disclosed. "Your heart still shows signs of the damage done to it."

"Then we cannot go? We already bought the tickets. They were so hard to get. We purchased the traveler's checks also."

"Probably the total rest will do you good after all," Dr. Schelble said after a short pause. "If you promise me to take good care of yourself, not to walk long stretches and not to overtire yourself, I will let you go."

"Oh! I promise," I said and jubilantly I went home.

A Hilarious Journey

WINTER WAS approaching rapidly; therefore we decided to go to the South and West, to Mexico and California. Maps and literature about these areas had to be studied and the route marked which we would like to follow: Kansas City, Oklahoma City, El Paso with a side tour to the Carlsbad Caverns, a week's stay in Chichuahua, Mexico, Tucson, Phoenix and Los Angeles. The information we gathered disclosed that not further than Los Angeles could reservations on the train be assured. They were limited to thirty days only.

Nick and I enjoyed a mirthful time together. It would fill a mighty long chapter to describe our enchanted experiences. We felt like two children wandering hand in hand through fairyland. Noble Kansas City impressed us with its imposing business section, its colossal War Memorial whose eternally flickering flame burned a lasting picture into our memory.

In Oklahoma City we experienced two comical and humorous events to which our thoughts often returned in later years. As in other cities we visited, no taxicabs were available, no sightseeing tours arranged by bus lines. The lack of gasoline could be felt all over. If we wanted to see something interesting, we had to walk or use the street cars.

It was quite chilly in Kansas City and I had bought myself there a three-piece suit to keep me warm. But in Oklahoma City it rained and rained. While walking after dinner through one of the main streets, I suddenly heard a soft click, like something of light weight falling onto the sidewalk. A quick guess made me feel the buttons of my coat—One was missing.

"My button, my button!" I cried. We both searched every spot around us for it, stirred the water puddles near the curb with the points of our umbrellas and the tips of our shoes, but no button could be found.

"Now I have to buy seven new ones," I wailed. "And good ones are very costly."

Towards the late afternoon the sky had cleared; even the sun broke through. We walked along the beautiful Civic Center with its

magnificent public buildings and well-kept, broad parkways and slowly took the immensely wide steps that led to the City Auditorium where we wanted to buy tickets for a concert of Lilly Pons, to be given the same evening.

Suddenly I noticed how Nick bent down to pick up something. Between two fingers he held up in the air a small object.

"Have I caught you, you miserable scoundrel?" he shouted with gay laughter. I looked.

"My button! My button!" I screamed, and laughed. "Where did you find it?"

"In the bottom fold of my trousers."

Again and again we had to giggle, and later on too when we only thought of the absurd discovery.

The concert was lovely. The next morning, gray with clouds and a misty drizzle, found us at the State Capitol, which was surrounded, not by stately trees and parks, but by oil derricks, lifting their high steel towers into the sky like giant robots. Long arms stretched like handles from lofty pumps. While gazing at the giddy iron frames I said to Nick in mock solemnity and rapture: "In my imagination I see us sitting on top of these high scaffolds with our friends, crowned with golden clouds, robed in royal gowns, wielding a pump handle like a sceptre, dangling our legs in a storm so wild -----"

"And you are crazy, my child!" he retorted in a perfect repartee. There we stood again in hilarious laughter as if youth had touched our hearts with an invisible magic wand.

The excursion from El Paso to the Carlsbad Caverns along the famous trail that once led gold searchers to the West was very scenic and picturesque. We met Mr. Smith, the discoverer of the cavern, at the huge cathedral-like hall down at a depth of nearly eight hundred feet, which we had reached by elevator. We walked with other tourists along the lighted passways, waited with them in the last gigantic natural subsurface hall among stalagmites and stalactites through minutes of complete darkness and silence when only the soft sounds of dripping water drops could be heard, until in the far distance a new light flickered up again under the strains of the Lord's Prayer.

A botanic garden amid the rocky formations around the entrance to the cavern arrested my interest. It showed a marvelous collection of desert plants and flowers. A tame raven sat with us on a stone bench and picked crackers from our pockets. The air was clear but chilly and when we reached the height of the pass I noticed now, what I had missed seeing before, that snow was lying on the roadside.

From El Paso the train brought us to Chichuahua through vast stretches of desert-like regions. The adobes of Indian settlements

disclosed the extreme poverty of the inhabitants. But Chichuahua itself was a lovely, interesting city. A sight-seeing bus brought us to the city hall, the prison, the old aqueduct, and the home of Pancho Villa, who had robbed banks and millionaires and divided the proceeds among the poor. His bullet-riddled auto stood in the courtyard and we shook hands with his widow.

But the return train to El Paso was six hours late. We lost our reservations and had to cram, after several useless attempts to find space in a passenger train, into a military train to reach Tucson. It was an exciting experience. We took a bus to Phoenix to see a little more of the countryside. I noticed what irrigation had done for this region. Wide cotton fields and truck gardens stretched from town to town. We enjoyed two days in Phoenix and finally arrived in Los Angeles.

Months before we had left Milwaukee, Nick had joined a lodge very much to his liking, called "Schlaraffia." It accepts only male members and its purpose is to propagate "Art, Friendship, and Humor." Its constituents use mediaeval habits, names, language, and customs. They call themselves knights and conduct affairs with all the fanfare of knighthood ceremonials. Their units are named "Reich" (realms) and over twenty of them are scattered over the United States. Many can be found in South-American cities. Its founding took place in Prague ninety-six years ago and hundreds of "Schlaraffen Reiche" are spread over Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. Their members are usually intellectuals—professors, doctors, engineers, army and government officers, and foremost actors and artists, gifted people who enjoy lusty frolics mixed with serious discussions. Religious matters and politics are strictly excluded from their sessions, called "sipping." They wear jester's caps and a bandeau around their shoulders and chests and carry titles such as—eminence, knight, squire, shield bearer, with funny names bestowed upon them at their dubbing ceremonies. They fight duels—in words and witty contests only—and throughout their meetings an atmosphere of fantastic hilarity prevails. When we left for California Nick was still a shield bearer, but later he was made Knight Frohsinn, (Cheerfulness) and I became "Burgfrau Frohsinn" (Lady of the Castle Cheerfulness). Their assembly place is called Burg (Castle).

Los Angeles, a Schlaraffian Realm also, was notified of our coming. Lodge constituents, several film actors among them, received us with all the honors bestowed upon a friend. Nick took part in several sessions from which I was excluded, but members took us in their cars to see the city because no taxis were available. We stayed for almost two weeks and visited many friends. We had immediately applied for new reservations when we arrived in Los Angeles, wanting to see San Francisco, the Boulder Dam, and other places. To our dismay, we could get

only two train reservations beyond Los Angeles: to Salt Lake City and then on to Colorado Springs and Denver, Colorado, passing the Great Divide. It was Christmas when we arrived home, physically tired, but with refreshed and enriched minds and memories.

In the spring of the following year my sister Anna died. A year earlier, my brother Hermann had passed away. Fortunately I could squeeze enough gasoline from the Transportation Board so that I could drive with Nick to Minnesota to which state her body was shipped from Michigan. I had lost my warmest and most unselfish friend and relative and to the last of my days my gratitude will glorify her memory. Not long after, when the war with Germany had ended, I received word of the sudden death of my sister Mitzi, of Austria. Three members of our family had passed away within the short span of eight months. Only my dear sister Louise and I were left. I had to be brave and accept the mental suffering with utter calmness in order to spare my flickery heart muscle from serious physical repercussions.

We had sold the lately-remodeled investment building, for which we had needed war priority, and purchased from the receipts a colonial home in Wauwatosa, a western suburb of Milwaukee. It proved to be a cumbersome and hard burden to Nick to take care of the two four-family buildings, especially during the winter. Trouble with tenants had a vexatious effect upon him. Though already seventy-five, he was still sturdy and healthy, yet the chasing back and forth in zero weather to take care of the two heating plants had been too much of a strain for him. We enjoyed the more our lovely surroundings and the peace that now had entered our lives.

We See The North And East

IN 1946, with the war ended, the general sadness had subsided and changed to a more hopeful attitude. Wanderlust awakened again in our souls. To see the world was our greatest joy. The planning of more interesting trips alone was fascinating.

We wanted to visit Nick's stepdaughter by his first marriage and her family in New York; to see northern Wisconsin, Minnesota, Canada, Michigan; to become acquainted with other realms of Nick's lodge. Each one of our plans afforded extensive traveling. Only a careful consideration of where to go first, then next, could guard us against wasting time and money. The summers are usually too hot in eastern cities. So we decided to go up north in July or August and in the fall take the longer tour eastward, combining in a round trip the visits to Della in New York with those of a dozen or more Castles.

In May 1946 I had read in the green sheet of the *Milwaukee Journal* in the column of Mrs. Ione Quinby Griggs an interesting plea of a woman, who signed herself "Tormented", for help in a problem that was destroying the peace of her mind. She mentioned in the letter that her husband had the picture of his first wife standing on his night table and that to her own dismay and irritation she was increasingly afraid that his first love would diminish the second one and she would lose out in the end.

I always loved to read Mrs. Griggs' articles, admired her for the noble human interest she demonstrated and the excellent advice she gave to all persons who asked her for help or counsel. I never had written to her before, but I thought my own experience could help the poor "tormented" woman solve her trouble.

With a few introductory lines directed personally to Mrs. Griggs, wishing her God's blessing for her fine work, I wrote:

"Mrs. Griggs:

I follow your column daily with great interest, not that I need your advice, because I am an aged and very happy woman, but the sincerity and warmth with which you try to give help to all people who need your help, your excellent psychological approach to the problems and

difficulties of all the persons who are seeking your counsel, commands my highest admiration for you. To the thousands in social and emotional trouble you are a godsend. May I congratulate you on your marvelous and splendid achievements.

"I would also like to answer the lady who signed herself 'Tormented.' Her case has much similarity to a situation I experienced myself. I have to reach back into my past to make myself clear enough. I married the first time when I was already thirty nine. My husband died five years later. To forget grief and sorrow, I joined several educational societies. As vice-president of a federation of such societies I made many new social contacts, became acquainted with a great number of couples, single ladies, and men.

"One of these gentlemen had lost his wife after more than twenty five years of marriage. She was a lovely, wonderful woman. I had known her personally. They were a very happy couple. Two years after her death he asked me to marry him. It took me six weeks to decide. Finally I accepted, even if my pride and my probably all-too-serious outlook on life made me hesitate to risk a failure. There was the warning sign: Could I ever be as good as she was, whom I had so sincerely admired?

"When we got married, I asked my husband for the pictures of his first wife. I put one on my night table, the other on my desk and every morning and evening I made a silent prayer: 'Please, God, let me be as good as she was!'

"One friend of my husband shook her head as she noticed the display and asked doubtingly: 'Aren't you afraid to remind your husband daily of his first wife? Aren't you jealous of her?'

"But I answered her: 'I feel she deserves the place of honor in my home. She was a perfect wife. She had given my husband a happy life for so many years. Her memory is sacred to me.'

"My husband and I speak often of her. We both go to the cemetery to put flowers on her grave and I repeatedly ask him for advice about how she had done this or that. And he is as wonderful to me as a husband can be.

"Several years later a friend of my husband disclosed to me that he had told her: 'Nothing endeared her so deeply to me as her devotion and respect for my first wife.' So the picture of my husband's first wife on my night table helped me to gain his great love and confidence. Then why are you afraid of those innocent pictures, dear lady 'Tormented?'

"We must be able to give before we expect to receive and generosity will brighten your own life and those of your dear ones.

A Happy Woman."

Mrs. Griggs thanked me in warm words for my letter and an insignificant episode of my life had with it ended, but my life story wouldn't be complete without its intimate effect.

Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota disclosed all their ravishing beauty and charm before our eyes. The complex of dreaming lakes, the solitude of the magnificent State parks, the ever changing scenes of lonesome farmlands, modern resorts, crowds of tourists didn't let our minds and eyes come to rest. The contrast between the twin cities Superior and Duluth, the stately hotels of the latter, the exquisite drive on the north shore of Lake Superior to Grand Marais and Fort Williams in Canada will remain unforgettable. Waterfalls, deep ravines, solid stands of forest spilled their unsurpassable beauty before us. We saw the enormous iron mines of Hibbing in northern Minnesota and became aware of the richness of the natural resources of our country. The chains of lovely lakes reminded us of often similar panoramas in our home lands; Minneapolis and St. Paul, the proud twins of the North, which we had seen several times before, again enticed us with the splendor of their buildings, the massiveness of their dimensions, the charm of their shoreline along the Mississippi River.

At the beginning of October 1946 we started out for the East. On our frequent stops Nick enjoyed the pleasure of meeting new members of other realms. All along the route from Detroit to Toledo and from Cleveland to Buffalo we were greatly impressed by the industrial might of America displayed in countless factory sites. But when we came to Niagara Falls and—clad in wax suits—stepped into the foaming inferno, heard the thundering titan crash over our heads to the depths below in convulsive whirls of spray and mist, we shivered in awe and admiration. When we watched from the platform of our hotel on the Canadian side the miraculous color symphony of the lighted falls, we were spell-bound. So much to see, so much to be remembered in later years! We drove on to Toronto, crossed over the Thousand Island Bridge into the State of New York, turned to Boston, and came through Albany to New York City. Nick's stepdaughter Della Rudolph lived there with her husband Walther and their two children Dorette and Bob.

I felt anxious and tense.

"How will Della take me?" I asked Nick in grave doubts about my ability to come closer to her. For Nick's sake I was hoping our meeting would awaken a warmly felt affinity between us. It would be a streamer leading directly to my husband's heart. With every year I had grown more fond of Nick. I was not mistaken in my belief that he had also become more and more attached to me. Our friends called us the young lovers and although we disregarded the emotional tang of such a remark, it was true that we were deeply in love with each other. Della

and Wally, her husband, must have sensed this, for they treated us with utmost kindness and warmth. Three weeks in their company was like a magic dream. Della's two nephews, Albert and Walther Elias with their wives Tilde and Rose, who had immigrated from Vienna, joined our company often and we enjoyed lovely, heart-warming hours. Della and Wally and their children are as dear to me as if they were my own flesh and blood. Whenever possible we meet and are enraptured by the wondrous nearness of our souls. It is one of the most stirring blessings God has ever bestowed upon me.

I had only one shocking experience in New York. As we stayed in Della's home at Bayside, Long Island, I once went with Nick to New York City to visit the Natural History Museum. We did not go by car and used the suburban train. As we stood on the platform of the suburban at Flushing the train arrived with great speed. At the same speed the train pulled out again. I had boarded it, but Nick took his good-natured time in his leisurely manner. The doors closed rapidly and Nick was still standing on the platform. At the next stop I got off and took the next train back to Flushing to catch him, but he was gone. I waited: no sign of Nick. I went alone to the Museum to try there to find him -no luck there either. Disappointed and near tears I went back to Bayside with the sad feeling of a spoiled day in my heart. When I arrived at Della's house, there he sat with Della at the supper table. But soon I regained my composure and had the evil event dismissed from my mind.

As Nick did in Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo, "riding" into the Schlaraffian Realms of these cities, he did again in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Passaic, and Union City, New Jersey. Those realms arranged extra meetings, called Kristallines, meetings in which the wives of the knights could participate. When we came to Baltimore, Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, we were greeted at these realms with utmost cordiality and profound regard. Hearts were open and new friendships sealed. Many Schlaraffian friends took us around the towns to show us the most fascinating objects of interest, entertained us in their homes, and treated us as if we had been their brother and sister. Everyone was beaming with kindness and delight. It was such a hilarious merry-go-round, such a crowding of lovely scenes into our hearts, that we felt like prince and princess in the fairy story.

We came to Cincinnati, Ohio, Louisville, Kentucky, and St. Louis, Missouri too, everywhere finding new friends, everywhere receiving the same affectionate welcome, the same sincere benignity. To many of these realms I returned after Nick's tragic death, keeping the light of friendship burning that was kindled originally at our trip in 1946. A lively correspondence still connects me with these noble and fine

friends; their number is too great to name them all. We rejoiced at the glory of these days for months and months after. They recompensed us a hundred fold for the hard work waiting for us on our return home to Milwaukee.

In April 1948 we both attended the lordly festival of the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of Chicago's Schlaraffian Realm, called Chicagoana. Nearly a thousand guests from all the American realms participated in the lavish doings. We met scores of our new friends from the East again and recalled sweet old memories. Eminence Kleist, profan John Sabel, and the knights Kling Klang and Lichtental, from the Kentuckia were there too. John Sabel had brought his recording machine along. Most of the guests stayed over Sunday to take part in an entertainment given in their honor. Nick was goaded into singing one of his comic songs for which he was known throughout the realms. His voice was still powerful when he sang "The Praise of Women" and he reaped thunderous applause. To the merriment of all members, John Sabel had recorded the whole program and Nick's song also.

Tragedy

THE REKINDLING of cherished friendships with his lodge brothers from the East reinvigorated my husband. He steadily maintained such a jovial mood that our daily routine work was more a pleasure than a burden. I still sold real estate and was kept busy throughout the winter. A friend who owned a farm at Vernon, near Big Bend, had given me the order to sell his city property. I had found a buyer for the premises and needed his signature to the sales agreement. In the late afternoon of May 21, I asked Nick:

"Would you like to accompany me on my drive to see John Schmid? I need John's signature and do not want to delay the deal."

"Let's go quickly while the sun is shining. Spring is all over in the air!" Nick, the passionate lover of nature, hastened to say. My memory will never lose any single detail of this fateful afternoon. Each one is engraved with fire into my soul.

We drove leisurely along Highway 15 toward Schmid's farm. We observed the first clusters of white woodflowers, yellow buttercups, and violets, painting the meadows with fancy dots. Cherry and Plum trees were in full bloom and already shedding their flimsy petals like snowflakes. But apple blossoms were just beginning to open in pinky bunches that looked like sugar balls pasted to the branches. From the shiny foliage of the countless trees flanking the roadside came a rustling whisper as if to challenge the noise of the motor and the scraping and singing of the tires on the pavement. Soon we had reached Prospect Hill and approached the spot where County Trunk U crosses the highway.

Suddenly I noticed that a man driving a pick-up truck from the south was nearing the highway without stopping at the stop sign. At the same time a car from the west came speeding toward the intersection.

"Look that fool!" I shouted to Nick. But there was no time for an answer. With an ear-splitting crash our auto was hit head-on with terrific impact. Glass splinters showered over us, and through the smashed windshield I saw a blue mass of crushed steel sliding off from our car front.

I felt a frightening numbness creep up on my body and turned my

head to look at Nick. Blood was trickling from his nose and mouth. His eyes were closed. His heavy breathing showed how fearfully he was injured.

"Nick! Oh Nick!" I cried. "How are you? Please, please, answer me!" I called again and again and waited in despair. No sound came from his lips, only a short rattling from his throat. I bedded his head on my shoulder. I had to do it with my right hand in an awkward way for I couldn't move my left arm. Gently I stroked his cheek.

"Don't die, Nick! Don't leave me!" I prayed in horrified alarm. A dreadful ghostlike whiteness settled over his face. I could hear no sound of life in him.

"Oh! Nick! One word only!" Sobs shook my body.

From the outside, men tried to pry open the car door with crowbars. They looked at Nick and said with the cruelty of cold facts: "He is dead." They pulled him from his seat, laid him on a stretcher, as I could see through the open door.

"Good bye, Nick! Forever!" I called after him. My heart seemed to cramp in a deadening pain.

By this time a big crowd had gathered. Through the open window next to me I saw the body of a young man lying on the pavement, his back turned towards me. Suddenly he lifted his upper body and turned his face towards me. A deep and large red hole stared at me from the spot where his right eye should have been and then he sank to the earth. It must have been the driver of the other car. As I later heard, it was the grandson of Wisconsin's former Governor Philipp, young Mr. Dieterle. Men hurried by to cover him. I heard them exclaim: "He is dead too."

Time seemed an eternity. I almost heard my thoughts ponder: "Soon you will be dead also. But you are conscious. You can still talk and see. But death isn't far away."

Then I realized that blood was all over me. I saw that the iron bar carrying the steering wheel was bent in a half circle and had crushed my chest. I could hardly breath, couldn't open my mouth. My jaw was fractured, my chin gaping with a big cut. I could not move my legs nor feel them.

Men came to help me out of the car. But my door also had to be pried open. The motor was rammed deep into the front seat, squeezing me between wheel and back. When they tried to lift me out, they found that the heel of my right shoe was caught in the floor mat. They pulled hard to free me, but my scream of pain must have pierced the air for blocks.

"My leg! My leg! Hold my leg!" I shrieked in agony. I saw my leg dangling like a lifeless tail. When they finally laid me on the stretcher,

millions of stars danced before my eyes. Then I was pushed into an ambulance. I realized that they slid a man in too, for I heard him moan and wail.

"Why do I not moan?" I asked myself. This man must have been in the other man's car.

When we arrived at the Memorial Hospital at Waukesha, I was left lying on the stretcher in the lower hallway of the hospital for a long time. I called for a nurse and begged her to telephone to the people I would name: my sister Louise, Alice, Dr. Schelble, Anna Gamma, the president of the Swiss Ladies' Choir, whom I had appointed as executrix of our estate, Della and Wally in New York, Oliver Rheingans, my lawyer. I could tell most of the telephone numbers and addresses by heart.

A man stepped up to my stretcher. It was the District Attorney of Waukesha County. He said he came to interrogate me about the details of the collision. I was as if in a fog, but intensely conscious and able to give him as good information as I could. Then I was wheeled into an upper room and placed on a bed. Two doctors and a nurse with needle and tray entered the room.

"We have to sew up your wounds, Mrs. Baum, and will have to put you to sleep," they murmured.

"No, you have to do the sewing without injection," I said. "I will not awaken any more if you put me asleep now. I have to wait for my executrix."

I heard one doctor whisper to the other, "What a woman!"

Then Anna Gamma arrived with her son Joe.

"Hurry, Anna!" I mumbled. I haven't long to live. Please notify my relatives and friends. Make notations of the names of customers whose properties I handle."

I related in detail all the items, gave the release number of my safe, told her where the contracts could be found, the money, important papers. While I talked, they cut the bloodsoaked clothes from my body. Then I gave orders for Nicky's funeral, beseeching Anna to postpone the burial until I had died so that she could arrange for a double funeral.

Now pain was all over me. Closing the gaping wounds on my chin and on both knees hadn't hurt so frightfully, but when they pinched my arm to find the collapsed veins for a blood transfusion I whimpered in pain.

"Give me a mercy shot," I begged one doctor. "You know I haven't a chance to live. End my suffering."

"You will live," the doctor said positively.

And I lived, though day after day the pains became more ferocious. I could hardly bear them any longer.

Dr. Schelble came again and suggested that I be transferred to St. Mary's Hospital in Milwaukee. But I feared that attendants who would lift my body would cause more crucifying pains and wanted to remain in Waukesha for one or two more weeks if I should stay alive. Dr. Howard Johnson, a bone specialist, had come also. He set the multiple fractures, enclosing both legs and my left arm in heavy casts. My two private nurses, Mrs. Vera Peterson and Mrs. E. D. Hall, did their utmost to comfort me and mitigate my suffering.

A week later, Nick was buried, but I was still carrying on as in a trance and waiting for the reaper. I didn't want to believe that I wouldn't see Nick any more. I prayed and prayed in silent agony.

Lora and Ray Cronin came to Waukesha the day after Nick's funeral. Lora's tears dripped on my bare arm. I broke down and sobbed in utter desperation. "Why didn't they let me die so I could be with Nick? Why wasn't I killed too? Life hasn't any meaning any more for me. I will be nothing but a cripple, will probably never be able to walk again." Sobs shook my broken body.

But Lora grasped my hand and begged, "Andrea, darling, don't despair. We love you with all our heart. We need you. We need your spirit and your affection."

The emotion almost made me faint. I heard her words like a whisper from afar. "We love you. We need you." Their softness reached me with wondrous gentleness. I felt as if I heard them ringing through my soul, as if bells were chanting through a silent night. Wasn't such love and compassion worth living for? I saw a mysterious light glowing. Was a path leading out of my misery to a still beckoning future?

Peace fell upon me like a veil of hope.

My Recovery

ON JUNE 16, 1948, barely four weeks after the accident, an ambulance took me from Waukesha to St. Mary's in Milwaukee. Through the windows of the vehicle I could discern the hills and woods, the neat farm houses dotting the slopes, the flowers in meadows and gardens along the road, saw people standing around and walking by.

"I never thought I would see all this again," I whispered through tears. "Oh! Lord! How good have You been to let me enjoy once more these superb sights. What a blessing to marvel at nature's beauty!"

With a sensation of strength as if I were reborn into a new world, I recalled the woeful day when I had thought my life was at its end. Since then almost four weeks had passed and I was still among the living. Hadn't I experienced the most mortal pains? I remembered how doctors and nurses had run to my bedside to administer help when, three times in succession, my lungs had collapsed. A miracle had happened, thought the doctors. It seemed supernatural that I should survive such savage injuries, that in spite of the heavy brain concussion, I hadn't lost consciousness. I still could feel the inch-high swelling on my forehead.

Why did I never shiver at the thought of dying? Why did I never feel fear when I stood before the door that led to the yonder side? The past had melted into the present. All the inspirations that had ever tempted me to strive for honor, recognition, success, to long for influence and power, flickered like dim blue lights through my memory, gradually losing their glittering shine, disappearing like dying cinders. Only the fires of love and friendship, of goodness and kindness I saw rising to a warm glow. With amazing clearness I recognized the fact that wealth, honor, might, and potency have no real value, that they dwindle into nothing before the great mystery of death. To be loved by people, to be able to spend again out of the richness of one's own heart, seemed alone worthy of achievement. An intense sensation of gratitude stirred my soul.

"How can I ever thank Thee, my Lord, for giving me hope for recovery?" I murmured with deep emotion. "My smashed chest, legs,

and knees will mend again. Perhaps specialists can reshape my mutilated face again. Oh! God! Help me!"

New courage poured into my heart. The reflections made me feel surprisingly refreshed, although my whole body was under a steady siege of gnawing pains. I found relief in the thought that it was now much easier for my friends to visit me at St. Mary's. During the past weeks I had been too weak to have visitors and therefore was too much alone with myself. Nothing would harm me more than self-pity, I realized. I had to keep my interest in other people under all circumstances alive. Now I was longing for people again.

It was fortunate that I couldn't see into the future. The horrors and tortures waiting for me would have paralyzed me completely. For more than six months I had to stay at St. Mary's, though slowly regaining strength, vigor, and vitality. My room looked like a conservatory. Flowers and plants stood on the bureau and every other available space.

"My, how popular you are!" the nurses remarked. They treated me with wonderfully tender consideration. The nuns were always peeping into my room and asking, "How are you feeling today?" Father Dr. Sliva, instructor at the Nurses' School. Father Gaherty, the hospital chaplain, came almost daily for a chat. Other visitors came and went, often a dozen and more, bringing gifts and refreshments, though the hospital food was plentiful and delicious. George Schultze, a business friend, kept me supplied with the most gorgeous flower arrangements. It was a happy merry-go-round. Always something new and exciting was happening. Dr. Schelble came twice daily, often three times, channeling new stamina and hope into my spirit. Dr. Johnson, my bone specialist, was more serious and seldom joked with me, but his kindness soothed my growing anxiety. When I asked him day after day, "Will I be able to again use my legs?" he encouraged me. Dr. Sidney Wynn, my plastic surgeon, whom I called sweetheart, had such a kindly smiling face and looked so roly-poly, so round, short, and contented. He liked to tease me about the ribbons in my hair.

At the end of July, Oliver Rheingans, my lawyer, brought me some upsetting news.

"Doctor Johnson will change your plaster cast," he said. "Your leg has become four inches shorter and has to be stretched. I have to notify you about it."

"My Lord!" I gasped with alarm, but he only cut in quickly: "You don't know how lucky you are to still have your legs. We were terribly worried about you when one of the doctors in Waukesha insisted—one week after the collision—that they would have to amputate your right leg above the knee. God be thanked that Dr. Schelble and Dr. Johnson prevented it. But this operation is necessary and they hope you will agree to it."

"I certainly do. I have the fullest confidence in both of these supremely skilled doctors. I have asked Dr. Schelble to be utterly frank about my condition and not to hesitate to tell me the full truth. I can take it. I feel so much more in peace if I know when the hour of danger approaches," I declared.

But the aftermath of the stretching was like hell on earth. For days, though the doctors ordered repeated injection, the pains were just like knives cutting me into pieces. Although I felt more comfortable after weeks had passed, I became again very restless. I hadn't enough to do. Continuous reading gave me severe headaches, but I could write letters and I wrote dozens of them each week. One day, a package arrived from Louisville, Kentucky, and was brought to my bed. It contained a record disk of the song John Sabel, Nick's Schlaraffian brother, had taken in Chicago, when Nick had sung "The Praise of Women." The deep wounds Nick's sudden death had caused broke vehemently open. "Your voice is all that is left of you," I sobbed bitterly. But later on, all the happy hours we had enjoyed together returned with magic clearness. "You are not dead, you are living with me to my last hour," I meditated.

Early in September I had a sad visitor. Nick's beloved lodge brother, Freddy Ambrogio, had died and his widow had come to bring me the mournful news.

"I am so desperate," she wailed. "The house we lived in was sold. I have to move. Where to?"

"Come to me," I told her, grasping her hand in compassion. "We both are now alone. I have the big house in Wauwatosa. Why don't you come to me? We need each other and we can live together and we don't need to be lonesome any more. Think it over. Perhaps this would solve all your problems. If you decide to accept my offer come back to me."

A week later Mrs. Ambrogio, named Lady of the Castle Sprungfeder, had made up her mind.

"You do not realize how happy I am that you accepted my offer," I assured her with deep gratitude. "If you will take care of me until I can take care of myself, I will thank you for it to the end of my life."

Mrs. Anna Ambrogio became one of my closest friends. She went through thick and thin with me and was from the beginning on the good spirit of my home. I admired her generous nature, her jolly temperament, and her charity was like a shining light that illuminated from now on my more or less fretful life. Anna had once been a famous singer and stage star. Now she gained new glamour as the star of human kindness. Heaven had sent her to me. My nightly prayer was a hallelujah. God's ways are wise and inscrutable.

The day came when my nurses put me for the first time into a wheel chair. It almost ended in a calamity. Three nurses were preparing me for

this important moment. The wheel chair stood next to my bed, with one flap raised to hold the right leg whose cast reached from toe to hip. They moved me from the bed onto the chair but the same second I had been seated in it, the raised flap fell down and I shot in a rapid impetus to the floor where I landed in a thunderous din. My left elbow had been plunged to the floor and the impact made me cry out in pain. There I sat in all my clumsiness on the terrazzo floor looking up at the nurses from below. I saw their hands tremble, their bodies quiver, even their skirts vibrated and shuddered. It was too comical a sight. I broke into a peal of laughter. Nuns and nurses came running drawn by the loud crash. They saw me sitting on the floor surrounded by shaking nurses who were too stunned by their fright to act. Now all laughed in an uproar infected by my guffaws. Two interns had been called to lift me up again. They too joined in the laughter. But one finally said: "You have to stop laughing, Mrs. Baum, and all the others too. We have to pick you up and we cannot laugh at the same time. You are mighty heavy." With expertness I was raised and returned to the bed.

Soon I learned to drive my wheel chair along the hallways of the hospital. I wasn't confined to the room any more, could visit other patients. Often I wheeled myself to the chapel. In the seclusion and stillness of the holy place I could talk with my Lord as a child does with his father. Fully reconciled to my fate, I did not ask any more why this had to happen to me. I only contemplated God's endless benevolence and graciousness.

Sister Edith, who taught at the Labour High School at St. Louis, had come during her vacation to St. Mary's to assist other nuns in the care of the sick. She visited me daily. In long discussions we talked over the problems of life and she became my sincere confidant. Our mutual correspondence is still keeping the new friendship refreshingly alive. But in spite of all contentedness, one thing perturbed me increasingly. Dr. Wynn, my plastic surgeon, didn't show any inclination toward other plastic surgery. For weeks and weeks I kept asking him:

"When will you operate on me? I don't want to stay forever in the hospital."

He skillfully avoided any direct answer setting an exact date. October was ending soon. A further delay would have retained me in the hospital long after the New Year. So I asked the nurse to call my lawyer.

"What is wrong, Mrs. Baum?" Mr. Rheingans questioned me.

"Dr. Wynn doesn't make any arrangement to correct my disfigured face," I complained. "The wires fastened in my chin to keep my lower lip up do not hold. I look as horrible as before. He has to do something to set the lower part of my face into place. As I appear now, everybody

would stare at me. He has to operate on me. My ugliness makes me too self-conscious."

"I will try my best," Oliver promised. "But keep up your courage!"

When he returned with the answer I was startled.

"Dr. Wynn will not operate on you any more. He can't. Your heart wouldn't stand another anesthetic and he has to put you under ether. This surgery is too severe."

"Then he has to operate on me without narcosis," I said resolutely. I hadn't the faintest idea what I was in for. Vanity is one of the strongest forces in a woman's character. For the sake of vanity she can go through martyrdom. Only with deathly trepidation can I recall the dreadful four hours the performance lasted.

At the beginning of December, Dr. Schelble helped me for the first time to step into a walking machine. I could take ten steps and felt elated. But at the second trial I almost collapsed, panic-stricken and in agony with pain.

"I will never be able to walk again," I moaned, tormented by pain and fear. But Dr. Schelble comforted me.

"Have patience. We will try again tomorrow."

Soon I could maneuver the machine the full length of the corridor. When the aching became too severe, I rested on the little seat I could drop down behind me. I didn't wince and lament any more. A stubborn firmness took hold of me.

"In two weeks you can go home," Dr. Schelble announced one day. "We will give you a walking cast with an iron heel," he promised. But it was another ordeal of mortifying torture. I tried to suppress my outcries when the plaster cast had to be torn from the flesh that stuck to it. I smarted and moaned and wasn't brave enough to stand it silently.

When the ambulance came to take me home, I felt almost more sorrowful than glad. St. Mary's had become a home to me. The doctors, nuns, nurses, the patients from the floor, all waved good bye to me. I will never forget their kindness. But when the men carried me into the living room and up the open stairway to my bedroom, Anna stood there to close me into her arms. I cheered in delight: "Hallelujah! I am home again."

The worst siege was over, the battle for life won.

Home, Sweet Home

THE FIRST few weeks were quite difficult. Not only the heaviness of the cast, the arduousness of getting out of and into bed, but also the lack of space and a long corridor to practice in the walking machine constituted a real problem. Soon I acquired more confidence in my ability. One day, I sat down—with considerable difficulty—on the first step of the stairway leading into the living room. Step by step I twisted in careful motions downward. I braced my body with my hands, thrusting the iron heel into the carpeted treads, sliding successively down. When I had mastered the last tread, I called Anna, who was preparing our meal in the kitchen.

"Here I am!" I shouted victoriously.

"For God's sake, what are you trying to do?" Anna screamed. "Are you crazy to come down alone without any assistance? You are so reckless! You deserve a spanking."

"If I never try, I will never get anywhere," I answered good-humoredly, and we both sat on the floor, tittering like children. On the first floor I had much more room to wheel around. It was fun to watch through the window people passing the house after I had for almost a year not seen any street scene. When cars swished by, I looked longingly at them. With the help of the railing, a cane, and Anna's strong arm I could pull myself up to the second floor.

When spring came and the streets and sidewalks were free of ice and snow, I tried the machine on the sidewalk, first only for the length of the block, then around the square, once, twice, then several times. Neighbors greeted me heartily and told me how glad they were about my recovery. At the end of April, I was brought back to the hospital for the removal of the cast. Every wound had healed perfectly and without infection. From now on I could discard the machine and walk on two canes.

Dr. Schelble was pleased. "You were fortunate," he said in his gracious and modest way. I grasped his hand fervently.

"How can I ever thank you for what you have done for me?" I gulped, tears running down my cheeks. "You have saved my life again. I feel as if a wonder had happened."

"It is almost a miracle that you are still alive," he answered, deeply in thought. He must have remembered how I had looked on the day of the accident and how I became slowly my old self.

The following months walking became very painful. I was brought back to the hospital for X-rays. Splinters had broken from the fractured knees, lodging in the joints. I asked whether an operation would relieve me of the trouble. Dr. Johnson hoped so. Before I was prepared for the surgery, I was asked to sign an affidavit that I would not hold the surgeon responsible for the outcome.

"Why do you want this affidavit signed?" I asked Dr. Johnson before they wheeled me into the operating room.

"We cannot promise you any definite success," he said.

"What could happen? Will the knee become stiff?"

"Probably."

"What chance do I have that it doesn't become stiff?"

"Only five in a hundred."

"What would you do if you were in my place?"

"I would not have the surgery performed."

"Huchuh! Then we go home!" I shouted, pulling the anesthetization cap from my head and whirling it in the air. The doctors standing around my cot laughed out loud. I was taken into a room to sleep off the effects of the morphine injection that should have helped me to fall asleep more easily and which I had received an hour previously.

In the afternoon a nurse came to my bed and asked me whether two gentlemen could see me.

"Who are they?"

"Dr. Sliva and Father Gaherty."

"Oh! Call them in!"

They appeared in the doorway and stepped slowly forward. "We heard you were here and we didn't want to miss seeing you," they greeted me. There was laughter in their voices and a joyful grin on their faces. I was so happy to see them, remembering the enchanting hours of their visits of nearly a year ago.

"I feel shamefully dizzy," I said, "just like being drunk. But I surely appreciate your kindness in coming to see me."

So manifold were these visits of people dropping in to greet me or to offer their hearty wishes that more and more I had become aware of how wonderful the world is, how tremendously exciting life can be.

New Activities

MY MIND now was searching constantly for some enterprise which could occupy me for long periods of time. One thought fascinated me immediately. I wished to enroll in a correspondence course at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. I hoped they would accept me. I wanted to take a "refresher" course in English Composition. With an indescribable thrill I opened the letter from the University Extension Division replying to my application for admission. It had been accepted and Professor Bernice Kuney assigned as my instructor. Weeks and months had passed with an emptiness of mind which was in flagrant contrast to my undying urge for knowledge. Now I had a new goal in life. Too prostrated by the thought of being a half cripple for the rest of my life, not able anymore to work in my profession as a broker, I had become fidgety and skittish and dissatisfied with myself. The light was beaming again. Although my walking ability was reduced more than three-fourths, I could still sit and write.

After I had turned in my first themes I was directed to write a synopsis of my life. On May 3, 1949, I received a lovely letter from Professor Kuney. She wrote:

"..... However, your theme and the outline of your complete autobiography, along with their evidence not only of a great amount of rich material but of your ability to write effectively about it and also the fact that since you don't want credit you do not need to conform with credit requirements, all suggest the following proposal. How would you like to devote the whole course to the writing of your autobiography? Your lessons then would consist not in the assignments ordinarily given to credit students but of sections of your autobiography, about as long as the section you have just submitted. I should very much enjoy reading it, and I think you would find writing it a pleasure both as making a record of your interesting life and as an agreeable way to spend your enforced leisure. . . ."

The plan was attractive. I hurried to express my desire to follow the idea. I started to write my memoirs. With long interruptions, periods of discouragement, sieges of disillusion, the work grew. Professor Kuney's

patience had no end. Her enlightening explanations and corrections, her admirable interest in my progress became a fountain of inspiration. Numerous repetitions of errors, weakness in sentence constructions, faulty idioms made me often disgusted with myself. Several times I was close to discarding the project. But such an action would have been totally alien to my character, which required me never to leave a work unfinished. I felt intuitively that in the future I would have an opportunity through a candid portrayal of my life to help other people, harassed by downfalls, pain and sorrow, to regain composure, strength, and courage, because I had discovered that no situation is so irreparable as not to leave a spark of hope. And as I saw it, every person has to fill a mission in life. Perhaps it is one of my missions to ease some person's struggle for survival, to save him from despair and agony by showing him that I got through and he can too.

Through the winter season 1949-1950 I had taken upon myself another interesting task. I induced my Swiss ladies to arrange a Swiss Fair for their following summer festival. Part of the proceeds were to go to the Pestalozzi Fund in Switzerland, which takes care of countless orphan children from all over Europe. It was a noble purpose and my warmhearted Swiss ladies gave me all their sympathetic support. Every two weeks fifteen to twenty members came to my house to sew, knit and crochet, embroider, cut designs, plan for new products. It was highly interesting and kept me busy through the whole winter. Our dolls and animals, doilies, towels and table covers, sweaters and caps, children's outfits and toys, filled box after box and resulted in a huge profit at our August Fair, which was held at the Bavarian Gardens.

Early in the spring I had decided to go on a journey to Europe after the Swiss Festival was over and after my lawsuit for compensation was settled, as I hoped would happen during the summer months. The anxiety, tension, and critical disappointments this lawsuit had caused me were easily noticeable in my countenance, and the many sleepless nights played havoc with my nerves. My whole system was still suffering from the devastating effects of the accident. Unable to work again as walking caused me severe pains, I saw myself confronted with poverty. Young Dieterle, one of the men who were responsible for the collision, had left an estate of nearly a half million dollars. To avoid a trial by jury I had to settle out of court. Only \$45,000 was awarded to me, one-third of the amount we had asked. After I had paid the commissions, extra lawyer fees, the doctors, the hospitals, funeral expenses, replaced the demolished auto, not even \$15,000 was left to me, an amount which, during the two years I had been idle, I could have earned in broker's fees.

The flagrant injustice of this judgment burned in my soul like wild

fire. The carelessness of a young driver had robbed me of my husband and my health, had made me a cripple, took the strength of my body, my ability to work, and had brought me indescribable sufferings while his heirs were enjoying the fat sums of the inheritance. Confused and rebellious, I had lost all confidence in the fairness of our judges. I couldn't eat and sleep, couldn't convince my mind that it wasn't a plot of the monied interests to deprive me of a fair compensation. The future looked bleak and hopeless. It was an evil period until I could find my own bearings again. In a process of rigid self-analysis I asked myself; "Is money worth such excess of resentment? Haven't you always adhered to the principle of self-help? Help yourself again as you so often did in the past! Nasty money matters are no reason for bitterness."

Slowly I threw all rancor from me and concentrated on new plans to turn my small investments to better and less troublesome ends. Things developed rapidly. I found a buyer for the first house I had ever purchased, and which Nick and I had so successfully converted into four apartments. For the amount I received I could make the down payment on two new and modern brick apartment buildings, each containing four independent five-room units. The income of these buildings would assure me a modest living, because I knew, I would never be able to carry on with my real estate profession, never be strong and enduring enough to stand the strain of physical and mental exertion. Walking had become too painful and difficult since arthritis had showed up in the joints of the healed fractures. I couldn't even do my shopping on foot. I was forced to buy a new auto. If I wanted to go to Europe I would need it so much more, as transportation facilities would not be too well developed there. But would I be able to drive again? Would the shock reflexes not be too great to control them? What if I lost self-collection and my nerve when faced with a dangerous situation?

But with iron determination I went ahead. I shivered at my first trial, driving the new automobile, a Ford. Cars passing by and blowing the horn made me shake over the whole body. But I had to make an end to this supersensitive condition of my nervous system. Only rigid will power could accomplish it. And I consumed it at the right moment. However, I fancied an experience like a trip to Europe was the only means to forget the ghastly sufferings of the past years and to give myself a new mental uplift. Later I found out I had made the right decision.

I See Europe Again

THE ENCOUNTERS of my trip to Europe will forever remain a precious possession of my memory. Its soothing effect lingered on, bearing new vitality and contentment. I accepted my disabilities more graciously, even felt the desire for new ventures.

I flew over the ocean, but had my auto shipped to Le Havre, France, where I could call for it after my arrival in Europe. The big constellation plane left Idlewild Airport, New York, August 19, at 3 p.m. To fly over Nova Scotia and Newfoundland by daylight was a fortunate adventure. The wide expanses, the immense green patches of land, dotted with countless lakes, hamlets, and dense forests, the foam and froth of the turbulent sea framing the landscape with a green-white border, the shimmering northern lights, the luxury of the cabin, all combined to create a feeling of rapturous awe.

I changed planes in London and landed at noon at Frankfurt, Germany. This city was still in a condition of utter destruction and turmoil. In Cologne, Nick's birthplace, I had a delightful visit with his niece, Sybilla Promper. She came along with me to Paris and Le Havre but not before I had to experience an unpleasant and distasteful example of the obstructive form of French methods. The scene was the French Consulate at Duesseldorf. In May I had sent from America an application to this Consulate asking for permission for my niece to accompany me to Paris and Le Havre on account of my somewhat difficult physical condition. But when Sybilla met me at the depot in Cologne she immediately advised me that she had been refused the permit to travel with me. I couldn't believe it and went myself with her to the French Consulate at Duesseldorf. There a French officer claimed his superior was out of town and therefore the permission couldn't be granted.

Quickly determined to force them to a decision, I tried a farce. I threatened the officer to report this inexcusable affront to an American citizen to the American Legation and asked him whether this was the gratitude with which the French responded to all the generous help the American people and government had given them during and after the

war, to treat an American citizen in such a high-handed and uncooperative manner. It worked. My niece received her visa and could accompany me. How glad I was when I saw my auto standing at the pier of Le Havre! We drove through northern France, admired the beautiful gothic cathedrals of Rouen and Rheims, stayed two days in Brussels not without visiting its famous art galleries and buildings, its lace industries and remarkable palace of the Bourse of Brussels. After returning to Cologne I called at the home of Nick's most devoted friends of his earlier youth, Dr. Fritz and Agness Witt, at Hademar in Hessen. At this visit I heard a first-hand report of the cruel experiments that were practiced on the inmates of the mental institution of this city during Hitler's term. The tests were done in utmost secrecy, not even Dr. Witt, the town physician, being allowed to enter the hospital. He and the inhabitants of the city and surrounding villages had not the slightest idea what was going on behind the closed walls of the institution, which was under strict military control. It was through the American occupation forces that the facts were first disclosed. Many other dreadful and shocking experiences, many scenes of horror of the war period, were told to me and explained. The stories sounded like nightmares, and meeting at every step pictures of destroyed towns and cities and their ghostlike ruins formed a mental pattern of grisly cataclysm in my mind. My own frightful injury seemed unimportant and meaningless in comparison with such excess of human misery. I learned to forget my own misfortune and yearned for a chance to show my compassion for this poorest of people.

After a delightful drive up-stream along the River Rhine during which I trained myself to overlook the grim scenes of desolation, I continued alone to Ebingen in Swabia to meet my niece Herta, Mitzi's daughter, whom I hadn't seen for more than thirty years. The reunion was filled with emotion and I was so much more elated when she agreed to come with me for a week. Her husband was a customs officer stationed at Friedrichshafen, famous for the large dirigible balloons Count Zeppelin had built there.

Herta accompanied me to Oberammergau where we went to see the world-known passion plays given only every ten years. In the house of Mr. Ackermann, a professor of art, where we had found living accommodations, I became acquainted with other guests, Mrs. Gillitzer, the wife of the General director of a Bavarian steel firm, her daughter Irma, and Paul Quigley who came from London to see the immensely impressive performance. I mention their names because all three became my sincere and devoted friends whom I should see four years hence when again my wanderlust and longing for my home people compelled me to travel to Europe. We said farewell to Paul in Munich and turned towards Salzburg to enter Austria.

When we crossed the Austrian border and I saw the Alps towering on the eastern and southern horizon, I cried out, "I greet you, mountains of my homeland!" But instantly, violent sobs shook me. Emotional tension was forcing an outbreak. For nearly thirty years, I hadn't seen my home country. Now it presented all its magnificent beauty, its glorious heights and soft valleys.

Herta touched my arm caressingly: "Auntie! Auntie! You still love your homeland. You haven't forgotten it. How wonderful!" She too was moved to tears.

A gay reception awaited us in Salzburg. Richard Florian and his wife Hermie, our cousins, treated us with generous hospitality. Richard, himself an excellent cello artist, assembled his highly gifted musician friends from the Mozarteum and Philharmonic Orchestra to give several concerts in my honor. Although a well-established businessman, he had chosen music as his hobby and loved to play chamber music for recreation. Sweet streams of melody cajoled my ears, caressed me with all the tenderness of classical perfection. Here, at the seat of the world-famous Salzburg Festivals which are yearly attended by nearly 100,000 American music lovers, I dwelt under the intimate spell of the musical reproductions of the fabulous geniuses of our Austrian composers Mozart, Schubert, Bruckner, Strauss, and Lehar, and a multitude of others.

In ever increasing enchantment we drove to Upper Austria where my mother was born, then to Vienna in Lower Austria, where Willy, Herta's brother lived. Willy's wife, Elsie, a pharmacist, and their two daughters, Christl and Selma, famous in their own right, Christl as the celebrated choreographic dancer, and Selma as doctor of archeology and arts, awaited me with unsurpassable veneration and warmth. I found myself in highly intellectual company. From place to place we rode, celebrating one feast of reunion after another, renourishing the starved love from years ago. I heard uncountable tales of the horror which my relatives and friends had endured during the catastrophic war years, was told of the beloved ones they had lost, the hunger they had experienced, the grief and sorrow they had suffered, of the fear they felt of another war. The Russians held the city and part of the province with an iron fist and their regime was marked with cruelty and suppression. Everyone was in fear of his life or of being kidnapped. With all the craggy ruins around, the heaps of rubble filling the avenues, the ghastly empty windows staring at me while I walked on the streets, I felt nauseated, cramped with compassion, helpless on account of my own limited means.

I wasn't allowed to see my relatives in Baden near Vienna. The Russians had their headquarters there. To drive from Vienna to Graz

over the Semmering Pass I needed a special permission by the Russians. When I called for the Russian visa at the American legation I was told by the acting officer, "Be exceedingly careful. Don't stop on the road or use a detour. Continue hurriedly, as the Russians are timing you. Any delay may cause your arrest. You may disappear as hundreds did who were stopped by the Russian police and have never been seen again. We cannot take any responsibility for you after you are in the Russian domain of Austria."

But nothing happened. Willy and Elsie both had vacation time and were free to travel with me. They accompanied me to Villach and later still further on. When we arrived in Graz where I had studied at the University thirty four years before, we again had to visit numerous relatives. I stayed with cousins Gustav and Mitzi Florian who owned the Park Hotel where Hitler had often lodged when he came to Austria. "We hadn't anything to say when he came. The whole hotel was requisitioned. We had to move into our other house on Lend Square," Mitzi told me when she reminisced about his habits and his arrogance.

After a romantic drive over the Pack Pass we entered Carinthia. We stopped for a short time at the lovely medieval city of Wolfsberg to greet several dear friends, but we were anxious to arrive in Villach before sunset. It was the show place of my youth and the most sensational stop of my journey. Here I received the biggest thrill and the greatest welcome, not only because I had lived there for the longest span of years but because I had established there those intimate contacts with relatives and friends, officials and political leaders, colleagues and pupils, who, after such a long interval, were now waiting for me.

Secretly, I was afraid that my people might have never forgiven me for leaving them at the height of my political and social career and activity, that I, in turn, would now be repudiated as a stranger. But the ties had been knitted too strongly. They outlasted decades of separation.

It went like wild fire through the city and neighboring towns: "Andrea Huber, the teacher, has returned from America!" Daily, dozens of people dropped in to see me. But the most stirring encounters were the meetings with several different groups of pupils. They were arranged by class members of various years. Steffi Schefzick, Aurelia Petschnig, the wife of the mayor of the city and herself a State Representative, Gisela Kobler, the young watchmaker, Poldi Albl, Olga Rauchenwald, the wife of the Building Commissioner, were the instigators. The former twelve-to-fifteen-year-old girls had now become matrons in the late forties or early fifties: mothers, grandmothers, housewives, widows. A few had remained spinsters. It seemed I could

pierce through the past, see them sitting in front of me with their pigtails, their eager eyes following my motions, their warm enthusiasm pulsing ardently as in fascination when they listened to my lectures.

"Not one other teacher could talk about history or literature like you. We just sat spellbound and wanted to hear more and more," they exclaimed.

There had always been an invisible but strongly-felt tie between my pupils and me. The same iridescent sparkles of rapture beamed again from their lighted faces. Entranced, they sat before me when I described my wonderful, but sometimes hair-raising experiences in America. They wept when I mentioned my recent pitiful skirmish with death. But when I urged them each to sketch their own life, I heard such dramatic and heart-breaking stories that my own tribulations seemed triflingly small to be compared with theirs. Some had lost their whole families, some had buried their husbands and children besides losing all possessions they had owned.

I was deeply moved. What would have been my fate had I remained in Austria? My frankness and outspokenness would undoubtedly have put me into a concentration camp or before a firing squad. When my former pupils assured me that the principles I had instilled in them had been the guiding spirit of their lives, that they had always loved and cherished and never forgotten me because I had given them the foundation of integrity, trust, and sincerity, I felt in these stirring hours that God had compensated me a hundredfold for all hardship and calamity. Now I knew I hadn't lived in vain.

Many of my former colleagues had joined with the girls in the celebrations. One of them, Dr. Poessl, already in the eighties, had come from afar to commemorate the reunion. Many other meetings were equally touching: for instance that with Elsie Rossbacher, now the wife of Dr. Bucher in Feldkirchen. She had always been very close to me.

"You cannot realize what you gave me with your coming," she told me with repeated caresses. "I feel as if I am seeing a new light. You must come again next year."

"Have mercy!" I said, moved by her impulsiveness. "How could I do it without becoming bankrupt? It will take me four years to save the money for another trip to Europe."

"Will you promise me then to come in four years?"

"Hand on my heart, I promise."

"Now you have to work and save. No excuses are accepted," Elsie said categorically.

Touched by her warm eagerness, I kissed her and made up my mind to honor the promise, come what might.

Mr. Petschnig, the Mayor of Villach, took a special pride in inviting

me to a dinner the City Council was giving to pay tribute to my former work as council member. It was a deeply earnest affair, highlighted by the presentation to me of a splendid collection of pictures of Carinthia. The precious book was engraved with an artistic dedication to make it serve as a memorial of my return to the home country.

Richard Florian had come from Salzburg to accompany me, with Willy and Elsie, on a trip to Italy and Switzerland from where I would continue alone to Le Havre. We had chosen a route leading to South Tirol through the Dolomite mountain group. From Cortina D'Ampezzo, bedded amid the craggy majesties of Mount Marmalatta and Monte del Cello, we drove over the mountain passes of Falcerego and Purdoi in the steady sight of the grandeur of the Dolomite Alps. After a day-long drive along hundreds of serpentines and hairpin curves and over steep heights, we reached the valley of the River Adige. Riva, Torbole, and other cities, strung like a chain of pearls along the shore of Lake Garda, nestled in clusters of cypress and oleander trees, surrounded by vineyards and diffusing the southern scent of sunshine and fertility in a romantic picture of colorful beauty.

We had another dangerous pass to cross—the Ponale—before we could come to Bezzecca, where my nephew Fritz Pregl lived, the only son of my oldest sister Lisi who had died in 1921. Fritz and his Italian wife Anita, and their two children were overjoyed that we had braved the perilous drive and couldn't do enough for us to see us comfortable and make us happy.

The road following the western shore of Lake Garda is a masterpiece of road engineering. For miles the highway is hewn into high mountain walls of limestone. The ever-changing contrast between mounting rocks, curved shore lines, and lovely side valleys, between yawning precipices and softly shouldered plains was monumental in its impressiveness.

In Brescia I had to say woeful farewell to Willy and Elsie, but not before I had earnestly pledged to return in four years did they leave. Only Richard went further with me, through the old, picturesque, and historic city of Bergamo, along the chain of lakes on the southern border of Switzerland. Nothing that I had seen so far could compare with the exciting beauty of this region. Lago di Como, Lago Lugano, and most of all Lago Maggiore, the jewel among the lakes of the Alps, showed in its southern islands of Isola Bella and Isola Madre an indescribably exquisite charm and attractiveness. Thirty-seven years ago I had been amazed and fascinated by the exotic gardens, the art treasures, and again they captured me with wonderment and rapture.

Soon we had to turn northward to drive over the Gotthard Pass. All the memories of my lonely hike in 1913 came back to me. Could I ever have dreamed then when I had walked in youthful animation over this

road that thirty-seven years later I would pass over it in an automobile, that I would see again the lofty peaks and pinnacles, all these titans with glaciers draped over their gigantic shoulders? A newly built pass-road over the Susten Pass led us directly to Bern, the capital city of Switzerland. I had to bring greetings to many relatives of my Swiss friends in Milwaukee and to other cities also. Everywhere I was warmly welcomed and treated like a friend.

As I had done in Germany and Austria, I visited here too—with the special permission and introduction of the head of America's Schlaraffia—the Schlaraffian realms of Switzerland. I was received like a queen, feted like a princess, to my intense personal delight. Whenever I was with my husband's lodge brothers I had the sense of living in a land of magical romance.

When Richard left me in Zurich, I continued alone to Germany. When I arrived at my niece's house in Ebingen I was shaking with fever. Winter had set in early and taken me by surprise. Hotel rooms were not heated, thick fog followed me from St. Gallen to the borders of Austria and Germany. It was the worst possible weather for my weak lungs, which had been injured in the accident. An attack of virus pneumonia forced me to a week's rest with Herta, but penicillin injections brought me such relief that I could be on the road again, this time with Herta. When I arrived in Frankfurt, Nick's niece Sybilla had come from Cologne to bring me a sad message. As soon as I saw her, dressed in deep black mourning clothes, I guessed immediately that something had happened. Sybilla told me that her husband had succumbed to a heart attack a month previously, but that she couldn't notify me because she didn't know my whereabouts. How fortunate had I been to have survived a similar affliction!

Herta went with me as far as Worms. From there I had to continue to Paris. When the hour of my final departure arrived, we couldn't suppress our tears. Herta clung to me in passionate grief. Shortly before she had disclosed to me her marital difficulties. My inability to give her adequate advice made me doubly sad. But she had to make her own decision whether or not to divorce her husband. This problem was too delicate to interfere with. She had to learn to be self-reliant when necessity demanded it.

Paris fascinated me. Her art treasures, her beautiful churches and palaces, the opera, the monumental public buildings, Versailles, and Fountainbleau stunned me as did the nervous pulse of her street life. When I finally arrived in Le Havre, tired and weary, and I had delivered my auto to the dock, I stepped on board my boat, the S. S. America, relieved and freed from an enormous strain. I had dragged myself from city to city in a languor that was unknown to me, I still felt the

after-effect of the virus attack. I looked forward to a week of complete rest and relaxation, because since my recent illness I didn't recognize my own self any more, so depressed and listless I felt.

As anxious as I had been in New York to see my old homeland again, I was happy to return to America. It was like a real homecoming with all the flourish of inner contentment and joy. An early wintery blast obstructed my drive to Milwaukee. The Pennsylvania Turnpike was buried in masses of snow, the southern roads plastered with ice. Rather than be stuck somewhere in a snowdrift, I left the car in New York and traveled home by train.

On the fourth of December, exactly twenty nine years after my first arrival in Milwaukee, I stepped from the train to greet my good sister Louise and Anna Ambrogio, who awaited me at the depot. With affectionate gladness I embraced them.

New Decisions And Enterprises

A SEVERE WINTER had set in. I was without a car. The streets were icy, and having to stand on corners to wait for a bus or streetcar while the wind chilled me to the bone proved a harsh problem for me and a peril to my delicate health. When I saw the two new properties I had purchased only in May, I was shocked by the discovery I made. During my absence, the children of tenants in my new apartment buildings had damaged the houses and landscaping in a pitiable way. I couldn't hold the parents responsible as I couldn't pin down the evil-doers. There was only one solution left—to sell the houses as quickly as possible. I felt, that without living on the premises, an owner is badly handicapped in controlling the tenants and their children, especially when the proprietor is a woman.

I was lucky. Within six weeks the buildings were sold and the transaction settled. But Dr. Schelble was alarmed at the state of my health. I was still under the influence of the virus infection. I coughed dreadfully and was generally run-down.

“Have a thorough rest somewhere in the South,” my doctor advised, “The climate of the Middle West in the winter time is too rough for your lungs and bronchia.” Dr. Schelble was so deeply concerned about my well-being, I decided to go to Florida. With my physician's stern rulings and good wishes I took the train to New York, called at Della's for my auto, and arrived safely three days later in Zephyrhill, sixty miles north of St. Petersburg, where a Swiss friend of mine was waiting for me. After a two weeks' stay during which I met a great number of pleasing people, I continued to St. Petersburg on Florida's west coast.

After a year-long intermission I was anxious to start writing again. The summery atmosphere, the tropical surroundings, proved to be a keen inducement to pick up the loose threads of my story. My mind had become all rusty. My vocabulary had shrunk. For hours and hours I memorized vocables, tried sentences, studied books about writing. Nearing the age of sixty-seven, I was in a continuous fight with a declining faculty of remembering words and rules of grammar. I missed a solid foundation too. I never could acquire a sizable stock of verbs,

nouns, adjectives, of idioms and expressions which any youngster could accrue during his first school years. I had been close to forty when I had started to learn the fundamentals of the English language. If it had not been for the inexhaustible and—I may say—heroic patience of my professor, Mrs. Bernice Kuney, I would have dropped the project.

I finished four lengthy chapters within ten weeks. But when they were returned to me, covered with crowded corrections, I was abashed and mortified. My advanced ability to write stories, essays, poems in German had made me believe I would do it just as efficiently in English. But I had to develop an entirely new expertness, a fluency of expression. Perturbed by my shortcomings I asked myself bitterly: "Will I ever be any good?" Yet I had to give myself another trial.

While still in Florida, I tried to grapple with another problem which concerned my financial future. I had to search for an investment that would give me the least of trouble and assure me the highest income possible. I made a list of ideas I could follow:

St. Petersburg offered many properties designed for tourists and yielding a good return. I rejected instantly any idea in this direction: too seasonal, too easily influenced by bad weather or a recession. Such conditions would make the investment sensitive and risky.

Any business establishment: Too much dependence on hired help; also requiring experience, which I lacked and would have to acquire.

Could I trust speculation? Too excitable for the condition of my health and too risky, as is all other gambling. Peace of mind was more important than profit.

How about purchasing stocks and bonds? It would make a sweeping study of the entire stock market situation necessary. The current prices were too high. A thorough investigation would besides take up too much precious time. The highest profit to be expected would not exceed 5 or 6 percent.

To work as a broker again? Impossible. Even short walks still caused pains; I tired too quickly, became easily fatigued.

A convalescent home: again the question of attaining personnel, nurses, manual help too difficult and strong competition a serious drawback.

There was only one plan left: to erect an efficiency apartment building in Milwaukee. This city had diversified industries, could assure conditions of more or less steady employment, would not be easily hit by a recession. There wouldn't be children on the premises, though I love them. But parents are often incomprehensibly slow in controlling them. I could live in the building, the management would be simple, the return between 7 and 8 percent, if not more. I knew small apartments are always in demand.

The conclusion cleared my mind and made me feel more hopeful and secure. The next thing to do was to purchase a convenient lot, have a plan drawn by an architect, take bids of several contractors. Now I really could enjoy the last weeks in Florida relieved from the nagging specter of uncertainty.

Early in May I returned to Milwaukee, rested and refreshed and prickling with ambition. I went on a hunt for a lot. It was an irksome task. The choicest pieces of land were already in builders' hands, for a feverish building activity had set in during the past two years. Many things had to be considered when buying a building site: location, restrictions, transportation and shopping facilities, price. I finally decided upon a corner lot owned by a former mayor, Daniel Hoan.

A late wintery spell brought rain, snow, and low temperatures to our city. I had been exposed for long hours to the unseasonable wet cold while searching for a piece of suitable land. I caught another virus infection. High fever threw me down. We had to close the deal at my bedside. An hour later I was taken to St. Mary's Hospital stricken with pneumonia. Poor Dr. Schelble! I caused him so much trouble and concern. But three weeks later I had recovered and with new energy I grasped the reins.

With clock-like precision the preliminaries for the erection of the building were acted upon: the specifications cleared, the bids received, the contractor chosen, the contract signed. By the end of July the ground was broken, two months later the roof raised. On this occasion, workers and friends had a little old-style celebration with beer and pretzels. A flower-decorated bottle of beer instead of champagne had to be smashed by me on a post and at the same time a dedication spoken to christen the house. It was a jolly party except that a terrific cloud-burst chased us all from the building to seek shelter in our automobiles. By the end of February it was done—with the exception of the landscaping. The eight apartments had been painted, carpeted, and furnished, and all of them rented. I still had to lease my home in Wauwatosa before I could leave again for Florida. Anna Ambrogio, my faithful friend, had offered to manage the building during my absence.

Florida, My Second Home State

DURING MY three-months stay in the South, I added only two chapters to my book. A hard summer was awaiting for me in Milwaukee. The landscaping had to be done, flowers and evergreens planted, driveways cemented. A strike in the building trade delayed the work for a month, but bushes and gardens shone soon in colorful beauty.

An early fall season with rain and fog combined, resulted in another pneumonia attack. Dr. Schelble had warned me before against another winter in Milwaukee.

"You simply cannot take it anymore," he said, "our climate is too rough. You will have to migrate with the birds from now on and shuttle between Wisconsin and Florida. Be glad that you can drive."

I found it much easier to concentrate on my work. To be more comfortable I bought a charming home in St. Petersburg, after I had sold my colonial in Wauwatosa. I had given my word of honor to return to my homeland after four years, therefore plans for another trip to Europe had to be made. A promise is something sacred to me. Although I had to consider the much higher cost for my journey, because I had to take my auto along, without which I wouldn't have dared to travel, I had to come to a quick decision. Should I postpone the completion of my book and redeem my word of honor or finish the last remaining chapters of my manuscript and end the last arduous task of my life?

Somewhat recklessly I trusted my good stars and left New York in June, intending to stay four months in Europe.

Anna Ambrogio, my friend and manager of the apartment building was not in favor of my venture.

"You are the most reckless person under the sun. You are just killing yourself, driving thousands of miles in foreign countries, handling all the luggage, meeting so many people. Dr. Schelble should stop you."

"It will be only fun. Anna dear," I laughed. "A promise is a promise. It will be probably a little difficult, but the Lord is with me."

"You are incorrigible," Anna shook her head. "Why don't you listen once?"

Before I left for Europe, I joined the Republican Party. Experiences

had changed my political outlook. I turned from the war-favoring party, because I knew from my own personal encounters what a war with all its horrors meant. I wanted to give my little share to keep America from any future involvement.

From 1940 on I voted Republican and since 1951 I am an active member of the party.

Back To Europe

MY SECOND TOUR of Europe had an extraordinary feature. I had a companion, a lovely one—my former pupil from Villach, Mrs. Nora Martonfy. Her maiden name was Nora von Millesi. Her aristocratic parents owned a small chateau near Villach and had other extensive holdings. She was married to a general surgeon of the Hungarian Army, but had to flee with her husband and two daughters in 1944, before the onrush of the Russian Army, from Budapest, the Hungarian capital, to Villach, while their two sons had to remain as officers of the Hungarian Army. Forbidden to practice medicine in Austria, her husband, Dr. Philip Martonfy, had a chance to come as a displaced person with his wife and daughter Helga to America. After absolving his internship requirement in a hospital at Louisville, Kentucky, he came, following a successful medical examination, as Assistant Tuberculosis Specialist to the Tuberculosis Sanatorium in Covington, Kentucky.

I called for Nora at Covington and we boarded the S.S. Constitution to sail for Genoa, Italy. We had chosen the Mediterranean route because it was new to us and more interesting than the northern way. To see the Azores, Gibraltar, the French and Italian Riviera, was worth traveling four days longer.

There, on the pier in Genoa, stood Richard Florian, my beloved cousin, with a big bouquet of flowers which he offered as he embraced us with joy. We accepted enthusiastically his suggestion to use the following days for a ride along the romantic and superb Italian Riviera with the picturesque ports of San Margarita, Porto Fino, Rapallo, and La Spezia, the Italian War port. We then turned to Pisa and Florence on the Arno River, with its graceful flower gardens, charming palaces, magnificent churches and historical buildings. Over somewhat isolated roads we crossed the huge mountain range of the Apennines to see another important Italian city, Bologna, and farther on Ferrara, Piacenza, Padua, then traversed the fertile Po Valley until we reached the queen of all cities—Venice.

I still could name many of the gorgeous churches, palaces, bridges, which I remembered from previous visits more than forty years before.

Venice, erected fifteen centuries ago on an archipelago of 117 islands, is the most unique city of the world. Who could never forget the San Marco Square with the basilica San Marco glimmering in golden mosaic, the Campanile, the Doge's Palace, Canal Grande, or the white beaches of the Lido? Sublime architectural achievement, the quaintness of water scenes, the skill of gondoliers, impress the tourists far beyond expectation. In a one-day drive we could reach Villach. How my heart pounded with rapture when we neared the northern mountain wall of the Alps! The narrow valleys were studded with protruding fort heads which were roofs of military forts and looked like huge mushrooms planted on the sloping decline, reminded me vividly of the years of World War I. Soon we entered the Canal Valley, which led directly to my home town of Tarvis, now called Tarvisio. I passed it in silent sadness. The prevailing strangeness of the changed atmosphere, the eternal beauty of the Mangart and Wishberg massifs burning in the Alpine glow of the twilight, made me pensive and serious. The lightness of my mind had turned into gloomy soberness.

It was night when we arrived at Villach. Here I couldn't entertain mournful thoughts. A busy schedule of appointments, visits, parties, picnics, awaited me there and in other Carinthian towns. I regretted deeply that minutes couldn't be stretched into hours. Four months were altogether too few for the accomplishment of my manifold plans. Already in Milwaukee I had arranged to meet several friends who also had gone to Europe: Tony and Luise Simon of Louisville in Munich; Anna Gamma, the executrix of my estate, in Zurich, Switzerland; also another Swiss friend, Marie Giloman; then Marie Wilzek; Mama Mueller's charming daughter and her husband Walter somewhere in Austria; Paul Quigley from London, whom I had met in 1950 in Oberammergau, in Paris. But rather than go out of my way to Paris, I offered Paul a rendezvous in Salzburg and a visit to the Austrian Alps he had never seen before. We spent a glorious day on King Lake and in Berchtesgaden in Bavaria, drove together over the 8000-foot-high Grossglockner road, saw the summit of the 12,000-foot-high Mount Grossglockner unfold its lustrous splendor, the glaciers shimmering in millions of sparkles, the magnificent mountain ranges exposing their majestic eminence.

One born in a mountainous region seldom develops fear of dizzy heights, on the contrary, has a longing to conquer them, to look with them to distant horizons and feel his own power grow with the unfolding panorama. Although now my invalid heart and weak limbs prevented me from climbing ridges and peaks, I still felt magnetized by their dignity, drawn to them by an uncontrollable affinity.

When Paul came he was overwhelmed by the sights and in ecstasy. He

hadn't dreamed that such magnificence and grandeur could prevail in a land so little known, that a country could be so modestly withdrawn from the big world. An uninterrupted chain of delightful experiences was waiting for him in Carinthia. We circled big Ossiach and Woerther Lake, visited quaint towns and villages until he cried with enchantment: "One cannot help bursting out in exaltation over such superb beauty. Paris never fascinated me to such an extreme as this corner of the earth. And how lovely and kind all the people around here are! How gracious and hospitable!" I was greatly moved by his praise. It was as if he had praised me, so sincere was his joy.

Many other delightful incidents were crowding into my days and exciting me beyond bounds. Fifty years before I had graduated from Teacher's College. Why not celebrate the fateful occasion? I could gather four of my former eight colleagues and our only surviving professor, Monsignore Podgorc, mentioned earlier, to attend a formal dinner I arranged in one of the leading hotels of Klagenfurt, the Carinthian capital city. I had the American flag placed at the center of our table. Toasts were given and we felt happy that we could be united at this hour and pledge lasting devotion to each other. It was as if we heard wings flutter over our heads, fifty years passing silently through the air. When I returned to Villach, a woman was waiting for me at the house of Mitzi Florian, Richard's sister, with whom I lived during my stay in Villach.

"Don't you know me any more, Andrea?" she asked with a distinct sadness in her voice. "I am Berta Sobotka, now Berta Demar, your chum of youthful days."

"Berta! You, Berta!" I cried in amazement and joy. "Forgive me that I didn't recognize you at first. Probably I too have changed as you have. But consider, we haven't seen each other for over fifty years."

"I wouldn't have recognized you either but a few days ago, you passed me on the street and people next to me exclaimed, 'There she goes, the former Andrea Huber! Now her name is Baum.'"

"Where are you living now? Where do you stay at present? I completely lost sight of you after you married so suddenly without letting me know."

All the pains of a hurt friendship were returning in a mighty flare-up. But I kissed her warmly to reassure her that I had forgiven the harm she had done me. We met several times after this encounter and went together by cable car up to the "Kanzel," a famous lookout post, reached with chair lifts the Goerlitzen mountain top, 6,000 feet above sea level, stretching along the northern shore of Lake Ossiach. Berta had two sons and a daughter. She had sixteen years before lost her husband, and lived with her family at Bozen-Bolzano, South Tirol, now in Italy.

Berta looked like an old woman. Her once so beautiful, blond hair had turned gray and straight. She wore it in a big knot on her neck. She wasn't stylishly dressed as she had been in her youth. She appeared more like a peasant woman than the brilliant piano artist she had been.

"From where do you get all this courage to travel alone by auto through Europe?" she asked, shaking her head. "But you have always been different from other girls. It was for this reason, probably, that I loved you so much."

When we said farewell, we both felt again the tenderness of our early intimacy. It hadn't lost its strength. But a half year later I received the message of her sudden death. Her son mailed me the letter she had started to write me one day before she passed away. It never was finished. The notice of her demise shocked me deeply. For weeks my thoughts were with her and my grief blotted out many memories of happy hours.

Wherever I walked through town, people I didn't know any more stopped me on the street. Many invited me for dinner or to an afternoon coffee or at least to shake hands. I had become a celebrity without my own doing. A most colorful celebration was given for me at the Schlaraffia Society of Villach, the "Villa At Aqua." The knights wanted to honor me for the help I had given them in opening a new "Burg," another meeting hall, after their former one had been completely destroyed by a direct bomb hit during the war.

With an honor escort of six knights in full regalia, preceded by the master of ceremonies, carrying proudly the emblem of the lodge, I was led to the throne where the three dignitaries sat. I was praised in flowery language, medals were pinned on my breast, and the throne kiss given. Then one of the knights jumped up from his seat and started impetuously towards me.

"Auntie Anderle (a nickname for Andrea)," he cried out loudly and embraced me crushingly. "Don't you know me any more? I am Max Schreiber, one of your actors in your fairy plays."

"Maxy!" I cried out too and kissed him. As a young enthusiastic soldier he had often written me from the front trenches. Now he is Chief of Staff of Villach's City Hospital.

He declared excitedly: "I haven't seen you for almost forty years. But I have heard so much about you! Do you still remember 'King Throttle Beard' and all the other plays you gave? We never forgot those glorious days with you."

Every day brought new surprises and enthralling scenes. But the most wonderful one I experienced on September 15, 1954, on which day I had invited all my former pupils to a gala dinner. One hundred fifty four came from all over the State and provinces, from Vienna, Graz,

Wolfsberg, from mountain hamlets and far-off towns and villages. Newspaper reporters were there too, the only men in the assembly. The speaker's table was loaded with flowers and gifts piled high, garlands swinging through the air. Everybody was excited and merry. They had come from far and near: plain farmers' wives, business women, widows with the lines of sorrow written upon their faces, society ladies, to see me and to tell me how they had loved me, how they had never forgotten me. Scenes of former school days were re-enacted, poems composed by the girls were read. Former colleagues, especially my personal friends, Tilda and Edith Hecht, now retired with important sounding titles, joined in the speeches. Many tragic incidents from the war time were concealed. The air was charged with enthusiasm and compassion and through the crowd rang the thrill of the moment and the sadness of the past. But above all, we were stirred by the tremendous offering of love and devotion and the everlasting sentiment of friendship.

One woman said: "Never before has anybody in Villach encountered such an enchanting occurrence. We will tell our children and grandchildren of this miraculous love between a teacher and her pupils. The love between mother and child cannot be more sacred."

Thus with tears and handshakes, embraces and good wishes, a new chapter was sealed in our lives. And they shouted, "Don't forget, in four years you have to come again!"

To say farewell was almost as hurtful as physical pain, so close to each other are sadness and joy. A queen on her day of coronation couldn't have been more deeply moved than I.

Before I had the reunion with my girls, I had gone on a trip to Switzerland to meet Anny Gamma and her husband Joe. There I figured in some episodes which were memorable in their comic and humorous effect. During my drive over the Brenner Pass and Arlberg Pass I had to bear heavy downpours and snow along the four-hundred mile stretch westward. When I arrived at the Swiss border near Sarganz, I was told by the controlling border officer: "You have to show me your other passport too. Where is it?"

"What other passport are you talking about? I have no other passport. I am alone."

"Alone?" He shouted. "Teifi, teifi, teifi!" he added in his Swiss dialect, meaning "Teufel" or the devil.

The fact that I, an elderly, white-haired woman, had dared to drive alone through the mountains, had stirred him to his characteristic outburst.

I broke into a peal of laughter, and a young man who stood next to me laughed out loud too. When he had collected himself he asked me shyly: "Would you let me drive with you as far as Zurich?"

"But I don't know you, young man. Besides, in America, it is forbidden to pick up a hitchhiker. Many drivers are robbed or killed that way. I don't think that you would assault or kill me, but it isn't wise to do such a thing."

He looked at me with such begging eyes that I turned, half softened, to the officer and asked: "What do you think about it?"

The officer moved his shoulder up and down as if to indicate he didn't want to accept any responsibility for his advice. He said: "The young man is obviously a student and students seldom have money for fares, must all try to thumb a ride. But you can do as you please." I looked at the young man and started to question him.

"Who and from where are you?"

The young traveler, slim and less than five feet in height, with a knapsack on his back, but neatly dressed, seemed to gain courage.

"My name is Fritz Bensch and I am a senior at the University of Vienna. But I come from Baden near Vienna."

"To where are you going?"

"I want to go to the Sorbonne University in Paris to find out whether they give summer courses there in nuclear science. It is the only university besides Vienna which teaches atomic science."

"Don't you have enough money to buy a bus ticket?"

"I have only one-hundred-fifty schillings (\$6.00) and that sum has to last me six weeks."

"My Lord! That wouldn't be enough for me for a day. Why doesn't your father finance your trip?"

"My father doesn't earn enough to support the rest of the family. We are many children. I saved the amount by giving private lessons."

"All right! Then come along and quickly before I change my mind!" We both jumped into the car. It poured in streams, but I didn't feel disgusted at all by the miserable weather.

We went somewhat out of our way and turned into the road leading to Vaduz, the tiny capital city of the tiny principality of Liechtenstein, only twenty-five miles away. I felt hungry and Fritz's whole countenance seemed to mark a long-extended period of hunger. Therefore he was so small and poorly developed and didn't look more than twelve. I had heard enough of how the Austrians had suffered starvation during and especially after the ruthless war.

At the hotel I ordered two sizable dinners and for Fritz an extra double portion of delicious cake with a double topping of whipped cream. Fritz ate with visible delight the rich and savory meal. As we had to drive over the Bruennig Pass high above Waller Lake, and the steep road and especially the numerous and sharp hairpin turns demanded, with the heavy rain, my fullest attention, therefore we did not talk

much. When we neared Pfaeffikon and later crossed Lake Zurich, the sky cleared; but it was 5 p.m. when we reached Zurich.

"What will you eat on the way to Paris with so little money in your pocket?" I asked.

"Oh! I have a loaf of bread and a few dozens of apples in my rucksack," he remarked with pride. "But I will stay here overnight. They have student hotels here. It is too late to continue. I can sleep here for 50 Rappen (12 cents)."

"Yet you will become very hungry," I insisted. We had just passed one of the show windows of a fine and large delicatessen store.

"Come along!" I ordered.

We entered the store, Fritz standing modestly behind me and looking with longing eyes at the marvelous display. A clerk gave me quick service.

"Fill his bag with sausages, cheese, cookies, chocolate, and other food in cans," I commanded and turned away not to look into Fritz's eyes. I felt self-reproachful that I could buy what I wanted while he didn't have money enough for a decent meal. I was ashamed to offer him money. It wouldn't have been in good taste.

When we departed we exchanged our addresses and soon I had forgotten the incident. I had four lovely days with Anny and Joe, met at the hotel other Swiss people we knew and who had come from Chicago, showed my two friends Interlaken, Grindelwald, the Lauterbrunnen, Bern, Winterthur, the Rhinefall at Schaffhausen, visited many friends I had seen in 1950, although it didn't stop pouring in a merciless test to our endurance.

From Basel I went over Alsace Lorraine to Heidelberg and Mainz where I stayed four days with my friend Tina Istel. With her we traveled leisurely through the lovely side valleys of the Rhine, the Ahr, Nahe, Mosel, and along the Lahn River, observing the castles and many famous ruins, the many charming and picturesque towns and villages. I couldn't miss the distinguished city of Cologne and to make a call at my niece's place. Sybilla Promper's daughter was already waiting for me with a delicious cake. Kaethe and her husband Horst are my favored relatives in Germany. I turned then northward to Muenster and Crefeld with a short visit to Holland.

I hurried back to Bavaria, because I wanted to say hello to Mrs. Gillitzer at Sulzberg whom I had met at Oberammergau. The weather was still miserable, raining in streams, but at Bayreuth I had to stop to see the last presentation of the "Wagner Festspiele". "Lohengreen" was given in a modern stage setting with magical lighting effects.

Three-fourths of the listeners were American officers and soldiers and I felt at home to hear them talk English as in an American city. A

wave of awe and forcibly concealed enthusiasm spread through the huge theater, filled to the last seat. Before the last act started, the listeners felt so tense as the performance moved on, but a storm of applause ended the excellent representation.

When I finally came to Salzburg I experienced another delightful surprise—Richard had decided to accompany me to Vienna. After a sojourn with my relations in Upper-Austria, we came to Vienna. Willy and Elsie, Christl and Selma, Auntie Tony and Herta who had arrived for a week's stay from Friedrichshafen, greeted us with a heart-warming eagerness. I felt as if the whole past had shrunk into a few heavenly hours, in fact, as if heaven itself had come to earth. In contrast to 1950, this time we could visit our relatives at Baden near Vienna. The strictness of the rules formerly imposed upon the people of Baden by the Russians because this city was the seat of their Headquarters was now decreased. Willy and Richard had not seen their cousins in Baden for more than ten years, I not for nearly forty years. With hilarious gayness we celebrated the happy reunion. While we walked through the once so noble and elegant health resort we noticed the indescribably neglected condition the famous bathing buildings showed after they had been used by the Russians for more than ten years.

Suddenly somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around and behind me stood Fritz Bensch, my youthful companion on my trip to Zurich.

"Oh! Fritz! What coincidence! Where do you come from?" I cried in great surprise.

"Hello, Mrs. Baum! I saw your auto standing in front of the theater (My cousins live across the street from it). So I thought I might surely have the luck to see you too. I live here in Baden, you remember?"

"What a fine surprise!" I exclaimed. "How small is the world, indeed. How was it in Paris?"

"The Sorbonne University was closed during the summer. I didn't achieve anything. I couldn't enroll. But I had a fine journey anyway."

We parted with a warm handshake. But on May 15, 1955, he wrote to me in America: "Today the Austrian Treaty is signed. I saw the Russian Prime Minister Molotov at the airport in Vienna. Our people dance and kiss each other in the streets. I never had seen them perform in such a manner before. They are enraptured that Austria has won its freedom again. But I must not fail to report to you another funny incident that was caused by your presence in 1954. You remember that a Mr. and Mrs. Schneider had come from Baden to Vienna to celebrate your arrival there. Schneiders are my next-door neighbors. When I told them that I had met an American lady too and that this lady had taken me in her car to Zurich, Mr. Schneider probably thought I wanted only

to boast of my American acquaintance, because he too had had dinner with an American.

"Then I asked: 'Is the name of your American lady Andrea Baum?'

" 'Yes it is!' said the totally perplexed Mr. Schneider.

"Now Mr. Schneider knew that I had really met you."

Both Richard and his sister Mitzi accompanied me on my trip to Italy, France and Spain. Although we had hardly three weeks for the extensive journey, we could do it by strictly adhering to a carefully worked-out timetable. Through Riva, where I had a short reunion with my nephew Fritz Pregl, along the monumental shore road of Lake Garda which we had passed four years before, we went to Milano, Turino, traversed five passes, Cole di Tenda and others, to take a short cut to Nice on the French Riviera. The Alps of this region had lost the gigantic formations of the Central and Eastern Alps and we missed the enchanting contrasts between green, fertile valleys, wooded slopes, and giddy heights. But the alluring drive along the Cote D'Azur and Cote Esterel with Cannes and Frejus among other cities, disclosed the wildest and most impressive part of the Riviera. The exceptionally mild climate, the stately palms and gayly-colored exotic flower gardens add immense charm to this region. Southern France with Nimes, Arles, Marseille, Carcassonne, Avignon, steeped in Roman and medieval history, made us aware of a glorious past. The picturesque and charming scenes changed rapidly until we reached the Atlantic at Biarritz. When we crossed the Pyrenees into Spain, we were momentarily overwhelmed by the striking contrast between France and Spain. The bareness of the mountain sides became more and more forbidding as we neared the central provinces. While the cities, breathing the luxurious richness of Spanish culture, with their palaces, monumental public buildings, and magnificent churches, made us gasp in admiration and awe, the sight of poverty-infested towns, of sun-drenched valleys with dried-out river beds, of stone hills and bare rocks, depressed our minds. We felt desolate and hopeless as we had nowhere else. But unforgettable will this spectacle of contrasts remain, juxtaposed in memory to the brilliant sights of Burgos, Valladolid, Madrid, the Escorial, Toledo, Valenzia, Tarragona, Barcelona, and other cities. We couldn't see Andalusia, time was too limited, but what we had seen was intensely fascinating.

More and more I realized how fortunate I had been to have had the opportunity to take this journey and the strength to endure such long travels. On my return to Genoa, Nora was already waiting for us. We still had left two days' time for sight-seeing tours, precious hours that we filled with excursions and visits to galleries and the famous cemeteries. Soon the hour neared when we had to go on board our ship

"Andrea Doria." With heavy hearts we said good bye. It seemed unbelievable that the raptures of the last four months were a thing of the past, that everyday normalcy would from now on be our daily fare.

I had chosen the boat "Andrea Doria" on account of the coincidence that it bore my name, and it was a memorable occasion that I could celebrate my seventieth birthday on board—shortly before we landed in New York. To my great surprise, I was the only passenger among my cabin-class mates whose birthday had been feted. On an Italian boat it was probably not customary to celebrate the birthday. Catholics usually regard the name-day as more important. A fine birthday cake, champagne, and music marked the event and a picture of the boat was presented to me by the purser.

With a warm feeling of gratitude I thought of my life span, that had included all phases of happiness and sorrow, success and defeat, extreme elation and disastrous tragedy. Now the day was glorified by special attentions expressed by almost all of the other passengers. Two men exclaimed: "We fell in love with you. You are so different. There is always sunshine in your eyes and a smile on your face. You must be a very happy woman."

"I am happy," I agreed. "The world is so lovely and the people are so kind. I believe we have heaven on earth. I wish you, too, would always feel the grace of God as I do."

Soon I would be home again in my beloved America, its shores would brighten my eyes, its loveliness and greatness move me to jubilation. I held tightly to the railing of the upper deck when we neared the harbor of New York. I stared at the fantastic panorama unfolding before my eyes—the exotic skyline at the horizon with the towering, sharply accentuated skyscrapers, the tumultuous motion of hurrying vessels, the multitude of smokestacks, the winding piers, busy motor-boats, and right before me, the Statue of Liberty, the stirring symbol of my fate—shimmering in the brilliance of a sunlit day. The other passengers hastened back and forth on the deck in their excitement when the waves vibrated with the beat of the slackening turbines. But I seemed rooted to the spot as in a vision.

There Is A Future Before Me

MILWAUKEE AND St. Petersburg greeted me with their glowing charm. For weeks I felt like a sleepwalker. But all melodramatic appraisals and touching meditations had to be suppressed. One big task had to be accomplished first—the completion of my story. The resolution to complete the book during this stay in Florida put a heavy burden on my mind. Through many nights I sat watching the past roll by, and as the memories sparkled in the iridescent twilight, my heart gradually lost all its tension and weariness.

On April 28th I typed the last page and mailed the last chapter to Professor Mrs. Kuney. A great burden was off my mind. Still the necessary revision loomed before me like a monster. When would I finally be free of this cruel aggregation of worry, anxiety, tension and frightening suspense? Would my story be accepted? Again I felt like an incurable dreamwalker.

A new energy had come over me, a riot of thoughts and new plans for the future. One I made immediately a reality—to build a new and attractive double house on the vacant lot next to the apartment building which I had erected in 1952. While the new house was rapidly growing to a charming beauty under the hammering sounds of the workers, I sat faithfully over some of the chapters to prepare them for the critical eyes of Professor Kuney. I sat with inexhaustable patience and determination.

At this moment the seal was set on a piece of life work, as simple and modest as my whole life had been. No sparks of fame I could find in the simple story, no facts of prominence, no high light of world-moving power, no stirring intellect. One discovery I had made. I always had been—more or less—a rebellious woman, not the conforming type, seeking in my own way contentment and fulfillment, enlightenment and wisdom. What I learned was the contrast between two sets of values: fame, power, wealth—important assets, but fragile and not everlasting. On the other side; two deeply gratifying treasures: Love and Friendship.

I moved with Mrs. Ambrogio from the apartment house to the new

building. My stepson Frank Bingenheimer occupied the upper floor and as he promised to take care of the properties, I could again return to Florida, greatly relieved from a big worry. I needed badly an extensive rest, because during the rainy summer I had suffered my fourth attack of pneumonia. I needed desperately the warm climate of Florida to recuperate again.

Professor Kuney's letter reached me in Florida. It gave me great joy. She wrote: "And so, the saga is finished. If you are not all too tired for such emoting, you must feel triumphant. Even I do—although negative and infinitesimal, though any part has been, for it is not a common thing, to be given insight into a personality of such compassion as disclosed in your autobiography. But you had been admired before. So I will add only that for a rebellious woman—love and friendship come very easily your way."

Your Bernice Kuney

A New Social Life

MY ACTIVITIES in St. Petersburg came to a new start. I joined the WISCONSIN SOCIETY, became later its secretary and vice-president. My contacts with Europe were still very much alive. A message from my home country stirred my deepest interest.

My young friend from Baden, Vienna, Fritz Bensch, whom I had accidentally met again in 1954 in Baden in Vienna, where the Russian Headquarters during and after the Second World War was located, wrote:

"The Russians have finally departed from our town. No Russian women are parading with their children anymore through the city. But on May 15, 1955, when the Treaty of Neutrality was signed between Russia and Austria, a celebration was held in Vienna as never before. Our people were hilarious. They were dancing in the street, strangers kissed and embraced each other and everybody was exuberantly rollicking. The dark and unhappy days have ended."

Fritz Bensch had meanwhile completed his atomic studies at the University of Vienna, became a substitute Professor there and in 1959 he finished the thesis for his Doctorate. When I returned in 1959 to Europe, I visited him at the house of his parents but how surprised I was! He had grown at least five inches and looked exceedingly well. He introduced me to his parents. His mother seemed a wonderful type of a motherly woman.

"You have a very fine son," I told her in a spontaneous response. Fritz drove with me to Vienna and spoke of his hard years of experiences during his time of study.

"Your mother seems like a sister to me," I told him with a warm smile and I asked Fritz:

"Would you not like to call me Aunt Andrea as all my young friends in Europe do?"

I looked mischievously at him.

"Oh, I would love to call you Aunty," he returned with a coyish grin. He reached for my right hand and kissed it in a sudden outburst of emotion.

"You know," I said, as if I had a vision of his future, "you will become a very prominent man and your fame as a scientist will reach the whole world."

Through the following nine years he gave me in his letters an account of his success and of his strenuous efforts to have his scientific books published. How proud I had become of him!

My Third Journey To Europe 1959

MY THIRD JOURNEY to Europe brought me many more remarkable and unforgettable encounters which shine in a golden glory through my advancing age. In New York I met fascinating surprises. Through one of my former pupils I corresponded with, Maria Zimmermann from Villach, and with many more than a hundred of them I carry on regular correspondence through all the years. I learned that two of them Mrs. Helene York and Mrs. Hilda Howard live in New York. Helen, whose maiden name was Huber, like mine, but she was no relative, had married an engineer, Bill York. Hilda Howard had a most remarkable success through her own efforts. She showed many newspaper clippings to me. The *New York Times* called her, "The World's Most Famous Woman Kitchen Chef." She managed one of the distinguished Male Clubs in one of the Radio City buildings.

Hilda invited us, Helen, my daughter Della Rudolph and me to a dinner at the club. Hilda reminded me with a special fervor of her school days in Villach.

"You know, Auntie Andrea, we loved and admired none of our other teachers as we did you. I remember how we sat spellbound when you described Hindenburg's victories at the Mazurien Lakes or you brought one of our Literary classics to discuss."

Helen interrupted: "I still have today all the books in which we wrote your lectures in physics and nature sciences with all the designs we copied from the blackboard. We continued these books through all the years you taught us and we had such a perfect command of all the knowledge we acquired."

Hilda asked me then if I had an idea in which chair I was sitting right at that moment.

"How could I?" I replied.

"It is the chair which President Truman uses whenever he comes to the Club. I know you are born in the same year as our former President and Eleanore Roosevelt."

How kind of her to remember.

From New York I drove directly to Montreal in Canada, where I

lodged at the Hotel Queen Elizabeth where on the day of my arrival the conference between President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Dieffenbach of Canada had ended. President Eisenhower had already left, but Prime Minister Dieffenbach and his wife stepped out of the front door to a waiting auto. I recognized him immediately.

Two days later I took part in the lovely wedding ceremony of my nephew Otto Manhart, a real estate developer, who resided with his brother Heinz in this city. It was a delightful affair and with great sorrow I said good bye to the charming couple which had won my heart in such a few hours. I boarded the freighter to go to Hamburg, Germany. My automobile was also aboard.

The crossing was an especially wild one. We were beset with heavy storms. Most of the twelve passengers became seasick, but not I. When we landed in Hamburg and my car was unloaded and set onto the dock, I could not start it. She was mute and made no "mooh" or "booh." She simply could not take the furious jolting during the storm. The baker of the boat approached me.

"Are you going south? Would you take me along to Nuernberg?" asked young Mr. Conrad.

"Gladly," I said. "But now I am stuck. I called a city garage. They

We looked for a nice hotel, made some sightseeing trips through Hamburg and a boat tour along the Alster River. Across from me sat an elderly couple and I noticed by their heavy accent they came from Switzerland. As I am a member of the Swiss Ladies' Singing Society for nearly forty years I could easily understand the dialect they used. I introduced myself to the couple, diploma engineer Max Meyerhofer and his wife and we enjoyed our new acquaintance. I was invited to visit them at their home in Zuerich.

"I will certainly come to see you," I promised, thanking them for their kind invitation. I had won new friends. I had planned to drive during the summer to Switzerland as several close friends of mine lived there permanently. I wanted at the same time to give my niece Gertrude Klaus of Mauthen a treat. She had never seen Switzerland before and had just received her teaching diploma.

When I finally could call for my car, I realized I had lost three precious days. I raced through Germany, hurrying towards Nuernberg where Conrad's mother lived nearby in a little village. The young man had proved to be a great helper and a keen and observing companion. I stopped only for a few minutes to deliver to an anxious mother her long-missed son and continued southward towards the Austrian Border.

I had hoped to reach Innsbruck late evening, but when I came to the Kochel Mountain with its hundreds of sharp curves, I knew I couldn't

make it. I had to look for a night shelter. I stopped at at least a dozen hotels. All were overcrowded with summer guests. It was nine thirty P.M. when I stopped in front of an inn on the northern outskirts of Mittewald, also a tourist center. I went right to the kitchen and said to the lady on the counter:

"I will not drive a block further, I have driven already over 600 miles today and I am dead tired. I will stay here and sleep on the floor if you cannot provide me with a room. I am more dead than alive."

The innkeeper looked bewildered and somewhat abashed as if she couldn't believe my determination was really true and slowly she said:

"My son just left a half hour ago. Can you wait for a while? We can have his room ready in an hour."

"You certainly are a darling," I said in German. "I feel already immensely relieved. Some trips demand an unhumanly endeavor. If you have something to eat, I will be forever grateful to you."

I reached for a chair and placed myself at the kitchen table. At six in the morning I left for Innsbruck and still could taste the delicious dinner they had served me at the Inn the night before. When I neared my former home country, my heart pounded wildly. To see the gorgeous mountains again, with their peaks and summits glaring in the sunshine was a soulwarming experience. I drove over the Reschen Pass amidst gigantic rows of snowtopped giants, passed Meran and arrived safely at Bozen (Bolzano called by the Italians.)

My way led to Helmut Demar, the son of Berta, my friend of early youth, which I had so unexpectedly met in Villach in 1954 and who had suddenly died in February 1955. Helmut was sitting in his office on Cappucini Street and jumped to his feet:

"Aunty Andrea," he screamed and closed me in his arms. I had notified him of my coming.

"You look exceedingly young, Aunty, so much younger than my mother and you were older than she. What keeps you so unbelievably well-preserved?"

"You only want to make me feel good," I answered laughingly.

"And you are my famous letter writer Helmut! How happy I am to see you for the first time and to be so graciously received!"

Helmut rose. "We will drive immediately to my home. Herta, my wife, just arrived from OberBozen where she brought my sister Gerda to recuperate. She was operated upon at the hospital in Innsbruck and she is quite a sick girl."

We left the office in my car, picked Herta and the children up and continued right on the mountainous road to OberBozen. The resort town lay on a broad terrace plateau at least 800 feet above the valley of the Etsch or Adige and Bozen proper. It was a tremendous sight. The

last sunrays glittered over the roofs of the widespread city and bathed the whole valley in a glorious display of brilliancy.

Gerda looked tired. She wasn't as tall as Helmut, but had a great liking to her mother. She too took me to her heart as if she had known me for a long time. Her charming sweetness caught me on the spot like Herta's freshness and beauty. She was a picture of loveliness and health with her tall figure. With thick, unruly, blond curls surrounding her face, she gave almost the illusion of a German Goddess. Gerda's husband, an Italian State Officer, was also there and the conversation grew lively and intense. Berta, my former friend, must have had a way to impress the image of me upon her children. They took me to their heart as if they had known me through all the decades we hadn't seen each other. It seemed almost unreal, miraculous, to be so completely accepted at full value.

We made still another excursion to the Kalterer Lake. Its surrounding mountainsides are fully covered with vineyards, the vintage wine of Kalterer Lake is famous through all Europe. Gerda's illness worried me intensely. This was such a closely knitted family and as I feared Gerda's condition was incurable, I would give her only some warm words of hope.

But to Helmut I said: "We see each other again at Nuernberg at the centennial of our Schlaraffia Society.

I remained only three days with the Demars. I had to continue south to Lake Garda and the lovely city of Riva and from there to Bezzecca where my nephew Fritz Pregl resided. I was so anxious to see him and his family again. Nine years had already passed since I had visited him with Willy and Elsie Florian, my nephew and niece from Vienna. One half mile south of Riva the road started that led over the Ponale Pass to Bezzecca. The road hadn't improved at all since then. The old fear of hitting the almost vertical rock walls at the narrow curves was creeping upon me. As soon as I reached the plateau with Lake Ledro, the fear changed to utter excitement. The surface of the green waters of the Lake didn't show a ripple and the towering mountains surrounding the Lake were pictured like in a gigantic mirror, increasing the height of the mountain to double size. Along the shoreline one could notice the remnants of the historic pile dwellings of the old Celtic and Romanic inhabitants of this prehistoric region.

My nephew Fritz Pregl, his charming wife, Anita, and their two half grown sons Quido and Enrico received me with all their heartiness. It was a gorgeous week of pleasure, excitement and frolicsome laughter when I tried again to use phrases in the long forgotten Italian language which I spoke fifty years ago quite well. What ravaging effects had the years taken on my brain, on my memory! Often the thought alone frightened me.

The wild rides through the mountainsides, on seemingly unpassable paths and roads, made me thrill at the courageous driver. I had never before seen this region with all its fantastic formations and danger spots.

"How I love to see you so daring. I am only chicken-hearted in comparison to you." Fritz was delighted and more daring. I felt intensely the closeness of the family ties.

But I still had so much to see, so many to visit and turned northward again. Like on a spinning wheel were the names of all the cities I had to visit running through my mind. All over friends and relatives were waiting for me: at Villach, Klagenfurt, Wolfsberg, Graz, Efferding, Salzburg, Vienna and many more. I roamed through the country like a whirlwind. My itinerary had become erratic. I had to stay at least for one week at Friedrichshafen on Lake Konstanz where my niece Herta was teaching home economics at a girls high school. Foremost on my mind was the Centennial Celebration of the Knights of Schlaraffia Lodge which was held for all their members throughout Europe, U.S.A., South America, Africa, Australia, in the City of Nuernberg, well known because of the Nazi Trials (in September 1959). My husband Nick was an enthusiastic member of this lodge and I had planned to attend the historic affair in my capacity as a "Lady Of The Castle" as the wives of the members were called. Helmut Demar was also a "Schlaraffe" and I looked forward to the reunion.

On my big list of duties were still many other items: the official reunion with my former pupils throughout Carinthia to be held in August in Villach at the big dining hall of the railroad hotel, to visit Meyerhofers at Zuerich, Switzerland, my fathers relatives at Mauthen, my mothers relatives at Efferding, Upper-Austria, my former colleague Martha Eichberger at Wolfsberg, who was very ill, and many other friends.

When I called for my niece Gertrude Klaus at Mauthen to take her along to Switzerland, she was jubilant. She took me in her arms and whirled me around like a merry-go-round.

"Auntie," she cried for joy, "it's my first trip to Switzerland and you can't imagine how grateful I am to you!" I stayed only two days with my nephew at the old Huber homestead. There my father was born in 1830 the thirteenth child of his parents. As in most European States, the homestead and business goes to the oldest son of the family. The other sons were excluded from the inheritance, but were helped along to make themselves independent. The girls received a dowry when they married. My father's oldest brother Josef received the tannery, also all the acreage, providing the means for an agricultural unit. Josef's son Andreas died when in the fifties and his son Josef was his heir. Every

time when I came to Mauthen, I stayed with Sepl (short name for Josef) and his lovely wife Lisl. Both were an energetic and tireless working team. Sepl had discontinued to operate the tannery.

"We cannot compete with the factories and their modern processes anymore," he said kind of sad, "therefore, I made a large Tourist Inn of the long-stretched buildings. Lisl is an excellent cook and our establishment is flourishing." I never missed seeing the picture gallery on the huge hallway of the second floor. Here, in a long row, hung the images of my ancestors staring at me silently, but proud. One had the year 1768 inscribed.

"This is the picture of the church our great-great grandfather had built in 1847, after a tragic flood had almost destroyed the whole town," Sepl explained.

"I marvel at you," I commended Sepl. "You are indeed honoring the memory of our forefathers and your whole family by giving these pictures such prominent place."

But modestly he said: "Their heritage inspired me to this extensive effort. We had many hard and lean years. But Lisl was such a wonderful helper and my children are good and industrious. Now I am reaping the fruit of backbreaking work of years ago."

Gertrude told me more about her family. She is the granddaughter of Sepl's uncle, Tony Huber. She said:

"You know, Aunty, our menfolks haven't much interest in politics, they only live for their business. Grandpa is already 88 and still works his big farm. There are not many like him."

I said with pride: "I saw him sitting high on top of a hayload, he brought back from the fields. He jumped from the wagon like a youngster of ten."

This was an interesting theme of discussion for our long drive to Zuerich. The family tradition of the "Huber Clan" was an exciting subject for me. I just swallowed the lively stories of all the family branches and when I told Gertrude about the wedding of her cousin Otto Manhart, I had attended at Montreal, she didn't stop asking questions. Here I felt how important a solid family background can become in a person's life; how this pride of ancestry can influence one's attitude and give strength and solidity to one's decisions. Now I understood the self-esteem of the Daughters Of The American Revolution Society in America so much better, while before I thought it too exalted.

Mr. and Mrs. Meyerhofer were the most charming hosts. In our highly interesting discussion they acquainted me with an eminent personality, Gottlieb Duttweiler, the founder of a \$700,000,000 concern (called the Migros). He became an economic reformer and led

an untiring fight against big concerns and trusts. Duttweilers influence had grown not only through Switzerland but through all Europe, but it had caused a complete revolution in the commercial structure and financial complexity in all these states. Duttweiler was a personal friend of Meyerhofer's. At my 1962 visit they presented me with Curt Riess' Biography of Gottlieb Duttweiler, a study of the enormous publicity this modern economist, politician and friend of the poor had aroused.

When I had the reunion with nearly 200 of my former pupils at the elaborately decorated dining hall of the railroad hotel, I felt like in a trance. At our great gathering in 1954 I was already deeply moved. Now, while standing before all these elderly women, formerly my disciples, who had become my friends, I tried to comprehend how the relationship, after more than fifty years, could still be so full of warmth, fire and emotion. What was the element that kept the fires burning, the enthusiasm so refreshing, the togetherness so realistically sensed? Was it a mysterious magnetic charge that had electrified each one of us? From the bottom of my heart a prayer rose to thank God for this rare day of recognizance. Hardly any other teacher had ever received such an abundance of love. It was the greatest gift and blessing God had bestowed upon me, the most generous compensation for all the hardships, sorrows, downfalls I had endured during a life of three fourths of a century. When the girls started to sing with their soft and melodious voices, my soul was the harp which accompanied them. Some read their fine poems, some told their life stories.

Then I spoke: "A thousand thanks to all of you who have come to honor me, to show your affection and your love. You give me this miraculous inspiration I will need through my coming years. You and your warm attachment will give me strength and perseverance for all the projects I have planned for the future. You know, for me, there is no stand-still, only a go-ahead. But I will come again to drink from your fountain of love. You are my impulse for future achievements."

Was it a prophetic word? Two years later I traveled alone around the world. Nine years later I am writing the finishing chapters of my memories. It's God's Blessing.

I hurried to see Marta Eichberger at the hospital in Wolfsberg. She was in my graduating class at the teacher's college, now she was critically ill. I found her a total human wreck. Her wildly curly hair, now gray, surrounded a ravished face. She was hardly able to walk but she talked with the same eagerness as before.

"Can you tell me what keeps you looking so young? How do you do it? And still can drive your auto."

I tried to comfort her: "You will soon get well again. Do not give up hope. Then you will come to America. She is my fountain of youth."

Herta Wittman who taught with me in Villach, came with me to see Marta. She was also a retired school principal. She notified me one year later that Marta had died. With Herta I am still corresponding. In her recent letter, which was hardly readable, she complained that her fingers are crippling from arthritis and that she is not able to play the piano anymore which she had mastered so beautifully. Will I ever meet her again?

These contrasts are saddening me. Here I was again on a new milestone of my life. I had to consider carefully, "What is the greatest achievement in a person's life." I asked myself. "Can I still make it more precious?"

These questions and their answers plagued me for weeks and months. Growing older and older, my chances of doing something worthwhile are shrinking. It wasn't enough to bring cheer into the life of others, I must have some more positive results. I had to continue my story and tell many more women not to lose hope in precarious moments; to keep on fighting courageously; to use all sources of self-help. Will they listen? Will they take advice from a strange struggler?

Start again with your book! Watch for your chances! Look for wider fields of experience. Will they accept me in clubs with my 75 years? I had stirred up in my soul a veritable turmoil. The old restlessness fumed and boiled. My peaceful selfcontentment was gone.

No matter how I castigated myself in this search for fulfillment, I could not find a solution. "Have patience," I told myself. "Keep your eyes and your mind open and wait." These were unruly days and uncommon thoughts which didn't fit into a program of joy during a planned journey. It was absurd to follow such trains of reasoning while awaiting exciting events like the centennial festival in Nuernberg.

From Wolfsberg I went over Efferding to Salzburg and straight to Nuernberg. I was registered there for a four-day stay of hilarious demonstrations of gaiety, wistfulness and personal splendor. Over 7000 Schlaraffen had arrived; knights in their beautiful robes, nearly 4000 Ladies of the Castle. My friends from Milwaukee were there, Minna and Hans Jacob from the Portus Betsia in New Jersey, and suddenly, a tall man spied me in the group, lifted me up with his strong arms and kissed me, while my legs were dangling in the air.

"Auntie Andrea, I caught you!" He cried out loud and joyous laughter pealed from all sides. It was Helmut Demar from Bozen. He gave me a pack of photographs which he had taken while I was his guest.

I stayed with Minna, while Hans, his name was Eminence Eppelcin, celebrated in the gentlemen section. I had my automobile with me. Therefore I could take Minna and Hans to their cousin, Mr. and Mrs.

Behem. There must have been a certain affinity between Clementine Behem and me. A friendship started of such warmth and intensity that I often wondered how such tiny sparks can build a great fire. Our friendship continued through the following years and tied up our hearts to a precious union. We correspond often and in 1962 I stayed with her a whole week when I returned on my farewell trip to Europe.

From Nuernberg I hurried back to Villach. A message awaited me there from the owner of the boat in which I should have returned to America. It said:

"Departure delayed for 3 or 4 weeks. Boat in drydock." This would have caused a late arrival in New York. But I didn't want to go through the experience of 1950. The danger of an early winter in Milwaukee and of a repeated attack of pneumonia was too horrifying, because I had to go back to Wisconsin first. I wired immediately Glaessel's Shipping Concern in New York for another boat. I waited anxiously for a reply. It didn't come. I had to see my niece Herta in Friedrichshafen before I left Europe. I gave orders to forward the telegram to Friedrichshafen and went on, hoping, the problem would be solved on time.

The wire reached me in Friedrichshafen on a Thursday forenoon. It said: "You have to be Friday (the following day) at six P.M. at Hamburg and to deliver your auto to the boat 'Cleopatra.' "

This didn't give me more than 30 hours for a tour of 900 miles. In a hurry I started to pack. Herta returned at two from school. It was a short and hasty farewell with many tears, but I had to race northward, took only a short nightrest, I still had to do 600 miles to reach Hamburg.

At 4:45 A.M. I arrived at Harburg, almost 15 miles south of Hamburg, stopped at a filling station to telephone the shipping office. From the side of the building a motorcycle policeman approached me:

"You have only one license plate on your auto," he asked sternly. "Where is the front one?"

Florida provides only one plate for the rear. I had made one from a carton for the front, but the wind carried it away while speeding on the Autobahn. But you are my angel in need." I told him in short words in what a predicament I had found myself, not knowing where the "Cleopatra" was docked and how to find the wharf.

"I have only the telephone number, but how can I find the wharf and my way through this huge city?"

The kind officer offered to telephone. A lady answered. "Is Mrs. Baum there?" The policeman handed me the receiver.

"You will not sail with the 'Cleopatra,' " the woman explained, "you will travel with the 'Virgillia' and she leaves the port tonight at 6 P.M. You will have to hustle."

"It's past five P.M. already," I cried. "My God, I will miss my boat."

But the handsome officer comforted me: "Do not worry, we can make it. The woman on the phone gave me the number of the wharf where the boat is docked. It is just 5:17. I will drive ahead with my motorcycle and whistle and you follow me."

Five minutes before six P.M. we were at the pier, the officer grasped my suitcases and carried them to the boat. While he did it, the gasoline tank was drained and the auto loaded. A huge crane dropped it into one of the holds of the ship.

I reached for the officer's hand: "How can I ever thank you sufficiently for your amazing help and service! You are in uniform and I may not offer you any money, but I will write to the Mayor of the City of Hamburg and tell him what an excellent officer you are." I wrote his name, address, his squadron number in my notebook and gave him my name and address. His name was Horst Klemme and I am still proud today of his noble deed while I am already the Godmother of his first child.

To the mayor I wrote: (After I had told him the whole story) "You must have the most perfect administration, because only an excellent one like yours can produce such excellent officers." My letter had taken immediate effect. Horst thanked me in glowing words for the fine promotion he had received. He was transferred to the Detective Department and received a half-year study allowance for the higher officer rank. It made me real happy that my letter produced such formidable success. Letters flew back and forth. He and his wife Iris, whom he married on my birthday in 1961, became my cherished friends.

"I will come in 1962 again to Europe," I wrote. "Then I will present you with my wedding gift."

It was an unusually stormy, homeward journey on the "Virgillia" but my auto and I survived it splendidly. I hurried to Milwaukee to look at my properties and greet all my loved ones before getting ready for the trip to Florida. I became slowly tired of chasing back and forth to Florida, but my buildings needed my steady attention and care which I couldn't give them through my long absences from Milwaukee. The taxes had increased unreasonably, other difficulties in the management I had to overcome. My profit had diminished frightfully.

When I came back from Florida in May, I decided to sell them, if I only can salvage my building costs. No easy task awaited me in 1960. In 1958 the government completed a Public Housing project only six blocks north from where I was located. The apartments were all rented to Negroes and through this fact the value of all the buildings in our neighborhood had decreased considerably.

"This is now a contaminated territory," prospective buyers told me.

When I finally found a purchaser, I had to accept a loss of thirty percent from the mere expenditures the erection of the buildings had afforded. I became desperate and more discouraged as never before in my life. How could I see my way through the future?

"I am not able to go out and look for work anymore, with my shattered body, my poor legs, to start Real Estate selling in Florida. I would need a new examination. As a broker I could not apply for Social Security, I couldn't apply then as a self-employed person like the doctors." These were despairing thoughts.

I was still the rebellious woman I always was. Just keep cool and find out how you stand financially, I told myself. Enough of all the worries and heart aches. A new courage would fit you better.

How wonderful and helpful such self-talks could become! And while I searched for a way out of this labyrinth, I became convinced my situation wasn't hopeless as it seemed. There was still a sizable amount left which could safeguard my future. If I lived ten more years modestly, I could manage it, but first of all, I needed a tonic to recuperate, from all these tortures. To build up the old valor, I deserved a compensation for all the troubles I had endured. I saw a new light breaking through the clouds. Old memories awoke. Hadn't a silent wish been buried for decades in my soul? There stood a scene of my early youth before my mind when my mother had caught me in the attic of our house where I had hidden myself to finish reading the most exciting book I ever received from our small school library. It was the fabulous story of "Jules Verne", "A Trip Around the World in Eighty Days."

At our school library we could take out a book only once a month. While I read it, I lived as in a dream. Mother was searching for me. In my trance I neglected to do the little house duties I was supposed to do. Mother tore the book away from me and I was severely punished. Thank God I had just finished reading it, but I lived like in a strange world, like hypnotized. In my mental distress a wish was born in my mind: the last goal of my life's achievements must be a trip around the world. Should it be possible to materialize this early dream? Wasn't I too old for such an adventure? Already 76 and going all alone? Its fulfillment seemed at hand. I had re-established myself after the accident, had kept myself successfully above the water, although my body had been badly broken. When I had to take permanent residency in Florida I had to tear all the ties with Milwaukee, my family, my relatives, my friends and all the lovely surroundings.

How quick I made up my mind! The old fires were still burning. The plan for a cruise was speedily adapted. The budget cleared. Now I had to prepare for the trip to Florida, the winter was close by. The arrangements for the journey I could make in Florida. My auto had to be

tuned up for the trip and I went to the garage where I had it usually done, waited until I was served.

There was a long bench at the workshop, where I wanted to sit down. Two gentlemen were already sitting there probably for the same purpose. They looked foreign, their faces showed Eastern distinction. They were of small build, but very neatly dressed in black suits.

"Can I join you waiting?" I asked politely.

"Please sit down," one said kindly.

My curiosity was immediately aroused. My white hair gave me some privilege and boldly I asked them:

"Would you be so nice to let me know from which part of the world you came? I will tell you later why I take the freedom to ask you."

"We both are doctors from the Philippines, doing our internship at the local Mount Sinai Hospital," the elder answered.

"Oh, how wonderful!" I responded eagerly. "I am intending to cruise the world during the next year and certainly want to see the Philippines too."

The young doctor seemed very pleased. I explained shortly that because of a lung condition, I had to live during the winter time in Florida and that I will move there permanently next fall. My shipping concern, the Glaessel Shipping Corporation of New York already informed me that the beginning of April I will arrive in Manila.

The young man next to me introduced himself as Doctor Cesar Angco from Manila.

"Why don't you visit my parents there? They would be happy to meet you."

He took his card with his address from his billfold and I gave him mine.

I was very pleased with my new acquaintance, could naturally not foresee, what heartrendering consequences this simple occasional meeting would have for my later life.

When I arrived in St. Petersburg, a letter was already waiting for me. Dr. Cesar Angco wrote how happy our unexpected encounter had made him and that he had notified his parents of my arrival in April. This special attention almost flabbergasted me, but still more astonished I was by the letter of Cesar's brother Marcial which arrived two weeks later. Why this surprising attention? I didn't find any answer. Marcial Angco asked for the special privilege, to be notified of the exact time of my arrival in Manila. Who wouldn't have become anxious about this meeting?

Because Glaessels Shipping Concern was such an excellent firm I could completely depend upon their accuracy in giving the young man the time of my arrival.

These were hectic weeks of concern, apprehension and solicitude until my date of departure -February 25th had arrived. March the 4th, the "Oakville" of the Barber Line was scheduled to leave Pier 5 of the New York Bush Terminal where it docked. A last minute change set the day on March 3rd at three P.M.

Around The World

THE OAKVILLE was a mighty fine boat. It was a joy to look at. The Captain and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Holter, greeted me and the other 6 passengers with an endearing handshake. We all felt at home. The dinner was delicious and champagne sparkled in our glasses.

I had a large, comfortable cabin with bath. It didn't take long to become acquainted with the other passengers. One couple, Mr. and Mrs. Corbin, sailed with me to Kobe, Japan. The other two couples left us before we crossed the Panama Canal. Our Vessel had to dock at Charleston, South Carolina to take on some more cargo. For days we enjoyed a calm sea. We hardly noticed the throbbing of the engines. The nights had become hot, humid and sticky, even with fans and ventilators going at full blast.

During the days, we visited the wheelhouse and lay on the upper deck, enjoying the steady light breeze. Mrs. Rachel Corbin drew colored crayon pictures of various boat scenes. Many of the passengers tumbled into the pool on the lower deck to swim.

Mrs. Corbin and I had made some purchases at Charleston for a farewell party for the other two couples. The Holter's, Mr. Hansen, the First Officer, and Mr. Gamlen, our chief engineer, joined our party. The Corbin's treated us with champagne at the supper and hilarity grew into the late night.

I made it a daily routine to write down each evening my experiences and impressions, wondering how many people I will meet during the five months journey. According to my itinerary I will use five or six different boats on my long cruise. Doubts arose: will I keep up this intense interest during all these months or become tired of the ever-changing environment? Will, at the end, the uninterrupted watchfulness finally bore me, or like in India, excessive heat dampen my spirit? Will I be able to find the way to the heart of the people with whom I will be confronted?

On the 11th of March we reached the harbor of Colon on the Atlantic side of the Panama Canal. A pilot came aboard to take our boat through the Canal. We had an early dinner and our Vessel was shortly after 6 P.M. set in motion again.

Soon thousands of lights were glowing on the western horizon. As the twilight grew, big cascades of red, green, yellow and blue bars stretched over the sky. They seemed to dance up and down, forming rows of shimmering terraces as if they tried to climb up the slope of a mountain. Were they signs that we had to pass a large city? I wondered. Soon I knew what caused the fabulous display of an eccentric illumination. The whole stretch of the canal contained the three eastern locks which lead up to the 92 foot height of the plateau forming the center of the isthmus. It was lavishly lighted by huge lanterns and lightposts. We neared the massive gates of the first lock. We had to wait a considerable time until the heavy doors swung open. We entered the first compartment.

Enormous concrete walls widened to tall banks, facing both sides of the throughway and were running parallel with a similar water band for boats coming from the other direction. Hundreds of service buildings followed the water line. Where the huge gates operated, high observation towers rose. They all showed the number "1913," the year the locks were completed and all carried different names. There, so I guessed, was where the enormous hydraulic machines were located. They operated the locks. Close to the side of the wall ran rail tracks for the locomotives, three of those on each side of our Vessel—front, center and rear. Our boat was led safely on thick steel wire ropes through the passage, almost a hundred feet apart or more—as I estimated. Hundreds of men, silver-helmeted, many of them wearing lifebelts, were running back and forth, servicing the locomotives or buildings, or throwing or pulling the heavy wire ropes.

When the bells sounded, the gates opened slowly, allowed us to pass through, and closed behind us. At the same time, we noticed, how the locks slowly filled with water until they reached the brim of the well and lifted our boat to the surface and the level of the following lock. After we had passed the third lock, we entered a passageway at least 120 feet wide and fantastically indirectly lighted by high and low lamps. Their arms were bent backward, with the effect, that only bushes and trees, growing along the shoreline received the light beams and the water only the eery reflexions. The scene was like a strange mystic fairyland.

The Captain's wife had called us three to their private suite for a cup of tea. Through their windows we would observe the semi-darkness so much better than from the 5th deck where we had stood, watching the exotic passage. Soon we entered the large, artificial lake extending over the whole plateau. It took our boat over two hours to cross the lake. We had returned to our outlook post on the 5th deck. It was cool and breezy up there and the magic of the starlit night came upon us with its

magnetic force. Now the scene woke again to a new life. The same light effects came into action that had puzzled us before—we felt the nearness of the western locks. New masses of glittering bars lighted the western horizon. We were close to the first gate. A large boat was ahead of us and it took close to a half hour before we could enter the first lock. We went through the same procedures as before. Only this time, the locks didn't fill, they emptied, respectively lowered. It was two in the morning when the last gates closed. Now we were in the Pacific Ocean. A tender had come from Balboa, the American side, to call for the pilot.

It brought five new passengers. A week later, we arrived at Los Angeles. The heat was still causing us some discomfort, but our social life grew more animated.

*FROM LOS ANGELES TO MANILA IN THE PHILIPPINES—6,280
Miles in Fourteen Days.*

On March 17th we were notified by our Captain that at eight A.M. the following morning we would dock at Los Angeles. I sent a radiogram to my friends in Pasadena hoping to see them. Although our boat was very late, my friends were there: Otto and Flora Orlow. I hadn't seen them for 17 years.

Had we changed a lot during this period? This question seemed to have silenced our tongues for the first critical moment. Nevertheless, we were exceedingly happy to greet each other. But Flora cried out:

"Andrea, you haven't changed a bit."

"And you haven't either," I stated emphatically. I took them on board to show them the boat.

"What a lovely stateroom you have," said Otto, and Flora added: "I wouldn't mind staying here for the rest of my life."

"It is really like a home to me, indeed, I never got homesick, since I left St. Petersburg."

We hurried then in top-speed to Pasadena. We had a lovely evening together and they insisted the next morning on bringing me to the boat. A big crowd had already assembled on the wharf. My friends had dinner with me on board. The Vessel was ready to leave at three P.M. and six passengers had arrived. When the engines started to throb I had to bid a last farewell to my friends.

Among the newcomers, a young woman immediately caught my interest. Such loveliness and untouched beauty laughed from her ruddy cheeks and her sunburned nose. I heard her fascinating story. Regna Holthe was born in China of missionary parents. She had studied six

years in Japan after her parents had to flee Communist China. Fully versed in both oriental languages, she was now returning to Japan to continue her missionary work after she had extensively traveled through Africa.

Would you like to read my book "Craters and Kraals" which I had just recently translated from Norwegian into English. It tells you of my various experiences."

"I am immensely interested. You are such a lucky girl! By a fortunate stroke of fate you could live your youthful years in fame," I answered admiringly.

This was a life I had always dreamed of. This girl had gold in her veins. I loved her fine, unpretending ways, her modesty, her humorous cheerfulness. She was one of the most unforgettable characters I ever met.

Ragna was teaching her co-passengers elements of the Japanese language. She gave us many valuable hints about traveling in Japan and taught us certain every-day phrases and sentences. From now on we greeted each other in Japanese, to become accustomed to the strange sounds. They seemed so funny and curiously odd. "Do its shimashi Te"—You are welcome "Suminasen"—Excuse me "Oya Sumi Nasei"—Good night

Ragna showed us moving pictures of Africa and Japan, taken at the informal Palm Sunday and Easter services, the sunrise ceremony. She had become the most active member of our crowd. Everybody loved her and we all called each other by our first names, so fond had we grown of one another.

I loved to climb up to the wheelhouse especially when our first officer Mr. Hansen, was on duty. He explained many intricacies of the operation of a boat to me: how to define its location, how the radio signals were controlled. He came sometimes to the deck where I did my writing and in his conversations he mentioned many incidents of his childhood. His handsomeness, his politeness and the warmth of his speech and manners had such an intimate effect on me.

For many, the swimming pool was the center of attraction. During the forenoon, when the crew could use it, the boys did their tumbling stunts, catapulting, splashing and showing their acrobatic tricks. I liked also, to watch the flying fish jump over the waves or the heavy bodies of whales passing by.

Evenings, bells rang for cocktail parties or card games. The steward usually left bowls filled with apples and oranges for a late evening snack. The sea wasn't always peaceful and calm. In all corners of the horizon storms were brewing. Strong breezes kept us from deck and often furious sprays of foam and froth were hurdled against the

windows of our living quarters. Many hours of sleep were lost by the constant pounding of the waves and the increased throbbing of the engines.

Mr. Gamlen, the chief engineer, took us on a tour one day through the interior of the ship. How inspiring to watch the machines puff and roar.

"These machines represent one fourth of the four million dollar value of the Vessel," Mr. Gamlen explained. "It has the most modern equipment. Its freezing compartments and its repair shop are outstanding."

On April fifth, our Captain announced that we could already see the coastline of several Philippine Islands. For 16 days we had nothing to see but the sky above—and beneath the rolling waters. On April fourth we set the clock back for the last time before arriving in Japan.

"Watch out," the Captain said alarmingly. "Tomorrow, Tuesday, you get nothing to eat." He had successfully teased us, because from Monday we jumped directly to Wednesday. We had crossed the 180th Meridian. One day was completely wiped out of our lives.

"On Friday we will arrive at Manila," Captain Holter told us at the dinner table. "Get ready to remain on land for two days."

I hoped Marcial Angco had received the message from the shipping line which I had ordered sent to him. The young student priest of the Jacinto Seminary, the younger brother of my new acquaintance of Milwaukee, Dr. Cesar Angco, had asked for the meeting. He had written me that he would be in Manila for his Easter vacation.

THE MEETING WITH MARCIAL ANGCO

As fervently as I had looked forward to become acquainted with my young protege Marcial, as unforgettable was seeing him and his family. We had sailed a whole day along the east coast of the Philippine Archipelago, but we had to go around the north tip of Luzon, the largest and most populated of the 7100 islands of this group, before we could reach the outer harbor of Manila. It was late April 7th. Twilight had already descended upon the area. Towering heights of a mountain chain pierced into the dark sky and when we neared Manila Bay, Corregidor loomed above the quiet sea. Here had General McArthur made his final stand. We anchored outside the breakwater line of Manila Bay to proceed early next morning with the help of a pilot to the dock.

As usual, before we could step on shore, we had to follow the routine of presenting our passports to the immigration officers which had come on board with a group of officials. We had, for instance, to

declare our currency. A banker changed our dollars into Philippine pesos (3 to 1) and agents from the Manila Travel Company tried to solicit our passengers for sight-seeing tours.

Marcial had sent me a note through our shipping agent that he was waiting for my call. The agent offered to telephone him and returned with the message that he would arrive within the next 30 minutes at the pier. I stood at the top of the gang-plank anxiously looking up and down the dock. Philippino's lingered all over the dock trying to get a job handling the cargo.

My thoughts were wandering. Will Marcial look like his brother Cesar? Will he be able to recognize me? I looked along the walls of the huge wharf building, towards the improvised stairway leading to our lower deck. Two young men were approaching. Both seemed taller than most of the Philippino's milling around the pier. One wore a white talar, the long robe of a Catholic clergyman. The other looked stylishly dressed in black trousers and a light blue shirt, embroidered at the collar. They waved towards me and hurried up the gangplank.

"Hello, Mrs. Baum," they shouted.

"And you are Marcial!" I laughed; "but how did you recognize me so quickly?"

"My brother Cesario had written to me that your head is topped by a crown of white hair. Therefore, I knew immediately that you are Mrs. Baum. This is my brother Virgillio. He studies medicine."

I felt instantly the warmth and compassion of this young man, although he represented to me a strange sort of people with other desires than ours. A new door had opened through which I could see an entirely different nation and sense its intricate qualities.

"I just arranged a sightseeing tour through Manila and its environments and an excursion to Tagatay 45 miles to the South. Would you like to come along or have you already seen Tagatay?"

"We haven't seen it before and we will be happy to join you."

Our drive led us through Manila's fashionable shopping section along Rizal Avenue and Quezon Blvd. We passed the sprawling buildings of Santo Thomas University.

Virgillio remarked: "This is my school. It is older than Harvard University."

This is the Palace of the President at Malanchalang. Here are enchantingly blended old and new, modern and traditional as fascinating innovations of the West and the colorful heritage of the East are a never ending study of contrast," said Marcial.

How strickingly described! Billcarts and calesas against limousines and sportcars, neon-lighted department stores besides the Sari-Sari-Tiendas, the stands "for all things" streamlined architectures with

old-aged Nipa huts in an exotic strange setting. As the Philippines are predominantly Catholic, most all of the churches show the old Spanish style.

We drove through the ancient "Walled City" which originally, prior to the occupation by the Spaniards, comprised the seat of the petty native Kingdom "Magnilad," later changed into Manila. We saw the ruins of "Aymitamento" once the seat of the Spanish government, with the grim Fort Santiago.

Our tour led us along the beautiful Dewey Blvd with the U.S. Embassy, along Passay and the fishing village of Paraque. We stopped at the church of Las Pinas to view the century old bamboo organ, whose more than 950 bamboo pipes were covered for 6 months with sand from the beach to preserve them from attacks of the bamboo bug.

On a smooth concrete highway we drove through colorful sceneries with rice fields, orchards, interchanged with coconut groves and salt beds and small villages until we reached Fagaty, a ridge, 2250 feet above sea level, overlooking scenic Taal Lake with the Taal Vulcano, whose cone rises straight out of the lake in magnificent solitude. In the distance stretched Batanga Bay and the China Sea. A good dinner at the Ta-al Lodge refreshed us considerably. We walked around, took pictures and admired the sights. A great number of tourists from Australia had arrived and they marveled with us at the splendid panorama.

Marcial and Virgillio had an invitation for me.

"My father's brother who is a lawyer in Quezon City, the sister town of Manila, has built a new home. Although he and his wife are at their office, his nurse maid and six children are home. He wishes you would come to his house for some refreshments."

"We couldn't refuse such a kind offer," I answered with the same jolly mood, considering silently the kindness of these people. We had a difficult time to find the building among the torn-up streets and missing street signs. A plain cardboard sign had a red inscription on it; "To Angco Home." We had found it!

What a surprise was waiting for me! A small stairway, leading to the building, widened to a broad porch profusely overgrown with Flame Vine, Bougainvillea over the iron railing. Behind that stood two elderly men, two women, three boys and six children: Judge Angco, Mr. Ponay, his wife's brother, Mrs. Angco, the nursemaid, 3 other sons and the children. Judge Angco and his wife had come from Aurora Isabella, 300 miles to the north to meet me. He spoke English fluently. The story he told me made me first realize, under what harsh and serious predicaments the native people of the Philippines had to live. In his slow, but deliberate manner, he unfolded a heartbreaking picture.

"We are a very poor and distressed people. Most of our business

activity is in the hands of the Chinese. To my sorrow I have to say, not many of my people show the inclination to become tradesmen. They are rather inclined to study and are usually very intelligent, but many are lazy. We are hardly able to earn a decent living. I have 9 children. My salary as municipal judge is 250 pesos a month. If I didn't own a few small parcels of land, which I rent on shares, I couldn't even feed my family. I want to give them, at least, a decent education.

Cesarario became a medical doctor only with our greatest personal sacrifices. Both of my daughters are teachers. Virgillio also chose the medical profession. Pompeo studies law. Both have to interrupt their studies to give Marcial a chance to go to the higher Seminary for 7 or 8 years for his ecclesiastical studies before he can be ordained as a priest. We need native priests so desperately. Our churches here are far too poor to support any student."

Mrs. Angco also wanted to explain, but she had difficulty expressing herself as she usually speaks the native tongue, called Tagelog, which is closely related to the language of the Malayas.

"When Cesarario had written to us how he met you in Milwaukee and you had mentioned you might visit Manila, the hearts of all of us jumped with joy. You became for us a new beacon of hope. We thought, you, Mrs. Baum, could influence American Catholics to come to our help. Marcial has to pay each year 900 pesos for seven or eight years, for books and food. This is three hundred dollars in your money. We could not find a benefactor who would lend us this amount. We have only a few native priests here who understand the people. Most of our priests came from Belgium or France. I still have three other boys at home and we wish to provide a better living for them. We haven't a church in Aurora Isabella."

I was deeply moved. Had I, as an American, not to show my good will and understanding? They all sat silent and in visible emotion.

Slowly I started to talk:

"I am not a Catholic and not wealthy either, but I recognize the dreadful poverty of your people and the sincerity of your plea. I have only a very modest income, besides age is approaching rapidly. I could save a few dollars and I could ask my friends and relatives for help. Something I have to do. I promise you Marcial, in seven or eight years you shall be ordained as a priest. Some way I will make it possible."

All had tears in their eyes, when I ended. Mrs. Angco came over to kiss me.

"I know, as a woman to a woman, I wouldn't beg in vain. As mother, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. May God Bless You."

Marcial knelt down at my side.

"Do not think I am extravagant. I want to devote my life to God and

my people. Therefore, I want to become a priest."

They brought me back to my boat. Next morning, Mrs. Angco, her brother, Marcial and Virgillio appeared at my stateroom and Mrs. Angco said:

"You made us so happy yesterday. Mr. Angco had to return to his office, but this morning we will take you to a place you did not see yesterday. We would like to show you Balara, where our water is filtered."

We rode through the wide country. There again the sight of the desolate bamboo huts stirred my compassion and the extreme contrast between wealth and destitution gave me a frightful demonstration of the plight of the Asiatic people. The filtration station is located amidst a hilly picnic ground with deep depressions and steep slopes. The latter were landscaped in terraces, profusely grown with delicately colored camellias, azeleas, carnations and roses. Hundreds of mostly young people walked around, sat on benches of the sizable amphitheater across a bandshell, probably used for public concerts. At another part of the ditch a huge swimming pool was crowded with swimmers. All signs pointed to a generous benefactor who had built this formidable construction and my opinion was confirmed when I heard that the American government had built this plant during the time they had occupied the islands. We visited still more nearby villages, before we had dinner at a Quezon restaurant.

At three P.M. I had to return to the boat. We had only a half mile to walk. Mrs. Angco whispered to me:

"Marcial would like to ask you for a favor."

"Tell me what it is," I responded.

"He is afraid to ask you. He would like to call you 'Mommy.' I, as his mother, would beg you to give him this permission."

"Why not? I would like it," I answered somewhat dumbfounded. It seemed like a new honor bestowed upon me, but for what reason? Meanwhile, we arrived at the boat. They could still stay more than an hour with me. Mrs. Angco told Marcial to give me the letters written to me. One was from Bishop Tuguegarco Caga-Yan—Emminence Teodolfe S. Domingo, addressed to me. The other was from the Rector of San Jacinto Seminary, Reverend Salvador Lazo. Both appealed for my help toward Marcial's finishing his preparation for the priesthood. I welcomed these letters as a means for a successful drive in Marcial's behalf. I would start immediately after my return to the States.

Then Marcial stepped toward me, putting his hands on both of my shoulders and with a voice that sounded like a distant cry, he said:

"Mommy, please, please help me, for God's sake and my own, I want to become a priest and live a life of devotion. I will never cease to thank

you for it, if you make it possible.”

The air was charged with emotion.

“Nobody shall beg me in vain,” and my own voice trembled. “I promise you to do what I can. I will pay for one-third of your education. For the other two-thirds, I will go begging even if I have to do it on my knees.”

Tears were in our eyes when we bade our last farewell. Embracing Marcial, I asked:

“May you pray for me that I may live to come back to you in eight years to witness your ordination as a priest. It shall be the happiest day of my life.”

TOWARDS HONG KONG

In the afternoon we sailed again. For many hours I stood at the upper deck, bending over the railing for the sharp breezes to cool my head and mind. Flashing recollections troubled my thoughts. Was I the victim of a well-thought-out plan? Had I been taken in by foolish emotions? My old habit of self-criticism brought the whole array of the unique experiences of the previous day before my inner scrutiny. Didn't my actions show a definite lack of practical realism? Hadn't I been too good-hearted to accept the burden of obligations which tied me down through the coming years? Would I be able to make the payments regularly without any income? Couldn't I use the money I promised to pay, for a better purpose? Had the Angco's considered me, from the beginning, to be an “Easy Mark?”

In this state of inner turmoil I remembered distinctly how, as a young teacher, I was always ready to sacrifice myself, how I was driven by an indomitable fire of idealism and an unsatiable drive to give. Hadn't I learned through all the years to adopt a more practical point of view? What if I had to go back on my promise? While I pondered and pondered these questions, I became more and more uneasy. I hadn't felt so miserable, so shaken-up for a long time. I couldn't find an answer.

Another thought had come to my mind with a clearing light. How would Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the great benefactor, have handled my situation? I knew the answer instantly. He wouldn't have left Marcial without hope.

So, I wasn't wrong after all, I had given Marcial hope. How easy one can be persuaded. I had promptly found consolation for my deeds, which others would have called foolish. Now I could at least sleep without a tormented conscience.

The sky was overcast when we arrived at Hong Kong. Breathlessly, I leaned on the railing. Such exalted beauty I had never seen before, such a glorious panorama. Between the Victoria Island and the Kowloon Peninsula spread Hong Kong, with its main business center framed by steep and rugged mountains. It looked like a dream of a new world. We had to anchor within the harbor, because docking expenses are prohibitive. All around us were motorboats called "Walla-Walla." They took us to the shore. What a delight to do window-shopping! What fascinating displays of merchandise! An eldorado for buyers! I knew I would be back from the fifth to the ninth of May on our return trip from Japan. I already had made reservations at the Astor Hotel.

TO JAPAN

Our departure from the harbor was delayed for 20 hours on account of a late arrival of cargo. In two days we would arrive in Osaka. We were first scheduled to dock at Kobe and my whole arrangement with the Japanese Travel Bureau, (I will refer to it as "J.T.B.") seemed to fall apart. We had to unload coal at a steel mill in Osaka. At Hong Kong Captain Holter informed us of the change. I had immediately sent an express letter to the "J.T.B." to avoid having my itinerary for Japan hopelessly spoiled. Although it was Sunday, the "J.T.B." was promptly at the dock at Osaka. As the agents could not drive onto the private grounds with their car, they had to carry my heavy luggage. There were no helpers or carriers. We had to crawl over rails and pilings for more than 300 yards until we reached the factory gates.

The agents brought me to the "J.T.B." headquarters where I was given the itinerary for the "Cherry Blossom Tour" in which I would participate. At two-thirty they drove me to the nearby railroad station to board the train to Tokyo. I was now at the beginning of my two weeks stay in Japan. How will I like it? What will I learn? One cannot judge fairly from a stay of such short duration. I was anxiously awaiting the following days. One observation I had already made: The J.T.B. worked fabulously.

From the window of the air conditioned train I could watch the countryside. It reminded me distinctly of my home country Austria. Mountain chains and rolling hills changed rapidly with level plateaus, carefully and meticulously planted in small patches of various grains and vegetables. I noticed many villages and towns and winding rivers, many of them protected from devastating floods by large bank-protecting walls. This gave the scenery a lovely pattern of diversity and made me aware of the fact that here lived a people of everlasting

diligence and inexhaustable vigor. One observation was rather disappointing. All the buildings wore a dirty brownish gray with no sign of an enlivening fresh color, although new buildings were painted immaculately white or pinkish gray.

The railways are seventy-five percent nationally owned and electrified. The trains are strictly modern and air conditioned. Even hearing aids for radio are adjusted to each seat; all seats are numbered and what I found most remarkable, the trains were always exactly on time and filled to capacity. One has to ask two days ahead of time for a reservation or one is left without transportation. Prices of meals were very low and the food delicious, even prepared in western style. From what I had seen while visiting the famous spots of the country, the Japanese are certainly a very well-traveled people, young and old alike.

My train arrived at exactly nine-twenty P.M. and I was promptly met there by an agent of the "J.T.B." and driven to the elegant Hotel New Japan. I was considerably impressed by its modern design and the comfortable room reserved for me. The agent gave me two airplane tickets which would be needed in India. To my dismay I instantly needed medical help for a bad case of hives. I had always enjoyed fish which was served with each main meal, but had lately noted a certain aversion toward it. A double injection for the allergy and a few pills brought instant relief.

Our Cherry Blossom Tour started early the next afternoon with a sightseeing drive through Tokyo proper. It is the largest city of the world with its nearly 11 million population. It had indeed a lot to offer. Our guide was young and sweet Kiusha, who spoke English very well. To tell all the things which aroused our interest would lengthen my story too much. I will reserve all the details for another book, in which I will describe the most outstanding scenes, the characteristics of the most prominent buildings, the living habits of the Japanese, their food, and industrial places we saw and the moments with a certain personal touch.

Naturally, the fine pagodas, temples, public buildings and historical monuments held all of us spellbound. The temples were crowded with pilgrims, most of them in national costumes. There also were school children led by their teachers. My original profession as a teacher broke through again. How I liked these groups of children, the girls in blue sailor dresses, the boys in black suits with a golden embroidery trim on the collar. The rosy cheeks of the girls with their black hair cut in neat bangs, with their ready smile on their faces gave me a special delight. I started a little game with these girls and repeated it at each temple and pagoda. I winked at them with one eye, then with the other. They winked back. Then I raised my arms, winked with two, three fingers at

them, with the whole hand and they responded and then we laughed at each other with our sweetest smiles and threw kisses at each other. What a lovely play of mutual understanding and love!

At the Yashima Plateau north of Takamatsu, the sister city of St. Petersburg, the girls encircled me, reached for my bare arms and kissed every spot of them and hugged me. All elderly people around were amazed, then surprised and clapped their hands. Many men and women came to shake hands with our party. It was all brought on by my facetious conduct. My judgment was right. One could easily find the way to the heart of other people, even a nation, with a little imagination and the kindness of a child's mind.

In the evening of our first day we attended Kukusai Theater and enjoyed The All Girl Light Opera, including a cast of 300, all adorned in priceless and colorful costumes of extraordinary quaintness. The show could favorably compete with any performance of Radio City in New York.

Next on the schedule was a visit to Nikko, where we saw the fabulous Yomenion Gate and the Shrine of Toshogu. The drive to Lake Chuzenji, 4194 feet above sea level on the Irohazaka, a steep mountain road, with over 30 hairpin curves brought us right to the "Japanese Alps" and Mount Mantai. Its 8100 feet summit showed us its original crater formation. The gigantic 1000 feet Kegan waterfall took me back to my Austrian mountain world.

Kamakura with its Daibutso Buddha, forty-two feet high, was another puzzle. Where was the temple? The enclosure was carried away by a tidal flood in 1495. We were on the way to Mayanoshita in the heart of the Fuji-Hakone National Park. Here is set Lake Hakone like a jewel among the hills and we marveled at the inverted reflection of Mount Fuji. Many lakes surround the mount, although none as brilliant as Lake Hakone, but we could see Fuji from all sides. The whole region is marked by famous health resorts and it is densely populated.

At Numata, we left by express train for Kyoto, another huge city, called the cradle of the culture of ancient Japan. As the former Capital city it is the historic center of Japan. It reflects the splendor of the Imperial Palace and the numerous famous shrines and temples. We especially admired the enormous colorful gardens surrounding these places.

Our tour led us then to Nara, the capital of Japan. In 710 A.D. fire had destroyed many historical buildings. Deer Park and Kasuga Shrine caught our special interest. At the Todaija Temple, we stood before the colossal golden Image of Buddha, weighing nearly 500 tons. The temple is the oldest and largest wooden building in the world.

We had another surprise. We attended the Kaburenden Theater to enjoy the Cherry Blossom Dance and were entertained at a Sukijaki dinner, prepared before our eyes, by two Geisha Girls. They played

their string instruments and sang national songs. We sat on pillows around a very short-legged table, dreaming strange dreams. The tour should have ended at Tokyo, but I had plans for an additional trip for the Inland Sea tour, which would bring me to Takamatsu and the Yashima Plateau. I would then board the luxury liner *Orcadia* at Kobe to sail to Hong Kong.

From Kyoto we went with a huge excursion boat direct to Takamatsu. Here we stayed over night at a typical Japanese Inn. At the entrance we had to remove our shoes as we did at the different shrines and temples. Slippers were standing ready for us. At the anteroom of my sleeping compartment I even had to dispense with my slippers and walk in my stocking feet. My quarters consisted really of two rooms, divided by paper screen doors. In the first room was only a dresser-like piece of furniture and a large round table, its legs only one foot high. The other compartment showed only a short-legged table.

Where is my bed? I asked myself, doubtfully. I had to sit on a pillow on the floor, supposedly with crossed legs, but my badly injured knees didn't allow me such an awkward position and I felt chilly besides. I couldn't ask the attending woman. She couldn't understand me. She motioned with hand signs to extend my legs under the table. From a hole under the table spread some warm air up from a charcoal pot. I investigated the rooms in the absence of the attendant. I noticed a paper screen door leading to a densely grown garden. Then I figured how cold the poor people must feel in the wintertime with only charcoal pots heating their feet.

The attendant came back to prepare my bed. Where in the world was it? I should soon know. I saw her pushing the table aside and a wall from the compartment side. There was a big storage space, filled with folded thin mattresses, quilts, covers, pillows and sheets. She piled three mattresses on each other and finished the bed with a linen covered silken quilt. My dinner would be served on a low table, but I preferred to go to the grill room and dine with the other guests. Meanwhile, my guide Yukata Hirato, a young university student, returned to the inn after he had placed my two traveling companions, two gentlemen from New Zealand, at another inn. I invited Yukata to enjoy the dinner with me, but he confided shyly:

"I wouldn't know how to handle knives and forks, I would feel terribly embarrassed."

"Just watch me!" I encouraged him, and we both enjoyed the delicious *filet-mignon*, prepared in western style.

I slept fairly well on those piled up mattresses and was ready early in the morning for the tour to the Yashima Park. The cable car was filled with school children and soon a big crowd was assembled on the wide

plateau. I took many pictures and the winking game developed into a huge success. The many kisses I received gave me a silent assurance, that East and West can find understanding through the mind of unspoiled youth.

The panorama unfolding before me was breathtaking, so magnificent, so overwhelming was the beauty of the scenery. Hundreds of islands rose from the glimmering sea. Their shorelines looked like wreaths wound around the heads of imaginary water queens. The larger mountain chains were dotted with lovely villages. Along the shore nestled towns and settlements and between them extended the neat squares of carefully cultivated land. At our feet we noticed the enormous casemats, indicating the places for artificial oysterbeds which would produce the cultivated pearls. Here we could marvel at the glory of nature.

But the walk down to the shore took several miles. It was a painful exercise for my poor, once smashed legs. I felt richly compensated to find at the sea level a magnificent park with gold fish tumbling and lustily jumping in little rivulets. After lunch we had to leave for the Takamatsu pier to board the ferry which would bring us back to Kyoto.

A big crowd had assembled at the ferry pier and I wanted to find out what was the cause of this tumultuous commotion. I wandered around to look for my guide Yukata Hirata. I heard some people talking English.

"The ferry which should bring you to Uno on the other side of the shore is making her bridal trip," a well dressed Japanese said in broken English.

A large ball measuring at least two yards in diameter all covered with white and pink chrysanthemums was on the roof of the ferry. Paper streamers, hundreds of them, festooned from the pier to the ferry railing. So they were celebrating the maiden trip of the ferry. Then I saw Yukata hurrying towards me.

"Mrs. Baum, Mrs. Baum," he cried excitedly. "A newspaperman wants to interview you."

A young, bespeckled Japanese with a recording box dangling from his shoulder, followed him.

"To interview me? Why?" I asked him with an unmistakable thrill in my voice. The reporter didn't understand English, but Yukata made a perfect interpreter. Now the questioning began.

"Why are you here in Japan and from where do you come?"

"I come from St. Petersburg, Florida, United States of America and I come strictly for pleasure."

"How do you like it here?"

"I am immensely delighted with the beauty of your country, and

your city shows a dynamic, industrial power.”

“What did you especially appreciate here?”

“I found the congeniality and kindness of your people, indeed, most outstanding.”

“What did you like best?”

“Your children have won my heart completely. I am immensely proud of your absolutely surprising achievements and want to congratulate your whole Nation for your success. May God and Buddha bless forever your future,” I concluded solemnly.

This was an exciting moment and I must have beamed. The people around us, foreigners and Japanese, started to applaud.

“They all like you,” Yukata whispered into my ear.

A band started to play—and what of all melodies; “The Waves of the Danube,” the tune of beautiful Vienna.

People filling the hallways streamed through a small gateway to the ferry, the last one was the Captain, after he had made a short speech. The engines throbbed—the big flowery ball on the roof of the boat opened and released a dozen white doves which rose gaily into the air. The sound of the Danube Waltz still filled the atmosphere. I was standing at the railing, grasping a dozen streamers and swinging them to the cadences, and all the other people did the same thing. The tunes electrified the air; the paper strips floated in the light breeze and in an undescrivable enthusiasm they clapped and tried to shake my hand.

What magnetized these men and women to such a frenzy? Was it the music? Or my temperament, my visible joy of life? I had bade Yukata good bye quietly after I had thanked him warmly for his splendid service. I really missed this affable boy who had been so anxious to please me.

I sat with my two companions from New Zealand and we had an extremely interesting discussion about the economic, political and social life in their country, but their dialect made it difficult for me to understand them easily.

At Kyoto I was again promptly met by a representative of the “J.T.B.” and driven to the hotel. The following two days I went on shopping sprees, visited one of the largest department stores, the Demaru; compared their prices with those of the same goods in America. My observation was quite surprising. Fruit prices were exceedingly high, also prices for hosiery and clothing, but toys, watches and chinaware seemed very inexpensive. I made several purchases of cultivated pearls, dolls and cloisonne articles. I visited two factories, one where they manufactured laquerware and another for embroidery. It was often raining.

Another agent of the “J.T.B.” called for me Sunday morning at the

hotel to take me by auto to Kobe. Now I knew, the "J.T.B." was absolutely dependable and my respect for their outstanding efficiency became very profound.

BACK TO HONG KONG

When I finally stepped on board the luxury liner *Orcades*, I felt intensely relieved. I had successfully completed an important part of my journey. Nearly 900 passengers crowded the *Orcades*. Its generous facilities promised me great comfort. I found lovely partners at my dining table, an elderly lady from California who had seven times before circled the globe, and a young couple from Bombay, India. Already four years married and without children, they considered this journey their honeymoon trip. They were Shapiro and Paravaz Irani.

I was immediately fascinated by the classic beauty of Paravaz, but Shapiro too attracted me intensely. His big dark shining eyes, his strong features marked him as a man of strong character and high intelligence. He could lead one interesting conversation after another. During the few days we had become devoted friends and when we departed at Hong Kong, I had to promise them to call them when I had arrived at Bombay.

Paravaz told me with a mischievous smile:

"I don't know why, but I love you Andrea as if you would be my older sister. You must come to see us and do not disappoint us. We have to see you again."

"I just feel the same about you, Paravaz. My love for you will bring a reunion; you can be sure about that."

While disembarking at Hong Kong, a perfect stranger, Mr. Chew, a Chinese businessman, approached me and offered his help. I had trouble collecting all my luggage, so I accepted and he collected the missing pieces in the custom house; offered to select different materials I wanted to purchase and assured me I would also receive the government certificate that all the goods I bought were not manufactured in China. This is our import provision for trading in Hong Kong. Mr. Chew was also a famous guide. On the two following days he drove me to the distinguished places not only of the Island of Victoria with its largest city Hong Kong, but also around Kowloon Peninsula, part of the mainland with its territories.

From Victoria Park I gained a breath-taking view of a scenic panorama of exciting splendor. The magnificent harbor below, the countless hills and heights, the thousands of sampans and boats dancing on the dark-green waters; tiny islands spotting the sea. It took us a whole day

to see the famous Tiger King Palm Garden, Repulse Bay, Aberdeen, the oldest home for fisher folks with floating restaurants, moored in mid stream. We came to the Chinese border with No-Mans land in between, where only a few farmers are settled. We also saw Kam-Tin, the miniature "Walled City."

When I returned to the hotel I found the message that my boat, the M.S. Tai Ping, would sail two days earlier than scheduled. I had to hurry to make all my purchases. A tender delivered me to the Tai Ping, a noble 9000 ton ship, much more modern than the Oakville. On board I was told, on the next forenoon we would arrive at Bangkok for a twenty-four hour stay.

ON THE TAI PING TO SINGAPORE

There were only 4 passengers besides me on the boat. Early in the morning, we entered the Menong River and followed to Bangkok. Along the river lay huts and villages. Here were fruit and vegetables marketed with other produce of this district. After the ship docked I looked for a taxi to visit the city. Bangkok is known for its many monasteries and the serious devotion of its citizens to serve at least several years of their lives as monks.

I wanted to see all the temples and palaces possible in the short time allotted. I was intensely impressed at Wat Phro Keo, the temple of the Emerald Buddha, Wat Arun, the temple of Dawn with its hundreds of golden Buddhas, dainty towers, sculptured animal groups, the fiercely looking guard statues and the priceless sculptures in mother-of-pearl. One shrine was more interesting than the other, but the oppressive heat, the ceaseless walking, searching, observing, made me very tired.

Next forenoon we left for Singapore. When we arrived there, the shipping agent came on board and brought a disappointing message. The M.V. Fernhill, with which we should have proceeded the following day was four days late. She was first due May 19th, and would in all probability not leave the port before May 22nd. The Fernhill would hardly be able to reach Colombo, Ceylon, on June 2nd and this day my plane was due for the flight to Bombay. I was supposed to start the conducted tour from Bombay to New Delhi, Jaipur, Agra, Benares and Calcutta on June 5th and take another plane there on June 13th to Madras and on June 14th fly back to Ceylon. On June 17th I would board the M.V. Glenville for the trip back to New York.

So far, all travel terms had, with exception of the Kobe-Osaka landing, coincided with my itinerary. Now my whole India tour became questionable; besides all extra expenses had been prepaid. A return of

the ticket money could only be expected with little likelihood. I had good reason to be disturbed and discontented. Yet, I had learned through years of strife and failure to take the unavoidable with stoic calm.

Instantly I sent an air-mail letter to Everett's Travel Service in New Delhi, also to the Indian Air-Line administration at Colombo, to inform them of the probable change in the vessels sailing time and had now to depend on my lucky star and good luck while keeping my fingers crossed.

I called upon the Everett Travel Service in Singapore to arrange a sightseeing tour through Singapore and the islands and a trip to Baru on the Malayan mainland. At the same time I mentioned the difficulties I encountered with my Indian tour, hoping they might be able to adjust it as their headquarters were in New Delhi.

What I had seen so far of Singapore, the Lion City, was enormously delightful. Only one degree north of the earth's Equator (70 miles), it is one of the world's greatest ports. Located on an island, it has a magnificent harbor and is a meeting place and central market for all the rich lands of South Asia. Its shipping tonnage (at the time of my trip in 1961) was the second largest of the world with over 40,000 vessels, totaling almost 70 million net tons.

On the waterfront were vessels of every size and description; from tiny one-man sampans to tramp steamers, from junks, the unhandy Chinese flat boats, to luxury yachts, huge ocean liners to elegant speedy motor and ferry boats.

The majority of the city's population is made up of 80% Chinese, Malaysians, Australians, Indians or Eurasians, who all enjoy favorable living conditions, good housing, hospitals, fine schools and a highly advanced Social Welfare activity Raffles. But in contrast to the tall modern buildings, rising to imposing heights, there are found many overcrowded tenement houses, many shacks in the still remaining slums.

Noteworthy is Singapore's noisy Chinatown and its teeming population. These districts are recognized by the immense upright signboards, covered with Chinese inscriptions in front of each business place. But there is another remarkable part of this city arousing attention—the Saga Lanes—the death houses. Because the living quarters of the Chinese are extremely overcrowded, the elaborate traditional burial ceremonies cannot take place in the homes of the deceased. All night, relatives, neighbors and friends watch. Even the dying are brought there, women are crying and lamenting, men sitting outside, playing Mah Jongg and drinking merrily. Shaven headed monks and nuns are continuously in attendance and burn little paper air planes, cars or

houses, so that the deceased may receive them in the other world.

I also visited the Haw Par Villa, one of the many residences the Tiger Balm King built in various cities. He manufactured the Tiger Balm, a salve or ointment which had made him fabulously rich. This Villa contains the most exclusive collection of fantastically beautiful jade, ivory, crystal figurines, vases bowls and dishes worth many million dollars.

On the way to Jahore and Baru, we visited vast botanical gardens and several rubber plantations. We made little cuts into the thin bark of the rubber trees and out poured a thick milky juice. On each tree is hanging a small tin cup into which the milk is dripping. One cutter can handle 300 trees a day and receives for his work 3 Malayan or one American dollar as his daily wage. We crossed the Jahore bridge or Jahore causeway into Malaya, saw the fine palace of the Sultan and a gorgeous mosque, many flags of different colors and nations fluttering in the wind. The driver told me:

"The flags show the Sultan is at home and not visiting any other state. He is the present head of the nine Malayan States. Every 5 years another Sultan is taking the reigns."

"Thank you for your valuable information. We cannot learn enough on such a trip." I said praisingly.

But on the evening of May 19 I met with a very unfortunate accident. After I had visited Saga Lane in the merciless heat of 118 degrees, I rested in my air-conditioned room and did some writing. There was no ice water anymore in my thermos bottle and I rang for the servant. He didn't come, therefore, I grasped the bottle to call for him.

Stepping outside on the floor—seemingly newly waxed, lay a flimsy doormat. As soon as I stepped on it, it slipped away from under my feet and threw me face down onto the stone floor. My eyeglasses flew away. The water pitcher tumbled noisily down the stairway. What miraculous luck I had in my misfortune! The eyeglasses would have smashed right into my eyes and would have blinded me for the rest of my life. I would have suffered the biggest calamity. At my cry for help servants came running. I rose hurriedly, ran into the bathroom to wash off the blood and to look into the mirror at myself and the damage done. But I didn't believe it was I who looked from the mirror. I had a five inch cut above my left eye. The right cheek was swollen up fist high. Blood poured from my mouth and nose and the forehead. A deep purple color stretched over my face and neck. The housekeeper, the manager and the cook's wife came running. Servants brought ice and towels. I made ice-packs only to change them when they were drenched with blood. The housekeeper said:

"I called the hotel physician, Doctor Marshall (the brother of the former Prime Minister of Singapore) but I couldn't reach him."

It took one hour before they could establish connections. The manager insisted upon bringing me to the hospital.

"But who will pay the hospital bills?" I retorted quickly.

"You had such a flimsy doormat on the newly waxed floor instead of a heavy carpet. Be glad that I am so decent not to sue you for the injury, which was caused by your negligence. You better change this doormat immediately, before another accident happens. Another victim will not be as easy going as I. He will hand a lawsuit on your neck."

"Do not worry about any hospital expenses," the manager agreed meekly. "We will pay for the hospital."

Meanwhile the doctor arrived. I had held the two ice-packs like the blinders on a horse bridle over my eyes. But when the doctor stepped into the room and towards me, I lifted the two ice-packs like two flaps and called loud:

"Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Peak a Boo."

Everyone turned towards me and laughed, and despite all the soreness of my face I laughed too. The doctor seemed perplexed. He said:

"You certainly show your humor at the right time. I never saw a woman who could turn a calamity into a ball. We will take you instantly to the hospital. I am not able to sew the wound in this room. Around eleven P.M. I will be there and we will also take an X-Ray to find out whether the cheek bone is broken."

The housekeeper and the first cook's wife accompanied me to the hospital, after I declined to go in an ambulance. An Indian Sheikh with a big gray beard was also wearing a high turban on his head—he was the driver of the taxi. They brought me to the Gleneagles Sanatorium formerly a hotel and located amidst a lovely park. At eleven P.M. Dr. Marshall returned. I was wheeled into the operating room and the doctor applied the necessary stitches, without a local anesthetic.

"I see you can take it," the doctor remarked with a dry grin. "Tomorrow at ten A.M. we will take an X-Ray of your cheek; if there is no serious injury you can return at noon to the hotel."

The X-Ray must not have shown a bone fracture, because the housekeeper called shortly before noon at the hospital. As soon as I arrived at the hotel, there was a call for me from the shipping agency. The secretary of the Harrison-Crofield Company announced:

"By eight P.M. tonight you have to be at the boat. We will sail tomorrow morning. Hold on to the phone. Dr. Vance, a passenger on your ship, wants to speak to you."

The sonorous voice of a gentleman came through the receiver.

"Mrs. Baum, I heard of your mishap. We will certainly do everything

to relieve your misery. I am a physician and ready to give you my assistance."

"Many thanks!" I called back. "Tell the captain I will be there on time."

This was Dr. Vance, the famous radiologist and professor of Radiology of Harvard University. He had just recently retired. And now curiously it affected me! On the 21st of May we sailed on the thirteenth anniversary of my horrible auto accident, my husband killed and I almost mortally injured. The memory of these ghastly hours made me tremble.

At seven-thirty P.M. I climbed up the gangplank of the Fernhill. Suddenly I felt awkwardly self-conscious about my appearance. My face was all distorted; the right cheek protruding two inches, large blood blisters on both sides of my nose. From the forehead to the chest my skin was colored red-blue-purple, like the backside of a Mandrill, the ferocious baboon. Not far away stood two men waiting for me.

I cried to them: "Please do not look at me. I am too beautiful." I didn't want to accept pity. I covered my face with my handkerchief and shook hands with the captain and Dr. Vance. The next morning we reached Fort Swentenham. The Captain suggested a tour to Kuala Lampur, the Capital of the Malayan States.

"It will take us a full day to take on all the cargo and you will not regret the excursion. The agent of the Travel Bureau is already on board."

My guide was a young and handsome Moslem: Abdul Hamid Hassan. As soon as we had agreed on the fare, we set out into the country. We passed through rice fields and cocoa groves and soon reached a sizable town.

"This is Kang and here I was born," Abdul said. He had already confessed he would love to come to America to study.

"What will you show me today?" I asked; eager with interest.

He replied:

"It will be a rubber factory, a new mining town and a tin smelter, also the mosques and palaces of Kuala Lampur."

"I am eager to see all of them."

Soon we stood before a sizable factory building and many others stretched in the background, all fenced in. We entered one of them. It contained a long hall with many big tanks.

Abdul explained: "You said you had visited a rubber plantation in the State of Singapore. You remember the little tin cups hanging on the trees and how they are filled with a thickly flowing milky substance. This milk is continuously collected and delivered to the factory; thrown into these tanks, mixed with ammonia acid and water and stirred and

stirred until it forms a heavy pulp. After the doughlike mass is sufficiently diffused, they push plastic one inch thick plates into the bulk, to divide it into sheaves. As soon as the mass is hardened, the plates are removed, the sheaves lifted out, rolled and mangled to squeeze the remaining water out. The sheaves are then hung over a towel-horse like stand to complete the drying.

"Meanwhile the rubber sheaves had become much thinner and smaller. To prevent the rubber substance from spoiling, the sheets are smoked in big smoke houses and afterwards sorted to quality; first class sheaves are tied into 225 bales of 160 lbs."

Abdul must have worked before in such a factory. He seemed entirely familiar with the process, because his explanation was so easily comprehended. After a drive of another 10 miles we came to a new and modern city spread over the level land and adjacent hills.

"This is Pathaling Jaja, the new town for the Tin production. Let's go over to the high building with the enormous cranes reaching over its roof. There they lift the tin containing sand out of the mining holes. The sand is washed down on screens of different width and the remaining tin delivered to the melting sheds at our right. The noise of the activated machinery made it hard to hear Abdul's words. On a hill close by stood several huge administration buildings and the valley was crowded with cute pink, blue or yellow colored houses where the workers lived. Instantly I remembered the drab-looking Japanese villages and wished secretly the Japanese would learn from the Malaysians to make their homes more attractive.

Soon we arrived at Kuala Lumpur. How amazed I was over the enchanting scenery! The architectural beauty of the buildings, the stately mosques, the well-groomed streets! The moorish style of the buildings fitted perfectly into the exotic character of the country. The creations seemed like monuments for exalted purposes, the lavish decorations like outlets for a fantastic mind. It excited me beyond description.

"I never saw such charm and beauty expressed in stone," I cried out in my excitement, "I never expected such elaborate beauty, such exquisite taste and grandeur in a town so far off the prominent centers of culture." My surprise was genuine and emphatic when I noticed several ultra-modern skyscrapers.

Abdul congratulated me: "You delight me also by your enthusiasm and your appreciation."

We drove later on to the zoo. A number of jungle kings, lions, tigers, leopards and many others rested quietly in their cages, but the exotic birds in the birdhouse started instantaneously to shout, hiss, cry, raising a deafening clamor.

"Is this your welcome greeting?" I shrieked and hollered in my

loudest voice. "I can still do better than you." Abdul laughed himself hoarse and joined in my cries.

"This was my jolliest hour in years!" Abdul admitted. We both were well pleased with our outing and Abdul said to me when we bade good-bye after our return to Fort Swantenham:

"I will never forget you, Mrs. Baum."

SUMATRA

Our next stop was Belawan on the island of Sumatra. The dock was filled with vessels. We had to anchor and wait our turn.

"How long will it take us to come on line?" I asked nervously. The date of June 2nd hung threateningly before my mind. "Four or five days, probably even longer," the Captain answered.

"The conditions in the ports of Indonesia are simply hopeless," the Captain explained. "No space for docking and the custom authorities so spiteful that we have all reasons to fear these ports. Belawan or Belawang is our worst bottle-neck of all traffic centers."

Every day I kept asking the Captain: "When will we sail?" and daily I got the same answer: "Probably tomorrow."

Finally, on the sixth day of waiting, our vessel proceeded to the wharf. Immigration and health officers came on board to inspect our passports and vaccination cards. Dr. Vance asked the doctor who functioned as the health officer if he would remove the stitches from the healed wound.

"I have no instruments with me, but the threads have to be pulled out. Otherwise they could cause an infection."

The health officer agreed. "Come at 2 P.M. to my office." On the way to the office we had to pass the police shed. The policeman asked harshly:

"How much money have you with you?" He grasped my handbag and searched it. "We will keep it until you return from the doctor." These were the methods of Communistic Indonesia. At the doctor's office were at least forty people waiting for an examination, all very poorly dressed, some with bandages. I was ordered ahead of the group. The doctor stepped out of the door and led me along a garden path to another cottage in the rear of the main building, divided partly by a partition wall into two spaces. Behind the dividing wall stood a bedlike shelf of stone and a protruding cornice ran along the walls. On this cornice stood an assembly of bottles, bowls, glasses and trays. Loose cotton was strewn in between dressing material, instruments were in a wild array. Without washing his hands or dipping the open lying pincers

and scissors into alcohol, he ordered me to lay down on the bare stone slab and started to remove the stitches without cutting the knots of the tied ends of the thread.

"Oh, please," I whimpered in pain. "Don't handle me so roughly! You hurt me terribly. Why don't you cut the threads first before you pull them? The scissors are lying there."

Without dipping them in alcohol, he used them and the pulling didn't hurt anymore. How could one expect such unsanitary conditions, such primitive performance from a health officer? The poor people which had to be satisfied with such a service! When I returned to the boat I picked up my handbag. Thank God, nothing was missing.

In the early morning hours we left the harbor to sail towards the lovely island of Penang on the northern west coast of the peninsula. Again I was writing to the shipping agent to do everything in his power to keep the terms of the itinerary intact and to notify the Colombo airport and the Indian airline to arrange for a flight on June 3rd, if I could reach Ceylon on time.

TO PENANG

Docking at Penang was easy. The travel bureau agent came on board and I could arrange for a sightseeing tour. Joseph was the name of my guide, an affable elderly man to whom I took a liking for his willingness to please me. He confided he was a staunch Catholic, that he had four children and found it hard to make a living for him and his family.

Penang is one of the loveliest islands on the Malayan coast and as a freeport a very important trading center. Located among tropical greenery from the very water's edge to the distant hills, it offers indeed an unforgettable sight. George Town is the largest city with treelined streets, fine temples and buildings which are the pride of the city. Along the shore, many houses are built on stilts into the sea. We visited among others the Snake Temple, about 9 miles from George Town, dedicated to Chor Soo King. The Buddha statue stands with other figures behind a wall of glass, surrounded by groups of snakes and snakes were all over, on the flower pots, table legs and crawled out of big vases. Hundreds of poisonous vipers, stunned and stupefied by incense steadily burning in big saucers or on sticks, moved from one place to the other. The large hall was dark. An attendant lifted a huge pot outside filled with snakes, for me to take a better picture of the creatures in the sunlight.

We drove through wide coconut palm groves. At one place it smelled strongly of mash. A government establishment brewed here Toddy-

Toddy, the coconut milk wine. A worker passed a mug around which he had filled with mash. First he fished the flies and insects from the fluid with his fingers. It tasted peculiar, but Joseph liked it. Right where we stood, he pulled a grass-like blade with the root from a plant and rubbed it between his fingers -it smelled like citron. It was citron grass. He also showed me Durien and Rambuten fruit trees, Japanese roses, tapioca plants, Fench Pains, a tree with immense large white blossoms, also a vegetable called Drumbsteck. We visited two more Buddha temples, they all swarmed with people.

A cloudburst had just occurred and we were glad to find shelter from the deluge. Joseph explained:

"Today is Buddha's birthday. All the people are fed free by the temple monks."

All over in the long wide halls people sat, happily eating. Many hunched on small carpets, or on the stone squares, with their shoes removed. Here stood on big pillars six marble images of Buddha. Clouds of foggy smoke rose from incense sticks all around the base, enveloping the Buddha heads, the worshippers, standing, kneeling or praying, a scene of erratic strangeness and mystic holiness.

Although it started again to rain, Joseph brought me safely to the boat where they were just finishing their dinner.

"Could Joseph have something to eat?" I asked the Captain. "Give him whatever he wants," replied the kind Captain. The steward filled a big paper bag with food for Joseph's children.

"You made me very happy," my guide said and joy was all over his face.

We took two other passengers on board, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson from California, who wanted to return to America, a very congenial couple.

Exactly June 2nd at 9:30 A.M. we landed at Galle on the southcoast of Ceylon. A taxi brought me the 75 miles to Colombo. I had to go through extremely strict custom inspection but left part of my luggage at Harrison-Grofield's shipping agency and again took a taxi to the airport, one hour before my plane was due. I felt immensely relieved and finally freed from nagging anxiety.

INDIA

On the way to Bombay, my plane had to stop for several hours at Madras, where I had again to endure a nasty group of inspectors. Now I found myself in India, in the land, which through all my life had appeared to me like a fantastic eldorado. At ten P.M. we landed at the Bombay airport and lodged in the Airline Hotel. Tired, exhausted, but

deeply satisfied to have overcome all nerve-wracking obstacles, I had finally succeeded in reaching Bombay at the correct time.

I had read many books on India; the cradle of the Aryan race; about its fabulous cities; its glorious history, its crowded counties, its poor, ill-fed starving population. What I had read, was only a pale image of the reality. When I recognized the high intelligence of the Indians, their religious compassion, the effects of the British rule, their courageous struggle to meet the terms of their second and third Five-Year Plan, they proved to the world the proud facts their precious independence.

A warm love dwells in my heart for this marvelous country. I am trying to find a formidable way, to express my feelings, my findings in the same noble way, as its conditions presented themselves to me. For this purpose, it is an elementary necessity to come into close contact with the people themselves and their intimate family life. Many travelers are not able to establish such contacts. But I was fortunate to find Indian friends. This made me eager to effect such proximity immediately after my arrival in Bombay.

First I had to call Everett's Travel Bureau to assure a smooth fulfillment of my arrangements for a tour through India. I felt very sorry not to see the Himalaya region, Dardjeling for instance, which I had originally planned. But the time element forced me to reduce the schedule. As I was now on time I had no difficulty to proceed with the planned tour.

More important was to call Shapiro and Paravaz Irani, my lovely friends from the Orcades. They had stolen themselves directly into my heart. I had Shapiro's telephone number, but didn't know that he lived more than a hundred miles north of Bombay. I had to call them long distance and found Shapiro there. He was so happily surprised that he received my call that I could notice it in his voice.

"How glad I am to hear from you. As soon as possible we will leave here. Expect me tomorrow morning if not tonight."

Around six P.M. they knocked on my door. Paravaz, as pretty as ever in her flesh-red sari, flew into my arms. She kissed me with such warmth as if she had known me all her life. She brought a huge bouquet of white lilies, which smelled like the finest perfume and Shapiro offered me a big basket of fruit, setting it on my table: mangos, oranges, lemons and bananas.

"They are from my farm," he said proudly. From the glittering fire in his large black eyes I could read how delighted he was to greet me. Never before in my life had I been taken in my somebody with such a natural force as this couple had. We enjoyed every minute of our reunion. Shapiro suggested he would call for me at nine A.M. for a whole day's outing.

"How happy you two make me. I cannot describe it," I said in excitement.

It was a day of rare enchantment, of a mysterious closeness of souls. Shapiro had wisely planned every hour of the precious day. First to visit the State Dairy Farm, twenty-three miles from Bombay. Coming from a dairy State like Wisconsin, how eager I was to see how an Indian farm was operated. I was amazed about what I learned. The entire project is a new achievement of India's new Agricultural Department. We visited the barns which housed several thousand cattle, mostly water buffalos whose milk is especially rich in fat. They are fed in stanchions, but they missed the self-feeding watercups and there were no troughs to hold the solid food. New pastureland had been cultivated on the otherwise arid ground.

At least 20,000 people had tickets or were in groups to inspect the grounds. When we succeeded in getting into the main building where the milk was pasteurized, we found an intense interest among the people for the explanations which were freely given by the employees. But the whole pasteurizing plant could not compare in size or modernity with any of the medium American dairies. The attempt of the Indian Government to erect such an enterprise, especially as a station for extensive agricultural experimentation is in itself highly praiseworthy. After a little refreshment we hurried back to the car. The heat had become very oppressive and Shapiro wanted to show me other interesting places. I wanted to buy a sari or two, but it was Sunday and all the stores were closed.

"In one of the little country stores we will find one," Paravaz assured me. We took dinner in a small provincial town and there was a tent store. I choose the material and Paravaz promised, "I will show you how to wind the material around your body."

We visited a lovely pagoda, a museum, an aquarium which showed excellent specimens of flying fish and porpoises.

"To give you a complete impression of the intimate life of our cities, I will show you a very sad part of it," Shapiro said. He brought me into Bombay's Red-Light district, to see the prostitutes hanging out of the windows of their living quarters. It was an obscene sight. Many showed their exposed breasts or sat with lewdly crossed legs within the door frames, fixing their wily stares at the passing men.

"This looks frightful," I confessed. "It makes me aware how economic misery affects the moral of the people. I hope not the majority of the people have such low standards."

But Shapiro explained, "They forbade open prostitution several years ago, but the rate of victims of venereal diseases increased so rapidly, that they had to put prostitution under police control. This is

the result. All these women bear registration cards and they have to submit to regular medical inspection. But these unfortunate women are often times the only breadearners in their family and they keep them from starving."

I shuddered. When I was a member of the City Council of Villach—from 1918 to 1921—we were plagued with the same problem. So I knew from experience, how intricate and sometimes monstrous the needs of a city can be.

Twice we went along the Marine Drive, which disclosed the unsurpassed beauty of the Bombay Harbor district. Unbelievable masses of people filled all the walks and beaches, squares and slopes. People looking for a cool spot, people tired of their crowded or small houses, desiring the free open spaces nature could offer.

Shapiro brought me later to the home of Paravaz's parents. Her mother, although more aged, showed the same noble lines in her face as her daughter. Her husband, Mr. Irani, whose family had fled from Iran (during its revolution) to India, seemed to be a typical Parsi with a strong face and body. They were admitted, but never could get Indian citizenship.

It would be too much to explain the different faiths and religions I found in India, Hinduism, Buddhism, Shintoism, Janism, Shikism and Moslimism, but the Iranians belong to none of them. They adhere to the faith of Zoroaster, the old Persian religion of Light. The Parsis or Iranians obey the beautiful ethical precepts of their religion. They are active, laborious, patient, generous and free from selfseeking. One finds no extreme poverty among them and they suffer little from the plague. The latest census shows a diminishing of this intelligent and progressive community.

The flourishing condition of Bombay's prosperity is based on the levelheaded commercial enterprises of the Parsi and their industry. They fled from Persia in consequence of the Persecution of the Mohammedanic Kaleph Omar, 642 A.D. The Mohammedanian surpressed them bitterly and they found protection first under British rule. They still cling tenaciously to their former ruler. All Parsis have to use the same surname, Irani, and can never receive an Indian passport or become naturalized citizens of India.

Paravaz introduced me to her parents and oldest brother: Behrooz S. Irani, a tall and very handsome young Parsi, who was in a few months expecting his diploma as a doctor of medicine. His behavior was so full of social charm that I had constantly to listen to his stories of his different hobbies, one of them collecting of editorials, prominent articles of newspapers and magazines. He had pasted them all neatly in large books, dozens of them.

"You can call them accumulated wisdom," I teased.

He gave me two yearbooks of the University. In both were articles printed, written by him. What a remarkable young man! He had taken top honors of his class.

I didn't know then that our friendship would bloom into a wonderful blossom and that in 1967 he would make the dream of his life come true to see America and visit me in the fairyland of Florida. But these are the climaxes of life and only few are able and fortunate to reach them. He gave me his picture. On the card he sent me to Colombo (Ceylon) he wrote:

"We all consider it a great honor and privilege to know you. We will never forget you. Each one has his own reason to remember you. I, for one, for your splendid white hair and teen-age girl in the 77 year old body. God Bless You."

Before we had lunch at Irani's place, Paravaz assisted me in putting on one of the sari's I had bought. I took pictures and I felt like one of these people, made from the same fiber.

Towards evening we went again along the Marine Drive, passing the ridges and slopes of the Cumbulle and Malabe hills, where the charming homes of Bombay's well-to-do residents are found, then up to the Hanging Gardens. It is difficult to believe that this part of Bombay was reclaimed from the sea only twenty-five years ago. The hustling crowds, the many carriages make one realize the mass of humanity which forms this land. The road wound to a beautiful plateau, surrounded by the finest park.

From the height one can view a panorama of an exalted luster and extreme splendor. The Crowpathy Beach beneath the faint hills in the distance; the beautiful bay; studded green islands, the myriads of lights from the Marine Driveway produce an image of a string of miraculous pearls. It is aptly called: "The Queen's Necklace."

Near the Hanging Gardens is the Kamala Nehru Park, a veritable fairyland and it is illuminated on weekends. A delight for children is the huge "Mother Hubbards Shoe" and the nearby Buabulnath and Mahalashini and a Moslem Shrine built on a rocky prominence, washed by the waters and submerged by high tide, indeed a picture of unusual magnitude.

My friends brought me back to the hotel and when we parted, I felt a distinct pain. I probably will never see them again. Paravaz jumped out of the car to embrace me. Tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"I love you and write, write," she shouted from the moving vehicle.

There I stood at the entrance of the hotel, mournful and with a heavy heart. How could it happen that we gave ourselves so completely away to each other? Only great emotions act with such elementary

force. Not everybody is capable of such an explosive reaction. I had never before experienced such rare affinity, although during my travels I came often wonderously close to other peoples hearts. It produced a tremendous uplift of my spirit. It was a real adventure into soul-searching and as such one of the unforgettable events of my journey.

The agent of the travel bureau called for me that next morning. As I had seen the previous day the most noteworthy buildings and districts, I confined myself to see the big government stores, where all the products of national art and handicraft were exhibited and offered for sale. I couldn't find any bargains as in Hong Kong and Singapore. We couldn't visit the Elephant Caves because of the high tide. The Monsoon season had already started. We still had time to visit the Prince Wales Museum. At five P.M. my plane left for Delhi (New Delhi) where I was lodged at the famous Imperial Hotel.

DEHLI

Among the capitals of the world, none is, perhaps, as deeply steeped in history, myth and tradition as Delhi, now called New Delhi. Its history is highly interesting reading, as its size, architecture, even color illustrations of different regimes. One Mogul tried to outdo his predecessor and my guide taught me to differentiate the ruling dynasties. Most captivating was the sight of the Red Fort, the Divan-I-Am, the Divan-I-Klag with the peacock throne, the Pear Mosque, the Ray Ghat, where Gandhi was cremated in 1948, and the many tombs, all majestic structures, beautiful in their symmetry and proportion. The Iron Pillar, twenty-three feet high and a solid bar of uncorroding iron, attributed to the fourth century testifying to the metallurgical skill of the ancient Hindu.

My guide was Mahajan Tshnder, a young Law student. His knowledge of the city was surprising. I induced the Travel Bureau to have him accompany me on the trip to Jaipur and Agra.

JAIPUR

Jaipur is approximately 190 miles south of Delhi. Mahajan called for me in the early morning. We drove through a desert-like countryside and the many villages we passed consisted of mud or adobe huts and very often a large wall of earth ran along the roadside with water wells placed almost half miles apart. At each of these wells I saw several women standing. They looked like Goddesses with their stately

postures, robed in colorful saris, mostly in yellow, purple and red, carrying earthen or brass jars on their heads. On their wrists and ankles dangled bundles of jewelry, even some from their pierced noses. Its entirely a woman's job to provide their families with water and far below the dignity of men or boys to do so. Cows were everywhere, the holy creatures paraded on the streets and we often had to stop until they benevolently decided to step aside. Peacocks were also a big annoyance. We met many camels, even elephant caravans. Mahajan explained many interesting details.

The work of these animals is profitable. These herds make their owners rich and prosperous, one camel alone is worth eight hundred to one thousand dollars.

Many devil-like creatures often lined the roadside, baboons, sometimes of considerable size, capuchin and rhesus monkeys and many of their kind. They were gesticulating in a funny way and acted comically. There was a group of at least fifty of them; the largest ones held a council. I wanted to jump out of the car to film them. But Mahajan quickly caught my arm:

"Do you want to be torn to pieces?" he cried excitedly. "There wouldn't be anything left of you. You don't know the dangers of the road."

"Thank you for saving my life," I said fully subdued.

After a five-hour drive we reached Amber. Atop a hill, overlooking the city, stands the fortress Palace of Amber, the capital of the Kashawa Rayputa, before Jaipur was built. The Amber Palace, the most remarkable of all the buildings, is mirrored in the pretty Maota Lake at the base of the hill, with mirrored fleecy clouds, Kwiks, embattled ramparts and terraces in ruins. A long flight of steps led through a double gateway which opened into a court. Silverplated doors and delicate marble work enhanced the beauty of the very attractive interior. The Jagat Shiromani Temple is another of the amazing products of this period, embellished by fine mirror work. The exquisite panels, arcades and perforated marble screens glow in bright colors. The building is a fabulous masterpiece of the architectural art guided by the Grand Mogul. A cluster of temples rises at the foot of the hill right amidst the ruins of the old town.

A big surprise was waiting for me. One of those funny and comic scenes, which I have so often caused, not willingly, but more or less accidentally, a ride on an elephant. It was a ride with dramatic complications. A half dozen of these elephants were assembled in the town square to carry thrilled riders on their backs and march them up the steep path to the palace and the temples. The tourists climbed, as I did, on to a platform from where we crawled over to a flat square posted on

the back of the animal. On these flats we had to sit. My elephant was the tallest of all, a monster, seven feet high.

Meanwhile, Mahajan took pictures (with my camera) just as I crawled over on the animal's back (to place myself into a position to ride). I had to sit on the wide flat and couldn't let my legs dangle. The flat had a three inch railing around it. I felt like an overgrown circus performer or a clown. While holding feverishly to the railing, the huge elephant made his first step and my square turned almost vertically up. I started to cry:

"I am falling down, I am falling down!"

In a split second Mahajan was on the square holding my legs. The tourists watched excitedly and soon screamed with laughter, clapping. Mahajan held tightly to my legs to keep me on the flat. Slowly, I learned to balance my body from right to left while I held tightly to the railing. We two on the monster's back nearly died from laughing. Finally we made it, but silently I swore to myself, never to try an acrobatic trick again.

Seven miles later we reached Jaipur. I called it the dream city of the world. It can compete easily with Venice, Salzburg or Paris. The city excited me beyond comprehension. It seemed like a fantastic miracle. The contrast of ancient and old buildings, the extreme richness of its decorations, the extravagant expansions, the wealth of color leaping from every part of the fabulous structures gave the city a touch of a thousand Arabian Nights' atmosphere. It is now the capital of the Rajasthan State, which was planned and built by an Astronomer Prince in the 18th century. The principal streets run along the entire length of the city, intersected rectangularly by other roads, forming well-divided blocks and open squares. The main roads are one-hundred and eleven feet wide, smaller ones fifty-five feet wide with eight gateways of the same design with pink facades leading to it.

Its founder was Sawani Jai Singh (1699 to 1743), the famous Kashawa ruler. He engaged himself in scientific and artistic quests. The great observatories of Jaipur, Delhi and Benares manifest his scientific genius.

The Ranbagh Palace, the former residence of Jaipur rulers is now the most fascinating hotel I had ever lived in. The University buildings, Hawa Mahal and the palace of the Winds, contained, along with the City Palace, rare Sanskrit and Persian manuscripts. The shopping centers revealed the delicate art of exquisite workmanship, handicraft and textile, art articles in lacquer, toys, displaying an astonishing variety and charming pottery. Embroidered shoes are a specialty.

AGRA AND THE TAJ MAHAL

Before we arrived at Agra, 120 miles east of Jaipur we visited Fatehpur Sikri, the Deserted City. It is a romance in stone and the ceremonial Capital of Akbar. Magnificently conceived and built in red stone, it had to be deserted because of an acute lack of water, but it is preserved as a priceless memorial of elusive Indian architecture and engineering.

Shah Jahan, in the 17th century, immortalized Agra by the construction of Taj Mahal, the finest monument love and fidelity has ever created. It is a dream in marble and no other structure, however grand in conception or elaborate in accomplishment, has aroused such mysterious fascination. It is a poem in stone. The sensuous charm of this monument is enhanced by marble inlay called *pietra dura* and by lovely gardens and water pools.

BENARES OR BARNABES ALSO CALLED VARANSI

Benares is one of the most exciting cities of India. It stretches along the North bank of the River Ganges or Ganga. It attracts millions of pilgrims from every part of India. The river is the chief source of religious inspiration, meditation, solace and recreation. It is similarly important to Hindus and Buddhists, for it was in Sarnath, only a few miles away, that Buddha preached his first sermon. Throughout the centuries, people of every part of India sought sanctuary within these fascinating cities and left the marks of their studies and religious devotion.

Shiva, the most venerated God of the Hindu faith, throne's here above all deity. The river front, the narrow twisting alleys, and streets are strikingly alive with humanity. Beggars and priests, pilgrims and pundits, Hindu scholars and many tourists are among the throngs milling around the temples and templets, shrines and bazaars, where merchants and artists, craftsmen and peddlers ply their trade. Everywhere, one can gain a panoramic view of the hundreds of Ghats—there are over 800 stairways leading to the river bank. These Ghats present a spectacle of unforgettable beauty. Piercing the skyline, they are adorned with spires, pinnacles, domes and minarets. Each one is significant for its religious and historical associations. They are immensely crowded with devotees who pay their homage here to the river, before going into the temples, especially the Golden Temple of Viswanath.

Each of the bathers tries to wash away his sins. His body is clad in simple and scanty clothes. Then the bathers gird themselves in a clean

attire and return to their terraces. An official of the temple presses their castmark onto their foreheads. Then they sit on a plank to meditate and bask in the sunshine.

Flight after flight of irregular steps descend hundreds or more feet to the waters edge. Here and there, the steps widen into terraces with temples and shrines of all sizes. The cliff is crowned by high houses and palaces which culminated in domes and minarets. I engaged one of the boats to watch the Ghats and the actions of the pilgrims. High cast and low cast were bathing side by side in the Ganges, because the holy river doesn't acknowledge any distinction. Behind palm leaf umbrellas priests gave benedictions to kneeling pilgrims. Hazy smoke rose from some Ghats, where corpses were made ready for cremation.

We saw several bodies lying on stretchers, all wrapped in white cotton sheets. Their relatives were preparing for the cremation ceremony, piling wood on huge funeral pyres. When they were ready to be ignited, the bodies were placed on the wood pile, head upright. The ashes are then strewn into the Ganges. The deceased may not suffer the trial of a second reincarnation.

Only five miles from Benares lies Barnath, where the Lord Buddha made his teachings known to the world. Today the ruins of Buddhusit Barnath are recovered from the holy ground. Dhames Stupa, one of these recovered temples, stands 153 feet high; they are continuing with the excavations; a number of other temples and Stupas were not touched, also the broken stump of the Asoka Pillar. On the top had rested the Lyon Capitol, now India's national emblem. Painted walls could be reserved to predict scenes of the life of the master. This holy territory bears all the mysteries of the past and has become one of the most glamorous monuments of India's ancient history. My driver brought me safely back to Benares.

A walk through the business section of Benares caused me greatest delight. Here were displayed the magic articles of an artistically highly-developed population. The gorgeous brocades and silks and gold and silver embroidery, brass and ivory work, jewelery of the quaintest design show the richness of Indian decorative art is unsurpassable in all its products.

Benares had with its greatness completely captivated my mind and all my senses and I felt so sorry that I had to leave without seeing more of its wonders. The next morning I had to leave by plane for Calcutta.

CALCUTTA

Arriving in Calcutta from the plane this bright morning, an agent

from the Everett Travel Bureau met me to bring me to the Great East Hotel. Immediately, I had become aware of the immensity of this city of four million people. Its skyline pierced by hundreds of smoke stacks along the Hooghbee River, indicating that Calcutta had become the metropolis of the rapidly growing industrial power of India. Its other characteristics—endless dirty rows of huts and shanties; thousands of people lingering in the streets, poorly and scarcely clad; filthy substances, refuse and mud covering the roads, the traffic continuously heavy and snarled with the bangs and noise of autohorns, streetcallers penetrating the air with intense screams, all this bustle and uproar of a deadily congested population center gave me the “creeps.”

The prevailing heat—115 degrees diminished my curiosity to a trickle. My only concern was focused on a refreshing bath and a cool period in an air-conditioned room. The following day brought two sightseeing sessions, one early at 8 A.M. the other at 4 P.M. Although still depressed by the sight of general misery of the previous day, I was quite pleased to see Calcutta's busy thoroughfare “the Choveringhee” a beautiful wide avenue, flanked on one side by fashionable shops, cinemas, restaurants and on the other by green meadows of the Maidau, known metaphorically as “the Lung of the City.” It is dotted with monuments, playing pagodas and shrines and the Victoria Memorial, fashioned after the Taj Mahal.

Along the Hooghbee River, whose natural beauty had been ravaged by the smoke and the din of the factories, we could find several redeeming features: the Dalshines Wari Temple where the great Saint and Yogi of the 19th Century—Rhama-Krishna Paramahamsa had lectured and Belur-Mah, the monastery, founded by his disciple Swami Vivekemanda. A little further, we paid a visit to the Botanical Gardens and to the ancient Banjan tree, 1300 feet in circumference. The new Horah Bridge nearby seemed to me like a triumph to modern engineering. Other sights, also aroused great interest: Fort Williams, the marble Palace, a Museum and the gracefully decorated Jani Temple. The Kaligahat Temple, the oldest of Calcutta gave, perhaps, the city its name.

“See the places, where the refugees from Kashmir and East Pakistan are housed,” a hotel guest urged. I wished I had not followed his advice. The emotional impact on me was so great that I couldn't sleep for days. The cruel impressions were always haunting me.

Thousands of homeless refugees, starving, weakened, cooked their meager meals on the sidewalk. The incredible dirt, human excrements and garbage were piled high on the streets. Naked children wallowed in the morass, swelled by the beginning Monsoon rains. The stench and smell of food penetrating from each corner were evidence of a nameless

misery prevailing in the low huts and adobe shacks. Couldn't people living nearby give a helping hand? Did compassion stop at the castline? Officials explained that the government was completely overpowered by the great numbers of refugees. I hated to think of Calcutta.

MADRAS AND BY AIR TO COLOMBO, CEYLON

My plane from Calcutta to Colombo had to stop at Madras, the Capital of the State of the same name. The only plane to Colombo left one hour before the Calcutta plane arrived. This seemed quite a disregard of Madras's need for direct transportation. I sensed some animosity between India and Ceylon. Although my suspicion was intuitively received it was supported by smaller experiences until I became myself a victim of their mutual hatred.

While driving from the airport to the Hotel Connemara, I was favorably impressed by the neatness and cleanliness of Madras. The city is called the gateway to the land of exquisitely carved temples. Its pride is the eight mile long sea front, called the Marmec. The following day I was promptly brought by the agent to the airport of Madras. My papers seemed in order. But when we arrived at the Colombo airport, one of the examining officers barked:

"You have no visa, you must immediately return to Madras."

"But I have a visa," I retorted alarmed.

"You used it already on June 2nd, when you landed in Galle; and you left by plane for Bombay. Here is the stamp of the immigration officer of Colombo."

"But I passed through Ceylon for only a few hours," I remarked defiantly.

The officer insisted, "You have no visa for re-entry into Ceylon. You have to fly back to Madras (over 400 miles) and apply at the office of the High Commissioner for Ceylon for a new visa."

"Your Immigration Office could just as well give me the new visa here, than send me all the way back to Madras."

"You cannot leave the airport and we will not give you this visa here," they replied angrily.

"Let me call the American Ambassador, he will surely help me." I called the Ambassador. He advised me to wait until I received the final decision from the Immigration Office. It came with its nasty significance.

"Request Declined. Leave With The Same Plane For Madras."

I shouted into the telephone. "This is a fine way to repay the help in millions you receive from America. Why did your officers let me

through at Madras, when your officers inspected my passport. They didn't find any fault with my visa."

The short answer was, "Return to Madras."

I had tried stubbornly to save my situation. Arguing didn't do me any good. I had to buy two new airplane tickets. A passenger who had watched the scene, said acrimoniously:

"This is the thirteenth of June." It was.

"I am not superstitious," and laughed. Thank God, I had regained my humor. I marched to the plane, while the sun was mercilessly burning down upon my head.

The two stewardesses had already heard of my plight. They brought kind offerings, cake and drinks, as if to compensate me for all the harassing experiences. They sat with me and we had a wonderful time together.

An Indian Immigration Officer and Police Inspector received me at the Madras airport.

"You know," they said, "You have no visa to reenter India."

Now I realized the seriousness of my situation.

"What do you intend to do with me?" I asked somewhat subdued. "I cannot enter Ceylon, I cannot enter India." It took me only a short minute to regain my composure and tipping my forehead with one finger, I said, more mischievously than perturbed:

"You know what you could do? You could throw me into the ocean."

Both gentlemen laughed and the immigration officer said with a big smile:

"We would certainly not do that, we are not so inhuman." (Did he mean as the Ceylonese?)

He whispered something to the police officer, then, turning to me, he said:

"We will give you a preliminary permit to stay here until tomorrow noon. You will see the Deputy Secretary of State, who will issue you a new visa. Then you can apply at the High Commissioner for Ceylon for a new visa."

"Couldn't you—through the official way—notify the High Commissioner of my coming?" I asked politely.

"Sorry we may not do that," the inspector answered. "But we will help in another way." He called for one of his deputies, "This is Mrs. Baum. You will call for her tomorrow morning at her hotel at ten A.M. Go with her to the Deputy Secretary of the State of Madras and bring her afterwards to the High Commissioner of Ceylon. The Secretary will not be in his office before 10:30 but the plane leaves at 12:20 and it is more than ten miles to the airport. You have to hurry. Probably if you

are lucky you will make it."

"You are indeed wonderfully kind to me," I thanked him warmly. "I certainly will let it be known in America how nobly you treated me."

But the next morning the Secretary of State didn't arrive at Fort George before 11 A.M. It was 11:45 when I was handed my passport with the new Indian visa. The Secretary seemed quite irked when he heard my story.

"Several officials fell down on their jobs," he remarked with noticeable irritation.

We hurried to the Ceylon office. The High Commissioner took my passport, looked through it and said:

"There is no space left in your passport for my visa. You have to have a few pages added to your passport at the American Consulate."

"But I will miss my plane to Colombo," I begged. "Can you not be satisfied with half a page?"

"I need a full page," he said authoritatively. "Come back quickly, I will be here."

My watch showed 11:55. The policeman tried to sooth my anxiety.

"The police inspector who spoke to you yesterday is a very fine man. He has even given orders to wait for you until twelve thirty-five before they give the signal for the departure. We probably still can make it."

I doubted we could overcome the new complication. Traffic in the streets was heavy. When we left the Commissioners office it was 1:05 P.M.

"Too bad, I didn't win the Marathon," I conceded with resignation. "Please bring me back to the hotel and give my heartiest thanks to your Inspector."

When my taxi arrived next noon at the Madras airport, I was received with unexpected courtesy. Four men grabbed my suitcases and led me to the different inspection booths.

One man approached me, "I was standing next to you at Colombo and I really felt sorry for you."

"Thank God, I am over the jolt," I said lightheartedly.

At the airport at Colombo I also attracted attention. How small these towns are, I mused. Even at the Hotel Galle Face two couples inquired:

"We heard about you. It was well you finally made it."

I hired a taxi to inquire at the shipping agency, when the M.V. Glenville would arrive and sail. Not sooner than June the 19th. I looked at my passport. My visa ran only to the 18th.

"Go quickly to the Immigration Bureau for an extension of my visa, otherwise I can expect new trouble," I said to my driver.

I had no difficulty to get the extension and didn't worry anymore.

But the driver urged me:

"You should not miss seeing Kandy. It's the loveliest excursion from here and only 75 miles away."

"All right," I said. "Come to call for me at the Hotel tomorrow morning."

It was one of the most delightful journeys I made. The trip was well worth the effort. The effect of the early monsoon season was noticeable all over, flooded roads, a lush green poured over meadows and hills, not the desert look central and east India had shown. Dozens of elephants played in the river spraying themselves with water. A narrow mountain road led us to a plateau. From there I could gain the view of a magnificent panorama. Nestling with its beautiful lake in a cradle formed by the surrounding hills, lay Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon of which Clemenceau, a former Premier of France, had said:

"Here is the place to die in, because it is so beautiful."

Only five miles away are the world famous Royal Botanical Gardens of Peralany. One can find here a most conclusive collection of specimens of the flora of the whole tropical world. The attendant gave me samples of the different spice trees, of herbs and showed me the rarest assortment of orchids, even black ones. On the drive home we came upon hoards of monkeys, lurking from the roadside jungles, upon extensive rice fields, and hundreds of water buffalos doing their arduous jobs. It started to pour but soon the sun shone again blissfully.

Before leaving Colombo, I wanted to pay a visit to the American Ambassador.

"I couldn't do anything for you," he apologized demurely. "I am holding this post only for the last four months and yours was the fourth case with which I had to contend."

I told him about the information which was given to me at the hotel by the couple who had greeted me first upon my arrival.

"There is a delegation of 100 Chinese at our hotel to work out a trade agreement between China and Ceylon. There are spies all over. This was probably the reason why the Ceylonese were so uncommittable to me, not to show any kindness to an American. Is this the thanks we get from Ceylon for the 800 or 900 million dollars, with which we supported their economy?"

"That's what it is," the Ambassador agreed, "but the Ceylonese are otherwise a very kind and intelligent people."

"Still courtesy is the first obligation to be adhered to in international relationship. The Indian authority could have insisted also upon their rules and rights. They gave me a special permit. So could have the Ceylonese but they did not. Would you be so kind and report this case to the State Department in Washington. If I do it, it doesn't count, but

you are in direct contact. I don't like to see Americans so badly treated."

The Ambassador did not answer, but I could read confirmation in his eyes.

HOMEBOUND

Finally I could embark on the Glenville. I wasn't feeling too well. The heat, the spicy food, had completely upset my stomach. For ten days I lived on a simple diet, rice or oatmeal and hot milk mornings, noon and at dinnertime. I was disturbed about the lack of vigor, was listless and apathetic. I didn't know myself anymore, but my cure was successful. Soon I felt the old fire burning and my ambition returned.

Our Captain was Mr. Gunar Buwollen, and our journey through the Arabian Sea was quite cumbersome. The monsoon winds tossed and rocked our boat and remnants from a heavy sandstorm from the Sahara and the Arabian Deserts clouded the sky to such an extent that we couldn't distinguish any horizon line. The sweltering heat kept us all on edge. We all were exasperated. The Glenville had no air-conditioned staterooms like the Oakville and the Tai Ping. We had only fans.

On July first, we arrived at Suez on the South end of the Suez Canal. When the immigration officers came on board the next morning, I received an Egyptian visa for a trip to the pyramids. A tourist agent brought me and five young men of the crew to Cairo and to see the Sphinx and the Pyramids of Gizeh. I did not know that the boys had also planned to go to a nightclub. The 140 mile drive from Suez to Cairo included 90 miles of desertland. The sun was already setting when we arrived at the Pyramids. The sight of these massive monuments steeped in pinkish hues; the arid surroundings; the isolation of the whole district; the sternness of the face of the Sphinx made me strangely aware of what centuries mean in the life of a nation.

Cairo certainly is a remarkable, extravagant city with huge Mosques, elegant buildings, wide thoroughfares and crowded shopping districts. At the nightclub, the boys couldn't take their eyes from the erratic belly dancers. The wiggling exalted girl performers tried to catch the young sailors with all kinds of tricks for an additional income. Many of the boys were already drunk and I looked nervously at my watch. We still had a long drive ahead. I used all kinds of persuasions to induce them to leave. At one A.M. I said emphatically, "We have to go!"

My main worry was, will the driver be able to stay awake? He had a lot to drink. Driving through the dark night, we could easily have an accident. Several times I saw the driver's head sink down. Then I started

to clap my hands merrily, to sing, to tell stories, just to bring the driver over the dangerous moments. I knew what a driver's fatigue means in the early morning hours. I had held the wheel through many nights.

It was five in the morning when the boys drowsily climbed up the gangplank. But I was fully alert and not tired at all.

At Suez, dozens of tankers, freighters and liners were assembled before the canal opening and the convoy started to move. The ships are all measured by the Canal Authority according to the tonnage. They had a peculiar way of measuring the toll the boats had to pay—one dollar per ton. It was \$8600 for our 8200 ton Glenville.

The long row of ships glided smoothly and majestically through the canal, until we reached, after 3 hours, the Bitter Lake. Here we had to wait for the convoy going south. When we arrived at Port Said, six new passengers came on board. Two were professors of the American University of Cairo with their families. This assured us an interesting trip home. The weather was continuously fine and calm and in twenty days we reached New York. The exciting days of adventure will soon be buried in my memory, but a lifelong dream had grown into a reality.

Moving To Florida

MID-AUGUST. I returned from my world cruise to Milwaukee. My first concern was centered on a visit to the Archbishop of Wisconsin. My friend Ray Cronin made the arrangement for an audience, but I found the Archbishop not sympathetic to my plea, to help Marcial Angco to become a native Philippine priest.

"Nothing doing," the Archbishop said in a harsh voice, "just a month ago a bishop from the Philippines was here and he took more than \$10,000.00 in gifts along. We need every penny we collect, for our schools and our missionary work."

From Ray, I knew that the St. Sebastian Church alone collects from \$5,000 to \$10,000 every month from their own parishioners. What impass would a mere \$200.00 a year make on this great wealth of the church? I had stressed the point of the necessity to have native priests on their church staff. When I spoke to the Archbishop I stressed that the priests in the Philippines are mostly French or Belgian.

I was deeply disappointed in the Archbishop's decision and all my hopes were shattered. The Chancellor of the Bishop asked me:

"Would you like me to try another source of help for your boy?"

"I would be mighty grateful to you. Please do it." I said. In a short while the Chancellor came back and told me: "Wednesday, the day after tomorrow, see Father Dean, the leader of the Society for the Propagation of Faith. He expects you at 11 A.M. See him."

"Oh I will!" I said as I beamed with joy. I told Father Dean the same story I had told the Archbishop that I am not a Catholic, that I am not wealthy at all, but that I had promised to pay one-third of the costs of the Higher Seminary and that for the other two-thirds I would go begging and, if it is necessary, on my knees. I showed him the letters of the Bishop and the Rector of the Seminary.

Father Dean looked at me, long and silently, then he said with a big smile.

"We will pay the other two-thirds."

"Will you?" I cried excitedly: "If you weren't a priest I would embrace and kiss you."

Father Dean laughed out loud, "You are really full of ambition. Send your money each first of January to the Society that you can deduct your payment from your Income Tax."

Marcial's letters were dipped in gratitude.

"Mommy," he wrote, "God will bless you for what you did for me. His letters came faithfully each month. A big load was off my shoulders. I could acknowledge again that God had listened to my prayers.

After my return to Milwaukee from the world cruise I had the opportunity to show the slides I had collected on my trip, to several friendly clubs for the purpose of raising some donations for a new church at Aurora Isabella to be sent to Marcial's mother. The clubs handled the money and over \$200.00 were collected. Mrs. Angco wrote a year later:

"How should we thank you? Now we have a new church instead of the old shanty and our people are very happy."

But Marcial's fate had changed. After he had attended the High Seminary for five and a half years, I received a letter from Dr. Cesar Angco. At this time he had returned to the Philippines to get a final release from the authorities to remain permanently in the United States. He had been a resident surgeon at the Malden Hospital near Boston, Massachusetts. He had also married during his stay in his homeland. Cesar wrote:

"You are the only person we can turn to. Marcial is at present in a state of complete nervous collapse. The Administrative Clerics of the High Seminary had announced, 'Marcial is not a 100% Priest Material.' They sent him home. Marcial acts as if he had no purpose anymore to live. He refuses to eat, to talk—he doesn't even listen to his parents and to me to look for a job. He had already accumulated two Bachelor Degrees in science during the more than five years of study and can easily obtain a position as teacher or an office position. Why don't you write him? You are the only person he will listen to."

He did. After two months he notified me, he had become an Office Manager for a young American Public Relations Firm in Manila. He still holds the same position, was again promoted as the firm grew. He married, on a day in January 1967, a young highschool teacher and on December 7th their first son was born. Maribel, Marcial's wife, addressed me in her last letter, "My dearest Mommy."

Meanwhile, Cesar became the head of the resident Surgeon staff of the Malden Hospital. Edith, Cesar's wife, received her Master's Degree in Mathematics and is teaching. She wrote me a year ago:

"Can we two also call you Mommy? You are part of our family and we love you as all of us do."

God's ways are mysterious and often miraculous. The most

important and celebrated persons in the United States of America cannot be prouder than I am over the honor of being the "Mommy" of the Angco family.

Now came the worst part of my summer work in Milwaukee, to sell the two-family home, pack my belongings and move to Florida. It was an herculean task for a woman of my age, not only to sell the house, but also most of the furniture, to sort the belongings, pack dozens of boxes, arrange for a van, attend farewell parties, say personally good bye to special beloved ones.

Milwaukee was my home-town for forty years. Here I had lived through my happiest and saddest days; through success and utter misery and wretchedness. I hope a new future will start for me in Florida.

I Become A Resident Of Florida

IN FLORIDA I ran into new trouble. I was immediately confronted with a new dilemma. My house had only four rooms, not enough space for the few pieces I brought along. I asked for some estimates to add another room, but the costs were prohibitive. I looked for another home which had the desired expansion and I found one. Now action followed action. At Christmas I held a house-warming party at my new home.

Friends asked me, "How could you achieve all this in these few short weeks?" "I don't know myself. I simply forgot that I was tired," I said. In fact, I had only fooled myself. The great efforts; the strain of breaking up my home in Milwaukee, to change my homes in St. Petersburg with only minimum help, had their bad effects. I looked into the mirror. I had aged more than five years. I told myself, "You can't continue in this tempo any longer. You will pay a heavy penalty. You need a rejuvenation cure. What would give me more new strength than a trip to Europe."

It doesn't take me long to reach a decision. I had not seen the Scandinavian Countries. Glaessel's Shipping Concern arranged a new trip, by boat from Tampa direct to Oslo, Norway.

To Horst Klemme in Hamburg I wrote, "I will see you in Hamburg on my return from Norway. Will you do me a favor? or two? Reserve a hotel room for me. I will be there in June. Pick up a used Volkswagen or other auto. (It then took months to get hold of one.) I cannot take my car along. Persons over 75 cannot purchase an international auto insurance anymore."

My Fourth Trip To Europe

TO MY DISMAY, all tickets for a tour to Hammerfest and the Nordcap were already sold out in February. On the 25th of May I set out for the journey to Northern Europe. We leisurely sailed the Atlantic and docked for three days at Bremerhafen. With a taxi I hurried over to Hamburg to deposit some of my luggage, at Hotel Sennhuetten in Neugraben, a suburb of Hamburg, where Horst had made my reservations. It was an idyllic place; all surrounded by forests.

On the drive back to Bremerhafen we stopped at the world-famous Rhododendron Gardens near Bremen. Here one enters a paradise of flower groups of gigantic size and beauty and of the most exotic hues one could ever perceive. In Bremerhafen it was most interesting to watch the unloading of grain. It was blown by an immense and complicated blowing system from the holds of the ship into massive storage tanks. The port has the best facilities for grain storage and the most modern equipment, to eliminate costly manpower.

There were eight passengers on board. We all enjoyed the gorgeous sight of Oslo; its artistic and ultra-modern city hall, excelling in beautiful murals. A trip along the Fjords with all the cozy towns and villages nestled on their shores; the snow-capped mountain heights, the gigantic waterfalls, the solitude of the forests, mirrored in the glittering waters. We sailed as far as Bergen. I shivered endlessly in the cold temperature and the steady rain. It is a harsh country. Here lived the Vikings, the first masters of the Northern Seas. With their strength and fortitude they had conquered the hostile hardship of their homeland.

Our journey led us through Denmark and by train to Hamburg. When I arrived at the Altona Railroad Station, there stood Horst with a huge bouquet of carnations. How tall and handsome he looked! How youthful!

"Welcome, welcome, Mrs. Baum!" said Horst and took me in his arms.

"Auntie Andrea, from now on," I said full of joy.

"Auntie, I am bringing you to your hotel," replied Horst. "You must be very tired."

I felt indeed that there was something wrong with me. I had developed a nasty cold in Norway and I was always afraid it would turn into pneumonia. I already had it seven times before. Next morning, although I had coughed half of the night, I felt much better. Horst brought me to his new home and introduced me to his lovely wife Iris.

"Now I have to congratulate both of you personally upon your wedding. You know, your day of marriage fell just on my birthday. Now you must tell me what you wish as a wedding present."

Iris replied quickly, "My grandma furnished our home from pillow to spoon. I am expecting a baby in October. Can you bring us something for our baby?"

"Oh with pleasure," I said. "Bring me to a store in this subdivision where I can purchase all you want."

"There is a store only one block from here which has many nice things to sell."

"Good, I will return as quickly as possible. I know, my dear Horst, you have to be back at your job."

I never had children myself and wasn't too familiar with the outfit a baby needs. "The clerk will help and advise me," I thought. The salesgirl helped me with all details and a boy carried the heavy box for me.

"How should we thank you for all the beautiful things," Horst and his wife stammered.

"Would you also do something for me?" I asked. "May I become the Godmother of your first child? Would you grant me this honor?"

"This would bring you, Auntie Andrea, right into our family. We both would be very happy."

"When are you expecting your newcomer?"

"Beginning of October."

"Send me a telegram to Villach and I will be ready for the christening."

Horst had selected a nice little Italian car for me, a Fiat, and Horst taught me to drive it. It had no automatic shift.

Three days after I hurried to Austria. I went from Tirol over the Brenner Pass to Italy to visit Demar's in Bozen and my nephew, Fritz Pregl, in Bezzecca. I felt miserable and feverish and arrived in Villach, deadily tired and shaking.

My dear cousin Mitzi Florian (I call her Mitzi number two in comparison with Mitzi Florian in Graz who is Mitzi number one.) quickly called Dr. Ernst Leibich, my nephew, and a well-known lung specialist.

"Auntie Andrea," Ernst said comfortingly, "only the right lobar of the lung is affected. It's pneumonia all right but if you are a good and mindful girl, you can be out of bed in a week."

"You bet, I will be good," I retorted in my indestructable humor.

Now I had time to make a detailed schedule of the different trips I had to make; the visits I had planned, to save time and mileage. To Switzerland and Friedrichshafen, to Vienna to see Mitzi number one and her family and her relatives; to drive with her up to the Turracher Alps, one of my favorite spots in Carinthia.

The meetings with my girls were again riots. Where else could a teacher prove such an eminent closeness between her and her former pupils looking over a half a century? Wasn't I the most blessed and lucky person in the world? We made two big tours together. We climbed the fantastic Castle Hochosterwitz together, fully restored to its historic splendor from the Twelfth Century. Still more fascinating was our tour to the fabulous excavations at Magdalensberg, where old Roman settlements were unearthed and old Celtic meeting halls from the Sixth Century B.C. dug out from the mountainside. We all were amazed over the extent, magnitude and importance of these historical findings. They range among the greatest through all Europe.

When I showed the slides of my world cruise in the big hall of the Chamber of Labor, the room was filled to capacity. Over 300 had come. They gave me a thunderous ovation.

"Auntie Andrea, we love you, we love you," they cried.

Silently I prayed, "Dear God, please let me stay humble amidst all this triumph. Now I knew, if you give love, it comes back to you a thousandfold."

I had still another occasion to show my slides when I stayed with my niece Anna Mueller at Feldbach o/Drau. Her husband owned sawmills and pulp factories along the Drau River. I harvested roaring applause at nearby Steinfeld. Hundreds of workers attended. As my family was well-known throughout the country, I became a celebrity. So many called me the "Auntie from America." I did not pay much attention to the unexpected raise of my esteem. Not for fame, nor for recognition was I striving, only for the warm contact with my fellow-beings, for the sparks of hidden love.

Had I become too sensitive, too melodramatic, too much longing for human responses? Always ready for self criticism? I had to watch myself carefully, not to be swayed by self-glory, as long as I knew I had this streak for vanity. This spell of scrutinizing meditation made me more and more aware of my two contrasting personalities—one that liked to be jolly and carefree, to laugh, to see the light and sunny side, and the other which kept strictest control over all emotions. Often I asked myself, "Why do you bother with these illusory inner conflicts? Forget about them." I couldn't. This was my cross I had to carry.

On October 11th I received a telegram from Hamburg: "A girl arrived."

A return wire inquired when the christening party would be held. We settled for October 28th, a week after their first anniversary. I had a week's time to visit one of my most cherished friend, Clementine Behem, in Nuernberg. Cle had lost her husband and was jubilant over my coming. We enjoyed the finest hours of togetherness.

The christening was a heartwarming affair. Horst's and Iris' families had gathered to celebrate. The pastor was present at the little ceremony. I held the little bundle of life in my arms with pride. She was christened "Regina." Now I was part of a new and young family, regardless of my age or the distance I lived from them. Who can scrutinize fate's mysterious ways?

My Return To St. Petersburg

MY EUROPEAN SOJOURN was over and St. Petersburg was again the center of my attention. My head was full of new ideas. The pondering question was: "What has the future in store for me?" What are my possibilities? Can I still be of value to my community? How far does my physical strength and ability reach in the social field? In politics?" Important decisions were waiting for me. I had to muster my personal leanings, my preferences. Where could I do the most? I had to contribute positive work, not only be a player.

I had already joined the St. Petersburg Woman's Republican Club. Its president, Mrs. Frances Salmon, electrified me immediately with her gracious personality. This woman had fire in her soul. She put me right on a job, as chairman of the New Citizen Committee. I went to the Federal Immigration Office in Tampa, to pick from the last three year records the names of the newly naturalized citizens; wrote their names on cards; visited hundreds of them, to offer my help in registration, to get a view of their political leanings, and try to explain our platform. Born in Austria, I am myself, a naturalized citizen. I remembered well how difficult it was for me to find my way into American life. This activity was therefore highly interesting to me. I could guess easier than born Americans where foreign ideas were detrimental to American opinion. It was a terrific job, time consuming, excitingly tiresome, gratifying, sometimes bitterly disappointing. Frances Salmon was always the understanding promotor and gave me her gracious support. When she became a member of the National Board of Republican Women in Washington, I joined another group of Republican Women, attended as delegate to State Conventions and helped wherever help was necessary.

Naturally, I am still a member of the local Wisconsin Society, sometimes held office, made intimate friends and enjoyed through many years these congenial gatherings. As its Historian, I still play an integral part in their sessions.

I joined eight other clubs, most prominently among them the Historical Society, the Collectors Club, Doll Club and a few Civic Clubs,

like the Disston Region Civic Association.

The Historical Society is a special favorite one of mine. As a hostess at the Turner House, a part of the local Historical Museum, I have a splendid opportunity to meet many knowledge-hungry people.

I am also a member of the Suncoast Auxiliary of the Goodwill Industries. Under the excellent leadership of their President, Mrs. Ruel Gilbert, and Mrs. Paul B. Wallace, their membership grew far over 1100 and their aim to ease and enlighten the life of hundreds of handicapped and crippled men and women throws into our own hearts the sparks of compassion and helpfulness.

Our Schlaraffia Guild which I have already mentioned with its German background is a cherished legacy of my beloved husband Nick. He was an enthusiastic Schlaraffe under his Schlaraffen name "Knight Cheerfulness." A new local group is now founded here in St. Petersburg under the name "Floridana," the first one in the State of Florida. Our gatherings are in accordance with our three goals: Art, Friendship and Humor. The gatherings are fun, music, poetry, duels in word fights of the most comic characters and often give proof of highest artistic performance.

While I tried to keep active and busy, I had to experience some dreadful events after my return from Europe. While in Europe I had trouble with my jaw, which was fractured in the accident in 1948. It was mended then with three sets of wires. With increasing age the bone matter shrank and the wires cut into the flesh and caused insufferable pain. I asked Dr. Brown for help.

"We will have to remove the wires to ease the pain," Dr. Brown decided, "I will arrange for an operation."

A week later I was operated upon at St. Anthony's Hospital. The operation was successful, but suddenly high fever appeared. The ninth pneumonia attack weakened me for weeks. Thanks to the excellent resistance of my body (As Dr. Ed Schelble in Milwaukee once had said, "You have eleven lives.") I recovered fairly well. A year later I had another miserable mishap. I broke my right wrist through a fall.

"It's a mess," said the bone specialist. "A complicated fracture, will take weeks to heal."

How handicapped a person can be without the use of the right hand. My friends from New York were visiting here, Helen and Bill York. They were uplifting my spirits again.

In March 1964 Mitzi Florian, my beloved cousin from Graz, came for an eleven day visit to America. It was just like a piece of paradise on earth. There was no end to frolicking and to joyous laughter. I took her to my clubs, showed her all the famous spots we could reach and

presented her to my friends. She hardly could grasp the extent of my activity.

"How do you do it?" she asked. "Your tempo would kill me, and I am ten years younger than you."

"When I love to do the things I do, it's easy," I said laughingly. Mitzi number one lives a very comfortable life and is quite wealthy, but many impressions made her frown.

"Here, people are so hasty, so different from my folks at home," she mused. "But you have adapted yourself fabulously to American speed and acceleration."

She loved the water scenes, the drives along the shore.

"It's a gorgeous magnificent, God-blessed country," she marvelled, "I had learned so much in these short days."

I had some other visitors. My daughter, Della Rudolph, from Long Island, New York. (It was the first time she had come to my home, although I had so often invited her.) Nick was her step-father. It was a heartwarming and soul-searching time and we found the way to each other in deeply revealing discussions.

Another big surprise was waiting for me. Through my steady correspondence with Behrooz Irani in Bombay I knew of his desire to come to America. He was not able to pass the examination set for foreign doctors of medicine. He tried to go to England. There too he ran into trouble. Although born in India, he couldn't get an Indian passport, because his parents are Iranian Nationals and as such excluded from Indian Citizenship. In a previous chapter I told of the fine characteristics of the Iranians, which were principally the reason for the outstanding progress of Bombay. To the Hindu's they are only a second grade cast and they do not permit them to become citizens of India. How could we compare this situation with our Negro problem? Why are these facts never mentioned at the United Nations?

Behrooz could become a subject of Britain and there he went, establishing himself in a British Hospital as an anesthetist. He was well pleased with his new position.

"I want to see America," he wrote. "I want to see you. Will you be my hostess?"

"With all the joy of my life," I answered quickly. From the moment I called for him at the airport of Tampa, we had the most gleeful time of our lives. I showed him all the splendid sights of St. Petersburg and its neighborhoods, drove over 900 miles to all the famous spots of Florida; brought him to many of my societies. The ladies fell in love with the fine, young gentleman. He was an immediate hit. Did I love it! Our letters fly back and forth and he is full of praise for America. What gracious experience for my late years!

During the last four days, another joy filled my heart. I was named an honorary member of the "Swiss American Singing Alliance" in recognition of twenty-five years of faithful service.

The St. Petersburg Women's Club

WHILE I HAD listed in the previous chapters many of the clubs I had joined during the past eight years I hadn't mentioned the one to which I grew closest and to which I belong now with heart and soul, "The St. Petersburg Women's Club."

For several years after my admission I felt like an outsider. In such a large group of women it is difficult to become closer acquainted unless one is socially prominent, but I knew several members who were with me on the Board of the St. Petersburg Women's Republican Club. Mrs. Lilly Like Shepard broke the ice. Mrs. Shepard was then chairman of the International Committee. She arranged a welcome party for the new citizens and asked me to join in the committee work.

To dig into a deeper understanding of the many-sided programs of the Women's Club, one has to participate on the different committees. On account of my extensive affiliations with other organizations I had little time left to join more committees. In fact, I would love to belong to all of them: the Town Hall Services, the Welfare and Community Affairs Committee, the one for Social Affairs, the Fine Arts, Literature and Poetry, the Education and Conservation Committee, the Handicraft Group and the International and Public Affairs Committee. They illustrate the enormous spread of activity the Club comprises.

I learned more and more to appreciate the high standard of their efforts and their far-reaching influence on the community life of our cities. To thousands of young and elderly women it gives the most comprehensive and splendid opportunity to find new interests in life, and new outlets for hidden talents. It gives these women a new forum for their own geniality and inventiveness. How precious and valuable can life become, with all boredom and mediocrity banned?

During the past few years out of pure appreciation I had become one of their most enthusiastic members. I know now, by instinct and realization, what women can achieve, how great, generous and selfless they can be.

With this consummation of its virtues, and its never-ending importance, the Women's Club has become an integral part of my personal

and inner life and with it the climax of my desire. To belong and work with such an organization seems like the crowning of one's existence.

As I am finishing the last chapter of my book, I cannot do anything else than dedicate my life story to all these brave and heroic women, to whom I give my warmest admiration and highest appreciation.

May your members remain to be the leading stars of the world of women. Through all the total confusion of the present world conditions, women probably will save our humanity with their goodness.

Should God bless me with many more years of activity, I shall devote every ounce of strength and willingness to the purposes of this noble organization. It would give endless happiness to my last days, if I could instill in the hearts of thousands of other women this eternal burning fire of devotion and enthusiasm for the highest causes of mankind.

